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"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena, Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them." —HEINE.



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THE ABOLITION OF STRIKES AND LOCKOUTS.

THE progress of New Zealand in the last decade constitutes one of the most remarkable developments in history. The colony is far in advance of all other nations on politico-economic lines, and of all her far-famed achievements, the most interesting and important is the judicialization of industrial disputes and the abolition of strikes and lockouts under a law that enables either party to an industrial difficulty to bring the matter into court and have it decided by an award with the binding force of a judgment of the Supreme Court, just as in all civilized lands, either party to any other dispute may summon the other before a tribunal for judicial decision on the merits of the case—a law that has put an end to the battles of capital and organized labor and given the colony unbroken industrial peace for the whole nine years since the act went into effect.

The law is based upon two fundamental facts: (1) That decision by reason is better than decision by force, and (2) that there are three parties in interest in every industrial trouble—labor, capital, and the public, and as the public always wants arbitration, if either of the other parties desires it also there is a majority of two to one in favor of peaceful settlement.

Under the Arbitration Act a local conciliation board was established in each industrial district and a central arbitration

court for the colony.* The court consists of three judges, one chosen by organized labor, one by organized employers, and one a Judge of the Supreme Court appointed on behalf of the public by the Governor, who may also fill all vacancies in court or boards when the workers or employers fail to elect representatives. Any trade union and any employer or association of employers may sue and be sued under the act. In case of an industrial dispute either side may apply to the local board for a hearing and if it does not bring the parties to agreement the case may be carried to the court whose decision is final and may be enforced like a judgment of the Supreme Court. After reference of a case to the board or court anything in the nature of a strike or lockout is unlawful, and the business must go on as if no dispute existed until the court makes its award. After the award the law does not compel the employer to keep on doing business, or the employees to keep on working, but if they do keep on working and doing business in that trade, it must be in harmony with the terms of the decision. And the stoppage, if one should occur, must be bona fide—anything in

*"Compulsory arbitration" is the rather unattractive term applied to the administration of justice in disputes between labor and capital. The system is called "compulsory arbitration" because either party has the right to compel the other to arbitrate, but it is not compulsory in the sense ordinarily carried by that word,—it is not obligatory upon the parties, if neither desires to arbitrate the law does not require it. There is really no more compulsion in the judicial settlement of industrial disputes than in any other class of cases to which the judicial method is applied. If two individuals or two corporations have a dispute either party may cite the other into court and have the matter determined by judicial decision and we call that the "administration of justice;" but if one party to a labor dispute is allowed to cite the other into court it is called "compulsory arbitration." It would be better to speak of it as the "judicial decision of labor difficulties" or the "administration of justice in labor disputes," for that is precisely what it is. Whatever it is called it must be carefully distinguished from "voluntary arbitration" which requires the assent of both disputants, which means unanimous consent of all three in interest, dissent of any one party may prevent voluntary arbitration, which is therefore subject to blockade by a minority, whereas compulsory or mandatory arbitration acts upon the will of the majority.

the nature of a strike or lockout to escape the award would be instantly checked by the court. If the workers of any trade remained without legal organization, they could still strike, or if they disbanded their registered unions on due notice they could strike after existing proceedings and awards ceased to have effect, or for a cause not covered by an award, or if organized labor and its employers both became so enraged that each was determined to fight the matter to a finish and neither would call the other into court, then also an old-time strike or lockout would be possible. But none of these things have occurred. The broad facts are that labor does not disband or withdraw its registrations under the act, both workers and employers organize and register more and more each year, and strikes and lockouts have practically ceased to exist—none at all within the range of the law in the whole eight years of its existence, and only seven petty quarrels among organized workmen and government employees outside the scope of the act.

Before the arbitration law was passed, New Zealand was afflicted with grievous strikes and lockouts, and efforts of the majority of workers and employers in various trades to arbitrate their differences or settle them by argument, were repeatedly frustrated by an intractable minority. Since the law was enacted, the Arbitration Court has held the unscrupulous minority to the terms the reasonable majority were willing to agree to.

The first disturbance after the act came into force took place in a gold mine in 1896. The company reduced wages, and the men struck. The men were unorganized and had scarcely heard of the Arbitration Act, which was then a novelty. They were advised to organize and invoke the law. They did so, and the strike came to an end at once. In 1900 about forty men hauling coal from a mine struck for higher wages. The company refused, and on the advice of the heavers in the mine who had already formed an industrial union under the act, the carters did likewise, and the Arbitration law brought this battle also to an end—it had lasted only a few days altogether.

Three other little contests outside the law were of government employees—fifty unorganized bricklayers in one case, with whom the government voluntarily agreed to submit the dispute to arbitration, and in others fifteen or sixteen railway hands (in the interregnum) whose unreasonable demands were rejected, whereupon they hastily resumed work.

In 1901 some bricklayers in Auckland asked for better terms and their employers agreed, but set the time of change a month ahead, while the men, demanding the advance at once, struck and stayed out a fortnight, when the matter was compromised. This silly trouble arose quite appropriately on the first of April and was settled on the 13th.

These, with another small and short-lived strike of unorganized gold miners, comprise all New Zealand's labor outbreaks from 1895 to 1902, and the record of industrial peace remains equally unbroken to the present (December, 1903).* Mr. Reeves, the author of the Arbitration Act, says: "It was never intended that the Ach should apply to strikes or unorganized workmen. They were never likely to be formidable enough to constitute a danger to the public welfare and therefore did not call for State interference." The trifling nature of the outbreaks just enumerated supports this view.

I. THE SHOE TRADE CASE.

The very first use of the law averted an impending conflict in the shoe trade. The trade had been in continued ferment for many years. There was constant antagonism and dissatisfaction, and some costly strikes had occurred. In 1891 repre-

*See Reeves' "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand," Vol. 2, pp. 139, 140. This work with Lloyd's "Newest England," and "Country without Strikes," the records of the Arbitration Court; the reports of the Commissioners from New South Wales and Victoria, and the current literature of New Zealand, Great Britain and the United States, have been drawn on in the preparation of this series of articles in addition to information secured by direct communication.

sentatives of the boot makers' trade union and of the manufacturers of the Colony met in conference, made an agreement and established local and central boards of arbitration and conciliation. "Both masters and men expressed their complete satisfaction." But a few manufacturers of one city—Auckland—a very small minority of the trade, refused to be bound by the decision arrived at. The result was an ugly, obstinate and expensive strike in Auckland. The stubborn minority won. The workers' union was broken up. The factories were filled with boys and non-union employees. Many small factories were started and competition became severe. These evils led to another conference and agreement in 1892, with a trade board of arbitration behind it, and this kept the peace for three years. On the expiration of the agreement an effort was made to form another, but a few manufacturers refused and set up a new harsh schedule of wages, rules and conditions, seriously changing the position of their men for the worse. The men refused to accept the new conditions and ordinarily a strike would have been the result. But this crisis in the shoe trade came soon after the Arbitration law had come into effect. The public including most of the boot manufacturers and employees were "sick of battlefield arbitration" and willing to try "court-room arbitration." So the men with the encouragement of many of the manufacturers brought suit under the new Arbitration law. The Court did not endorse the claim of the obstinate minority to the "right of free contract" and "liberty to manage their business as they pleased" which meant the right to cut their workers and steal away their neighbors' business by cruel employment and cruel competition, regardless of the interests of the public, of labor, or of the mass of the capital engaged in the trade. Neither did the judges admit the claim of the men that only union help should be employed—a condition that had been one of the main causes of the friction and strikes of the past. The award ordered that union men should be given preference in employment where equally competent

and ready and willing to do the work, decreed a 48 hour week, with \$10 as the least wages to be paid, required all work to be done in shops to stop sweating, and established trade boards of conciliation and arbitration with full powers of fixing prices and settling disputes. In short the Arbitration Court did substantially what the majority of workers and manufacturers had tried to do and failed because of the opposition of a few houses. The court succeeded because its award had the force of law or a judgment of the Supreme Court and it could and did hold these refractory ones to the terms laid down, and so protected decent employers against guerrilla competition, and labor against conscienceless capital.

One strike in this trade had cost the men alone \$30,000, and caused the angriest of feelings. The arbitration proceedings were quiet and good tempered, took only a dozen men from their offices and work rooms, and the business meantime went on, wages and profits being earned as though no contest was in progress. And from that day to this (1897-1903) the shoe trade of New Zealand has settled its difficulties by intelligent decision of an important tribunal, without any interruption of traffic, and without any conflict more serious than debate—not one day's idleness, not one day of passion, not one blow struck.

The men asked to have counsel, but the law does not allow counsel unless all parties consent, and the manufacturers said they did not intend to be so represented and therefore must deny the request, so there were no lawyers in the case. At the opening of the proceedings the principal representative of the manufacturers said, "First of all I should like to compliment the employees on taking the course they have and not going out on strike, which would have been deplorable. I hope we shall work harmoniously together and do the thing which is just and right." At the close of the case the presiding judge complimented both sides on their clear and thorough presentation, "and the good feeling which had been shown."

II. CASES OF THE SEWING WOMEN.

The sewing women of New Zealand cities, shirt makers, and tailoresses in factories and stores are also among the workers early benefited by the Arbitration Act. The whole clothing trade of the colony has been pacified and developed, protected against fraud, sweating and unfair competition, and rendered stable and respectable from top to bottom by control of the unscrupulous minority.

In Auckland where conditions were bad, as we have seen, a union was formed in 1892, but the manufacturers fought it, discharging leaders and any operatives known to be leaders, and though public opinion was with the working girls and many leading citizens tried to aid them, the negotiations broke down and the trade reverted to anarchy and sweating. After the Arbitration law was passed, the union was revived, and a schedule of wages agreed upon by it and a great majority of the employers, but five refused to agree. The Auckland Tailor-esses Industrial Union, therefore, with the assent of the better class of employers instituted proceedings before the local board under the Arbitration Act, and obtained an increase of wages averaging fifteen per cent., though the new wages were only \$4.35 a week for first class finishers (of shirts, coats, pants, etc.), with \$3 for inferior hands and \$1 for beginners in the first four months, \$1.25 the second four months, etc. In stating the case the representative of the union speaking in behalf of the employers and employed who had agreed to the new wages, remarked: "It is undoubtedly wrong that honorable and fair-dealing manufacturers who are prepared to pay a fair wage to their employees should have to compete against others who are working their factories at a difference of over thirty per cent. in wages of their women workers. There has not been any spirit of antagonism in this matter. It is a battle really in behalf of those who are prepared to do the right thing and to keep down the extension of the sweating system."

When the arrangement expired the employers without litigation made a new and still better agreement with a provision that "employers in employing labor shall not discriminate against the union, nor do anything directly or indirectly in the engagement or dismissal of hands for the purpose of injuring the union," and this agreement filed in the Supreme Court under the provisions of the Arbitration Act bound both parties like a decision of the Court.

The sewing women of the merchant tailor shops in Wellington got a two years' award in September, 1898, giving preference to unionists, limiting apprentices to one apprentice to four workwomen, stipulating that all work should be done in the employer's shops, and fixing \$7.50 as the minimum weekly wage for good coat and trousers hands, and \$6.25 as the lowest for inferior hands, with 45 hours work per week and all overtime to be paid as time and a quarter and piece work out of business hours also to be paid twenty-five per cent. extra. The women had asked for a higher wage—\$9.37 for first class hands, while the master had been willing to give only \$6.25. The rates under the award were 60 cents to \$1.25 a week more than the terms offered by the employers besides the other benefits of the decision. The secretary of the union says, "We are a lot better off than we were."

In Dunedin, forty-two out of forty-nine clothing firms signed an agreement with their employes, but seven refused, and the women in 1899 appealed to the Arbitration Court, which gave a decision similar to that just cited from the Wellington award. It appeared in this case that the intractable minority held out because the agreement reached by the majority would put an end to a fraud that was being practised in their stores. They were in the habit of taking orders for clothing to be made according to measure at custom made prices, and then sending the orders to a factory to be made up by factory workers at factory prices, instead of sending it to their own tailors and tailoresses. The profits of this fraud on the public they put

in their pockets, or used the margin to cut prices to the detriment of competitors who honestly gave their customer what he had paid for. The court put a summary stop to this cheating of customers, ordering that all bespoke work—"all goods sold as tailor made," should be made as represented in the establishment of the employer. The judge told the representative of the irreconcilable minority that "They would have to come in under the same conditions as the rest of the trade, if they were going to continue in the tailoring business."

In all these cities the better class of employers helped the workers to organize and coöperated with them in bringing the cases under the Arbitration law to bind the unreasonable minority.

Many working girls and women in the stores and shops of our cities are receiving only \$3 or \$4 a week, for hours that in the clothing trade not infrequently amount to twelve or fourteen and even sixteen a day—and children are employed at 50 cents a week up. If these workers were in New Zealand they could appeal to the Arbitration Court and get a forty-five hour per week (forty-four hours now) with six dollars to eight dollars pay at the lowest, and children (under the recent provision) not less than one dollar and twenty-five cents a week. Honest dealers would be protected from sweatshop competition, the public would pay fair prices for good work made under safe conditions, and working girls could afford to live decent lives.

III. A FEW CONTRASTS.

A few years ago when the linotype machines came in, there was a strike in Chicago that suspended all the daily newspapers in the city for several days. When the typesetting machine invaded New Zealand offices the Typographical Union failing to come to an agreement with the employers took the matter into court and settled the difference without the loss of a day. In Dunedin an agreement was reached by means of a friendly con-

ference between employers and employed in the presence of the judges; the power behind their wise and kindly suggestions being sufficient to secure a settlement without any trial at all.

In the six weeks' Homestead strike in the iron works, 1892, brought on by a cut in the wages of a few workers, there were riots, a two days' Pinkerton battle with the strikers, many lives lost, forty non-union men poisoned at their meals, much property destroyed, great loss in wages and product, immense excitement throughout the country, incalculable intensification of the antagonism between labor and capital, and complete failure of the men with permanent loss of their places by a large part of them. When the iron workers of New Zealand had a grievance in 1899, they took it to the Arbitration Court and obtained an impartial hearing and a just judgment binding the companies hard and fast, without anger or bloodshed or loss of property.

In 1894 we had a great coal-miners' strike spreading over eleven states and one territory, whole counties terrorized, strikers intrenched in open insurrection, much property destroyed, troops powerless to preserve order, shooting, eviction, dynamite, assassination, kidnapping, torture, pitched battles, many lives lost, to say nothing of the suspension of industry and the incalculable losses of labor, capital, and the public. In 1902 we had another tremendous coal strike in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, throwing 150,000 men out of work, making fuel scarce and high over a large part of the country, depriving industries of the coal they need, filling our beautiful cities with bituminous smoke and dust, causing inconvenience and loss in their homes and business to twenty or thirty millions of people, and running up a total loss account of more than \$100,000,000, all because a few coal barons refused to arbitrate the grievances of the workers, as the men desired and offered from the start to do.

In New Zealand, instead of Chicago, Homestead, or Shenandoah labor wars there are quiet hearings and common sense

decisions without stoppage of work or injury to public interests. The miners got awards and agreements binding the coal companies in 1899. Two companies neglecting to comply with the terms as to the wages, etc., were fined by the court and compelled to come into line. The men got justice without delay or suspension of work. The companies got justice, peace, certainty, and effective protection. And the public suffered no injury—no armed conflict, no troops, no industrial civil war, no lives lost or property destroyed, no mines closed down, no wages lost, no interruption of business, no bitter feeling between classes or individuals—only a summons to debate, a friendly discussion, a thorough investigation, an order or agreement with the force of law and the power of the Government behind it, backed by enlightened public sentiment with full knowledge of the facts. The Arbitration law has cured the chronic war of industry. We will next see how the Act came to be passed, examine its provisions and results more fully, and note the attitude of labor and capital toward it.

FRANK PARSONS.

Boston, Mass.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF BRIBERY AND CORRUPT PRACTISES, OR THE RAILROADS, THE LAW-MAKERS, THE PEOPLE.

I. A STATEMENT OF STARTLING FACTS.

FOR more than a quarter of a century the public service corporations have been steadily, insidiously, and subtly undermining the old Republican Order, corrupting the fountain-head of legislation, and elevating the interest of corporate wealth over the rights and interests of the people. And during this time they have firmly established and entrenched a powerful plutocracy, which has not inaptly been called the new Commercial Feudalism, whose seat of power is in that paradise of modern gamblers and speculators, Wall Street, and whose strong hand is felt influencing, when not absolutely controlling, special legislation at Washington, in every State capital and in all the great municipal governments of the republic.

For more than twenty-five years the interests of the people have been systematically sacrificed, the producer and consumer have been shamefully oppressed and defrauded, and the moral sensibilities of statesmen and public servants from the highest elective and appointive officers, down to petty municipal positions have been blunted and degraded until from the Chief Executive, the State Superior Court judiciary, and United States Senators down, the people's servants have reached a point where they unblushingly accept favors of great monetary value from public service corporations, notwithstanding the fact that the companies are known to have in various ways, sought to corrupt the people's representatives and defeat just and needed legislation, and, furthermore, to have systematically defied or evaded laws enacted to secure justice and bring relief to the public by curbing greed and avarice.

For more than a quarter of a century the public service corporations, chief among which have been the railroad organizations, through various corrupt practises, largely by bribery, direct and indirect, have steadily advanced to mastery of the

government through an unholy alliance with political bosses and partisan machines.

These are grave allegations, but they are so amply substantiated by the mass of irrefutable evidence that has reached the public from time to time, largely through congressional, state and other investigating committees, that no unbiased student of our own political history, since the close of the Civil War, and especially since 1870, can escape the conclusion that they are in no way exaggerations.

To even briefly notice the trail of the serpent of corruption during the past thirty years, would require a volume. In this paper we can only hope to give a glimpse of conditions as they prevailed between twenty and thirty years ago, and also some ominous but typical present-day happenings which illustrate the nature and power of the public service corporations in the republic at the present time.

II. SOME FACTS TO BE BORNE IN MIND.

On the threshold of our discussion, we wish to emphasize some facts which the reader should bear in mind when considering this grave subject. Two observations have been made about corporations that may be said to be axiomatic. *Corporations have no souls*—they are utterly devoid of the conscience element. Men who would shrink from any thought of personally resorting to bribery or other corrupt practises, men who consider themselves exemplary church members and pillars of society, in the capacity of directors and heads of great corporations, will wink at, countenance, and oftentimes even promote bribery and other corrupt acts on the part of their companies. Whatever corporations lack in conscience, however, they make up in greed and avarice. Cupidity promotes turpitude, but is never the parent of unselfish generosity, or of lofty patriotism. And this brings us to a second axiomatic statement. *Corporations bestow favors on outsiders ONLY when benefits are expected in return, or when it is deemed*

important to obligate or silence some person who might become formidable either as a friend of rivals or as a champion of the producing and consuming public who are at their mercy, and whose relief must come through the sovereign power of government.

No fact in the history of the public service corporations is more clearly proved than that whenever favors or courtesies are bestowed on outsiders, it is for services rendered, for favors expected or desired, or for the purpose of silencing someone who might call them to account.

Railroads are not found thrusting passes upon plain John Smith, but when John Smith becomes Congressman Smith or Senator Smith, or President Smith, and thus is in a position to second the Interstate Commerce Commission's urgent appeal for laws that would enable it to give the people relief from unjust exactions, exorbitant charges, or discriminations, the railroads are very ready to furnish him passes and grant him no end of favors or courtesies, not as plain John Smith, be it remembered, but as Congressman Smith, or Senator Smith, or President Smith, as the people's representative, who can ignore the people's reasonable demands for justice from unjust oppression or discriminations.*

III. IN THE MORNING OF THE ERA OF BRIBERY.

During the seventies and the eighties of the last century, when James A. Garfield, Ex-Judge of the Supreme Court

*I suppose no reader would be simple-minded enough to imagine for a moment that the greatest of all corruptors of legislators grant favors to congressmen and other representatives of the people on account of the high offices they hold. If so, let such persons call to mind the insolent and contemptuous treatment which President Roosevelt received from the coal barons and railroad magnates during the coal famine, when over six million aroused and suffering American people forced his tardy action. Another apt illustration of the respect railroad magnates and the heads of public service corporations entertain for the people's representatives will be found in quotation from letters by Mr. Huntington to Gen. Colton, which are given in another part of this paper.

Jeremiah Black, United States Senator Windom, Justice David Agnew, and, indeed, most of the incorruptible and far-seeing of our statesmen, were sounding solemn warnings and seeking to arouse the public conscience to a realization of the deadly peril that threatened the republic through the growing corrupt practises of the railroad corporations, certain facts were brought to light (usually through the quarrels of railroad companies, or the exposure by incorruptible legislators whom the railroads had sought to bribe), that led to legislative and other investigations. One of the first of these was made by the New York Legislative Committee, appointed to investigate certain allegations made against the Erie Railroad. This was in 1873, and the committee, after a thorough examination, brought in its report in which it said :

"It is further in evidence that it has been the custom of the managers of the Erie Railway, from year to year, in the past, to spend large sums to control elections and to influence legislation. In the year 1868 more than one million (1,000,000) was disbursed from the Treasury for 'extra and legal services.'

"Mr. Gould, when last on the stand, and examined in relation to various vouchers shown him, admitted the payment during the three years prior to 1872, of large sums to Barber, Tweed and others, *to influence legislation or elections*; these amounts were charged in the 'india-rubber account.' The memory of this witness was very defective as to details, and he could only remember large transactions; but could distinctly recall that he had been in the habit of sending money into the numerous districts all over the state, either to control nominations, or elections, for senators and members of assembly. He considered that, as a rule, such investments paid better than to wait until the men got to Albany, and added the significant remark when asked a question that it would be as impossible to specify the numerous instances as it would to recall to mind the numerous freight cars sent over the Erie road from day to day. . . .

"It is not reasonable to suppose that the Erie Railway has been alone in the corrupt use of money for the purposes named; but the sudden revelation in the direction of this company has laid bare a chapter in the secret history of railroad management

such as has not been permitted before. It exposes the reckless and prodigal use of money, wrung from the people, to purchase the election of the people's representatives, and to bribe them when in office. According to Mr. Gould, his operations extended into four different states. It was his custom to contribute money to influence both nominations and elections."

It was during this investigation as officially reported by this committee that Jay Gould, then the master spirit of the Erie Railroad, testified as follows:

"I do not know how much I paid toward helping friendly men. We had four states to look after, and we had to suit our politics to circumstances. In a Democratic district I was a Democrat; in a Republican district I was a Republican, and in a doubtful district I was doubtful; but in every district and at all times I have always been an Erie man."

That the committee was not mistaken in its belief that the Erie Road was not alone in corrupt practises was shown by the report of the committee appointed by the New York Constitutional Convention, with the Hon. George Opdyke as Chairman. The following extracts from the verbatim report of testimony, given at that time, throws a flood of light on the methods by which the railroad corporations have systematically defeated the people, and have been enabled to control national and state governments, and to continue to practise extortion and unjust discriminations by which the producing and consuming public are annually plundered of millions of dollars.

Edwin D. Worcester, Sworn: I am treasurer of the New York Central Railroad Company, and have been for two years; was assistant treasurer for two years previous.

Question.—Do you know of the New York Central Railroad Company paying out considerable amounts of money during the sessions of legislatures?

Answer.—Yes, considerable amounts of money.

Question.—I think you have succeeded in procuring legislation for two or three years past?

Answer.—Yes, we succeeded in getting the legislation.

Question.—Were the expenses attending the application paid by the president of the road?

Answer.—I can state the amount of money he had ; the whole amount of money was \$205,000.

Question.—Did he ever state to you any purpose for which it was to be applied?

Answer.—Well, I don't remember that he did.

Question.—How are the items or entries made in your books with reference to the expenditure of this \$205,000.

Answer.—There were no entries made with regard to those disbursements.

Question.—Was the authorization given before or after the advances or disbursements were made?

Answer.—It was after that the Board confirmed the advance, but did not state what should be made of the item.

Question.—What is the condition of the item on your books?

Answer.—It is charged to the treasurer's office and remains there. The action of the treasurer in advancing the money was confirmed by the Board.

Question.—The year previous about what money was expended?

Answer.—I think it was something like \$60,000, that was charged to expenses pertaining to the legislature.

Another equally scandalous exhibition of turpitude on the part of the public carriers occurred in 1882, when the New Jersey railroads attempted to bribe a bill through the legislature, over the Governor's veto, which would have given them virtual control of the entire water-front of Jersey City. Happily for the public interest, one of their agents encountered an incorruptible legislator, the Hon. Joseph H. Shinn, and he, by his prompt exposure of the high-handed and brazen attempt at direct bribery, prevented consummation of the proposed steal. In this same year, 1882, there was another exposure of attempted bribery. This time it was in Ohio, when an effort was made to corrupt certain members of the legislature by offers of tempting bribes "with a view of gaining possession of canal properties in Ohio for railroad purposes."* The investigation which followed led to the indictment of two legislators for accepting bribes.

*New York Times, March 25, 1882.

These are only a few of many instances similar in character that might be cited which occurred in the seventies and the early eighties, and which indicate the prevalence of corrupt practises on the part of the railways a quarter of a century ago.

The law-makers have been by no means the only officials that the public service companies have sought to tamper with. On the twenty-seventh day of January, 1880, Mr. Gowan, who, at that time was President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, appeared before the Committee of Commerce of the House of Representatives at Washington. During his testimony, he made this amazing declaration:

"I have heard the counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, standing in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, threaten that Court with the displeasure of his clients if it decided against them, and all the blood in my body tingled with shame at the humiliating spectacle."

In the year 1881, the New York State Anti-Monopoly League obtained among various passes issued by public carriers to the people's servants, a pass furnished by the New York Central and Hudson River Railway Co., to a *judge of the Supreme Court of New York*, to be used between New York city and Utica, and which bore on its face "*On account of Supreme Court.*" Another pass which the League obtained was issued by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Railway Co., to a *county judge*. We cite these cases to indicate the fact that insidious methods of indirect bribery, even thus early, had extended from the legislators to the judges.

Mr. W. T. Stead, when in this country, in the early nineties, expressed to me his amazement at the way judges permitted themselves to be approached and obligated by interested corporations and parties.

"The accepting of favors or gifts of value from a person by a judge before whom that person's case may at any time come up for adjudication, cannot fail to undermine the integrity of the judiciary," he urged, and added that "in England, if a judge

should receive a present of such trivial value as a cheese while on the bench, he would be sent to prison for a long term."

IV. VARIOUS METHODS OF INDIRECT BRIBERY.

It must not be supposed that the steady advance of corporate power in its settled purpose to control National and State Governments and the systematic defeat of the people when they have demanded relief, from what Ex-Judge Black of the Supreme Court characterized as "The most enormous, oppressive and unjust tax that ever was laid upon the industry of any people,"* has been accomplished merely by direct bribery. No, the chief secret of the success of the Public Service companies is found in the various methods of indirect bribery that have been employed on every hand. Such, for example, as:

(1) Free passes and other traffic accommodations, popularly known as courtesies.

(2) Contribution to campaign funds by means of which the support of the political bosses and managers, and the influence of partisan machines, are secured,[†] while the danger of formidable opposition from the press of the party in question is removed.

(3) Retaining lawyers and then securing their nomination to the legislature, or to Congress, or securing the election of lawyers who have long been their counsel, and who, as such, have been accustomed to view every question from the standpoint of their employers, to plead the cause of corporate interest against the just demands of the people, or of the state, and whose relations with the so-called Captains of Industry are of the most intimate and confidential character.

(4) The Lobby: Among the many effective instruments of corruption employed by the public service and monopoly interest, nothing save the courtesies extended directly to the peo-

*Letter written to the New York Chamber of Commerce and published in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, December 2, 1880.

[†]Since writing this *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for November has appeared, in which the editors publish an extremely valuable paper

ple's representatives and the purchase of support by campaign contributions has proved so fatal to pure government, the interest and just rights of the people, and the integrity of the statesmen as the powerful lobby sustained at an enormous outlay by the corporations to defeat needed legislation for the relief of the producers and consumers.

(5) Special rate bribery: This is another powerful weapon which has been wielded with telling effect by the public carriers for more than a quarter of a century. The latest effective employment of this weapon to defeat the ends of justice was seen in Wisconsin last year, when the shippers enjoying special rates came to the rescue of the public service corporations and defeated the overwhelmingly popular demand for relief from rail-

on the national lobby at Washington. In this paper the evils of the campaign fund form of bribery are thus referred to:

"The great curse of national legislation is the campaign contribution. That has irresistibly resulted in the growth of the new system whereby Congress is its own Lobby. *In a Presidential or Congressional election the great corporations pick the candidates and the party to whom they feel they can look for favors*; then they contribute enormous sums to carry the election. Frequently a definite bargain is made with the National Committee that something shall be done or another one not done. It is a cold matter of business. Commercial acumen which has built up vast fortunes in a generation or two, like those of 'the Standard Oil crowd' or of Carnegie's coterie of young men, can usually pick a winner, or make a winner in a national campaign. It did so in 1888, when it turned its back on Cleveland and contributed to the Harrison fund for M. S. Quay to spend. Again it did so in 1892, when it switched from Harrison back to Cleveland and gave the millions to William C. Whitney and Don M. Dickinson, with which they swept the country. It could not choose in 1896 and 1900 because William J. Bryan was running for President on a platform which made the corporations quake, so Commercial Acumen emptied a sum equal to a king's ransom at the feet of Marcus A. Hanna at the behest of such men as Cornelius N. Bliss, Senator Aldrich, Senator Allison and Senator Quay.

"The great interests which contributed in these four campaigns got what they paid for. Under Harrison they got the McKinley tariff law, with protective duties marked up sky high. Under Cleveland's second administration they got exactly the schedules they had bargained for in advance. Under McKinley they literally lived in clover—the richest man in the United States has quadrupled his fortune in the last seven years."

road oppression. These special rates and rebates are in effect a form of brigandage by which, through the union of the strong, the weak have been crushed, while all the people have been systematically oppressed. By their provision, large shippers receive special concessions and in turn support the railways in defeating all legislation, which promises to bring relief to the people from exorbitant freight rates on the one hand, and laws aimed at compelling the railways to pay a fair share of taxation on the other.

(6) Points on stocks, or tips: This has been another method of bribery, by which favored legislators* have been enabled to acquire thousands and tens of thousands of dollars by means of information given them by public service magnates. The comparatively small group of men who control the public utilities of the nation including the railways, the telegraphs, the express companies and telephone service, have augmented their fabulous fortunes acquired largely through special privilege and unjust exactions in recent years by wholesale and systematic gambling in Wall Street. These men who are pleased

*So far back as 1882, Col. C. C. Post in Part II of "Driven from Sea to Sea," thus referred to this form of bribery that even at that date had become a crying evil:

"The latest favorite and perhaps the most dangerous form of bribery is 'points' in stock speculation. All over the country, in close proximity to our legislative halls, there will be found stock brokers' offices, and even within the halls themselves, in some instances, will be found the stock indicator ticking out the quotations which are frequently consulted by the men who make our laws. A 'point' from a railroad magnate or his representative means that the legislator may be thousands of dollars richer to-morrow than he is to-day. Speculations in stocks has been considered respectable, hence the magnates or their representatives are courted by everybody. Through friendly social relations 'points' are given and bribery accomplished in the most insidious manner. Speculation in stocks is also made the cover for direct bribery. The man who suddenly becomes rich through the acceptance of a bribe in money, gives out to the public that he has 'made it speculating in stocks,' and this state of things will probably continue until public opinion looks upon stock speculation as it does upon any other form of gambling, and constituents refuse to support or have anything to do with representatives who are known to patronize Wall Street."

to style themselves Captains of Industry and Kings of Finance are able to form little secret combinations within their charmed circle by which stocks can be adroitly bulled or beared in such a way that many millions may be acquired without the possibility of failure, for their combined holdings give them precisely the same advantage in the Wall Street gambling game as that enjoyed by the gamester who plays with loaded dice or who has trick cards up his sleeves. When these men play for great stakes there is practically no element of uncertainty in the game, and their operations are on such a gigantic scale that they make the master spirits at Monte Carlo and other notorious gambling resorts appear as pigmies. In recent years they have from time to time given tips to favored legislators,* through which the opportunity has been afforded these servants of the people to acquire fortunes with no risk by simply following the hints given.

These are some of the principal methods of indirect bribery that have prevailed during the past thirty years. The most insidious and perhaps, on the whole, demoralizing has been the giving of courtesies from free passes to special cars, including free transportation, foods, wines, liquors and tobacco to the people's representatives and public servants, whose influence the public carriers have recognized as important, in defeating

*In speaking of the treachery to the people of Secretary Carlisle, Senator Gorman, and other plutocratic democrats in the famous Sugar legislation under the administration of Grover Cleveland, the editors of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for November, 1903, said:

"Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, a Republican, brought Mr. Havemeyer and Senator Gorman, the Democratic maker of the tariff, together, and all would have been done with secrecy had not the newspapers ascertained that Senators had been speculating in sugar shares.

"There was an investigation. Senator Gray, of Delaware, now U. S. Circuit Judge, was chairman of the committee. After a vain endeavor to confine it to the newspaper correspondents who printed the charges, the committee turned to the officials implicated and investigated Mr. Carlisle, the Messrs. Havemeyer and the stock-speculating Senators. It was in evidence that Cord Meyer, a sugar refiner of Brooklyn, who had

just and needed legislation, or preventing the vigorous execution of laws already made.

The free pass iniquity, the "dead heading" of merchandise,* and various other traffic accommodations have served to paralyze the voice of the people's representatives when the just cause of the electors was presented for governmental action.

V. SOME CONCRETE ILLUSTRATIONS OF METHODS OF RAILROAD CORRUPTION.

One of the most startling revelations of the *modus operandi* of the railroad corporations in corrupting legislators and tampered into the Trust, had visited a member of the cabinet who was the political manager of the Cleveland administration, and asked him whether the pre-election promises which had been made to the Trust would be kept. The cabinet minister told him that the administration would live up to its pledges. More than this, Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, admitted that he had bought sugar stock, knowing that the promised legislation must enhance the value of the securities. He had purchased 1,000 shares, which he transferred to his son, and later 500 more. Senator Quay, always bold, owned up to gambling in sugar, and asked: "Whose business is it but mine?"

*The railroads are by no means alone in the efforts to advance corporate interest at the expense of the people through indirect bribery. The express companies have long looked with greedy eyes on the post-office business, especially in so far as it relates to merchandise, books and periodical literature, while they have also beheld with alarm the growing sentiment among merchants, farmers and, indeed, all intelligent and disinterested classes in favor of the parcel-post such as is found in many Old World countries. Hence, they have been industrious in securing "friends at court." A few months ago an agent for one of the great express companies in one of our richest commonwealths said to me: "The junior Senator from this state regularly has whatever he desires deadheaded from his palatial home to Washington when he leaves for the capitol, and on his return, the express companies are again at his service. If he should want packages sent to San Francisco, it would be all the same. Now," he continued, "who pays for that? Not the express companies. They are not going to allow themselves to suffer from favors granted to lawmakers. Oh, no, you and I and all the people who pay the express charges must, in the long run, foot these bills, and," he added, "it is a good thing for the companies' interest to have highly respectable, wealthy and scholarly statesmen obligated to them."

pering with other public servants, was given to the public in the famous suit instituted by the widow of Gen. Colton against C. P. Huntington, and tried at Santa Rosa, California. At that time the correspondence of Mr. Huntington was put in evidence, and the letters were published verbatim in the San Francisco "Chronicle." We have only space for a few brief extracts, which, however, are thoroughly typical.

At the time when these letters were written, Mr. Tom Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad was the most commanding and baleful figure representing public service corporations in Washington. Part of the time he was found working with Mr. Huntington in effort to obtain special legislation inimical to the interest of the people, but most of the time those two magnates were either secretly or openly hostile to each other. In a letter written to Gen. Colton, by Mr. Huntington on November 8, 1874, we have a hint as to who have been the *real authors* of much railroad legislation, and we are also favored with a glimpse of one of the ways corporations indirectly influence legislators:

"I have sent you out some copies of *Tom Scott's bill as amended by me*. . . . It would be well for you at once to *write some letters for the influential men of San Francisco to sign and send to all members of congress and senators to go for the bill as we want it.*"

On November 20, 1874, Mr. Huntington writes Gen. Colton as follows:

"Scott is prepared to pay, or promises to pay, a large amount of money to pass his bill, but I do not think he can pass it, although I think this coming session of Congress will be composed of the hungriest set of men that ever got together, and that the d—— only knows what they will do. . . . It would not do to have it known that we had any interest in it, for the reason that it would cost us much more money to get such a bill through if it was known that it was for us."

In the above, it will be noticed that obtaining legislation by bribery and corrupt practices is taken for granted by the great railroad magnate. His contempt for the venality of congress-

men is undisguised, and the necessity for practising cunning in order to pay as little as possible in bribes is also indicated.

On December 1, 1874, Mr. Huntington writes: "Have any of our people endeavored to do anything with Low and Frisbie? They are both *men who can be convinced*," and again in the same letter he says, "Even if we had to *pay* something to *convince Low and Frisbie*." This word—convince—is a favorite term with Mr. Huntington, nor does he leave us in doubt as to what he means by convincing a member of Congress as will be seen by a quotation from a letter written February 14, 1876, in referring to the unexpected strength exhibited by Tom Scott and his agents, he says:

"They have *considerable money*, as they have *convinced* several parties that I thought we had sure. I am doing all I can, but it is the liveliest fight I was ever in. I sent a man to Richmond, Va., on Saturday, and one to Albany to-day, to get resolutions passed by the Legislatures against subsidies. If I can get them I think it will control two members of the Railroad Committee, and we want them very much. Of course, you will see the necessity of keeping such matters to ourselves."

In the above we not only see what Mr. Huntington means when he speaks of convincing a man, but also see how railroad magnates worked legislatures, North and South, in order to secure the legislation they desired at the National Capitol. Sometimes a Congressman proved refractory for a time. The indignation of the railroad magnate at such a representative of the people who failed to aid in thwarting the interest of the electorate was undisguised, as will be seen by the following typical extracts:

"I am glad to learn that you have Luttrell under your charge, but you must be careful and not let him get anything to strike back with, as he is a cuss."

On May 1, 1875, this Congressman seems to have given great offence to Mr. Huntington, as will be seen by the following:

"I notice what you say of Luttrell; he is a wild hog; don't let him come back to Washington; but as the House is to be largely

Democratic, and, if he was to be defeated, likely it would be charged to us, hence I think it would be well to beat him with a Democrat; but I would defeat him any way; and if he got the nomination put up another Democrat and run against him, and in that way elect a Republican. Beat him."

The above is valuable as showing secret methods of corporations in elevating men who are willing tools, and defeating those who are loyal to the people's interest. Later, however, Luttrell seems to have made his peace with the magnate, for on January 29, 1876, he writes:

"All the members in the House from California are doing first-rate, except Piper, and he is a damned hog, any way you can fix him. I wish you would write a letter to Luttrell saying that I say he is doing first-rate, and is very able, etc., and send me copy."

The fact that the railroad magnate fully understood the value of bribery by free passes is emphasized in many letters. Thus on January 29, 1876, he writes:

"Scott is making a terrible effort to pass his bill, and he has many advantages with his railroads running out from Washington in almost every direction, on which he gives free passes to everyone which he thinks can help him ever so little. The Texas Pacific seems to own almost everyone in the whole country."

The way the magnates have controlled the making up of the railroad committees is very significantly shown in some of these letters. Thus, for example, on March 4, 1876, he writes:

"The Railroad Committee of the House was set up for Scott, and it has been a very difficult matter to switch a majority of the committee away from him, but I think it has been done, but Scott is very able, and then he promises everything to everybody, which helps him for the day and in this fight, and just what he may yet do I cannot say."

Here are some expressions found in various letters that, coming from the head of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, are worth whole volumes of arguments in showing how the

real power of government has been shifted from the people to the control of public service corporations.

"It cost money to fix things so that I would know his bill would not pass. I believe with \$200,000 I can pass our bill.

"Parott is, or was, writing a brief on fares and freights to influence, as I was told, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

"I saw Axtell, Governor of New Mexico, and he said he thought if we would send to him such a bill as we wanted to have passed into a law, he could get it passed with very little or no money, when if we sent a man there they would stick him for large amounts.

"I think the Railroad Committee is right, but the Committee on Territories I do not like. *A different one was promised me.*

"I shall give him passes and I think it important that you see him on his arrival and see that he does not fall into the hands of bad men. He is friendly to us now.

"I think in all the world's history never before was such a wild set of demagogues honored by the name of Congress. We have been hurt some, but some of the worst bills have been defeated, but we cannot stand many such Congresses.

"I put (something?) in the Omnibus bill to kill the T. and P., and I think it will do it.

"Cannot you have Safford call the legislature together and grant such charters as we want at a cost say of \$26,000?"

These extracts taken verbatim from those remarkable letters written by Mr. Huntington are typical; similar quotations might be cited at length, but space forbids. They are sufficient to illustrate conclusively and in a startling manner the way in which the railroads have debauched the legislators and defeated the cause of republican government, and taken with the revelations of the New York investigating committees already cited, they furnish a key to the secret of the transformation of the republic into a class rule government dominated by corporate wealth. These things occurred from twenty to thirty years ago, but since then the evil has steadily worked throughout the body politic, until from the municipality to the state capitol, from the legislature to the national seat of gov-

ernment, the corrupt results of corporate wealth are everywhere in evidence.

Space compels us to merely glance at three typical present-day cases, illustrating the influence of this deadly evil in our republic. At intervals during the past few years, the growing corruption in municipal life in our great cities has come to public notice. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities have had their foul scandals, but usually such revelations have resulted in little, in so far as meting out punishment to powerful offenders was concerned, because of the united effort of the corporation and the party bosses.

VI. SATURNALIA OF BRIBERY IN ST. LOUIS AND MISSOURI.

One notable exception has recently marked our municipal history. When Mr. Joseph Folk was elected county attorney at St. Louis, Missouri, he went to work investigating the stories of municipal corruption that were rife in that city, as they are in most great American municipalities.

To his amazement, he soon found that the public service corporations had been spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in direct bribery. Acting in concert with the notorious bosses, they were in the habit of buying a sufficient number of votes in both chambers of the city government to enable them to procure any franchises or other concessions which they desired. This trafficking was not confined to either political party. Republican and Democratic officials alike were growing rich by selling the enormously valuable franchises of the city for private gain. Another remarkable fact was the silence of the daily press. Here, as in other great cities, the daily papers were strangely silent, apparently blind, deaf, and dumb in the presence of the most revolting political corruption. Mr. Folk immediately set to work to bring the guilty to justice, and in spite of having almost insurmountable obstacles placed in his path at almost every turn, he succeeded in unmasking a condition that often exceeded the worst suspicions of the people. Later

it was shown that the legislature of Missouri was equally corrupt. The charges which reformers had made for years, and which had been sneered at and ridiculed when they were not ignored by the daily press and the political leaders, were found to be mild in comparison with the wholesale corruption and bribery everywhere revealed. The following brief extracts from a recent address by Mr. Folk merely hint at conditions that have prevailed in St. Louis and the State of Missouri in recent years, as shown by recent investigation and grand jury reports, and which have resulted from the union of corporations and political bosses for the plunder of the people. Of St. Louis, Mr. Folk observes :

"The revelations of official corruption in St. Louis and Missouri read like a tale from the 'Arabian Nights.'

"There is to-day locked up in two safe deposit boxes in the city of St. Louis one corruption fund of \$135,000, which has been used as evidence in court. This was put up by the legislative agent of a street railroad company, in response to a demand from members of the municipal assembly, as bribes for their votes in passing a franchise ordinance.

"For another franchise \$250,000 in bribes was paid to the members of the preceding assembly. This franchise was afterwards sold for \$1,250,000, but the city received not a cent. Twenty-three of the twenty-eight members of the house of delegates took bribes of \$3,000 each for this franchise. Seven members of the council obtained from \$10,000 to \$17,500 each for their votes.

"Seven members of the council, elected to serve the people at a salary of \$300 a year, were paid a regular salary of \$5,000 yearly to represent corporate interests. A lighting bill was bribed through the house of delegates for \$47,500. The bargain was made right on the floor of the house.

"Nineteen members of another house of delegates obtained \$2,000 each as bribes for their votes on still another franchise. Indeed, no bill of consequence passed the assembly for years unless the members were paid for their official action. Schedules of bribe prices were established, ranging from a few hundred dollars for passing a switch bill, to a hundred thousand dollars for a railroad franchise."

The disclosures made at the state capitol were scarcely less revolting. A dispatch to the *Boston Transcript*, speaking of the systematic bribery practiced in the Missouri Legislature for the past twelve years, stated that the railways and other public service companies were the most prominent and aggressive influences in thus tampering with the people's representatives. It was shown, however, that the long reign of bribery had resulted in attracting a horde of venal representatives and various corporations were regularly paying princely tributes to these criminals who were representing the people. In referring to the affairs in the state legislature, Mr. Folk said:

"The lieutenant-governor of the state has confessed to more boodling than it was thought possible for one man to commit. The honor of the state has been peddled around by the seekers of bribes in return for official influence. The lieutenant-governor himself distributed bribe money amongst certain senators. Thousand-dollar bills have been caught sight of here and there with senators in hot pursuit. Lawmakers have confessed to boodling extending through a period of twelve years, indicating that legislation has been bought and sold like merchandise. . . . I cannot in this brief address more than give a faint idea of the real rottenness that existed. The story of corruption in St. Louis and Missouri, as revealed by sworn testimony, would fill volumes."

VII. RAILROAD RULE IN WISCONSIN.

From the Democratic state of Missouri with her incorruptible Democratic prosecuting attorney battling alike with corrupt Democratic and Republican politicians and powerful public service corporations, we turn to the Republican state of Wisconsin, where Governor La Follette, a strong and incorruptible Republican chief executive, has given us a refreshing reminder of that true and stalwart statesmanship that made the Republican party the glory of civilization before it fell into the hands of the corporations and representatives of predatory wealth.

The railroads of Wisconsin, as in many other states, have

long over-ridden the public, systematically defeating all legislation that promised relief from excessive freight rates and unjust discriminations, as well as laws which would force them to pay even an approximate proportion of the taxes which other interests have to pay.

In vain did the people protest and demand relief. The rising tide of indignant protest only increased the vigilance of the corrupt public service corporations. But at last, under the intrepid leadership of Robert M. La Follette, a young Republican statesman, a man of the Lincoln stripe, who revered the traditions of the fathers, the people took heart and an aggressive warfare was waged. The legislature of 1899 was pledged to promote equal and just taxation by compelling the public service companies to bear a fair share of taxes, but the railroads had no idea of permitting the people to gain relief in this direction. The story of the contest and of the subsequent happenings was thus concisely summarized by Gov. La Follette in his message to the legislature on January 15, 1903.*

The legislature of that year assembled under the strongest obligations to the people of this state to equalize taxation. A movement was made toward the discharge of that obligation by passing through the assembly a bill increasing the license fee upon the gross earnings of the railroads from four to five per cent. While this would have fallen far short of the amount which should be borne by the railroad companies, it would have proven a very substantial increase. This bill was beaten in the senate. It was at this period in the contest that the bill was brought forward creating the Tax Commission. The bill received the support of the opponents, as well as advocates of more equal taxation, including lobby agents and railway company attorneys. To them it presented the relief of postponement. . . . While it was then well understood that the increase in railroad taxation sought to be enacted at that session was much less than the amount fairly due from the companies, nevertheless the creation of the commission was accepted in

*See message of Robert M. La Follette, of January 15, 1903, pages 15 and 16.

good faith upon the promise *made by the representatives of the railroad companies that the results of the work of the commission would be accepted and acquiesced in.* Able, conscientious, and conservative men were appointed upon the Tax Commission, and prosecuted their investigation for a period of nearly two years, making their first report to the legislature which assembled January 9, 1901. That legislature had been chosen by the people of Wisconsin with the plain understanding that they would receive the report of the Tax Commission and carry out its recommendations equalizing the burdens of taxation.

The report presented by that commission exhibited original, intelligent research, able reasoning and well-considered conclusions. It left nothing to doubt or conjecture, but plainly pointed the way for the legislature. It made it clear that if the railroads were taxed at their actual value at the same rate as other taxable property of the state, they would pay a million dollars a year more than they were then paying. . . .

. . . After weeks and months of delay, during which lobby agents and representatives of the railway companies were busy, the recommendations of the Tax Commission were rejected and the bills prepared by them and submitted to the legislature, in accordance with law, were defeated in the assembly, action upon the same having been delayed in the senate until after the measures proposed by the Tax Commission had been beaten in the assembly.

Governor La Follette, knowing full well that if the railroad companies were compelled to pay a fair amount of taxation, they would try to make it back from the people by increased freight rates, as they have long made the farmers and other producers and consumers pay for the expense of the lobby, campaign funds and courtesies, thus warned the legislature in the message from which we have quoted:

The question of railway taxation is a practical one and it is expected that as public officials we will deal with it in a practical way. As men of experience, some of you men experienced in legislation, you will understand, as the public likewise understands, the opposition which has been made by the railroad companies to any increase in their taxes. It is a matter of common

knowledge among those who have encountered the railroad lobby that this opposition was so determined as to announce the declared purpose of the railway companies to increase their freight rates enough to offset any increase in taxation. The ease with which this menace might be enforced can very readily be seen. An increase in the fraction of a per cent. in freight rates, or a slight readjustment of the classifications, would enable railroads to collect from their patrons in Wisconsin more than enough to balance any increase in their taxes.

Indeed, since legislation has been pending in this state to require railroads to pay their proportionate share of taxation, freight rates for Wisconsin have been increased, indicating a forehanded determination to be prepared against legislation to equalize taxation.

It becomes apparent at once that legislation compelling the railroads, and other public-service corporations, to pay their proportionate share of the taxes will fail utterly in its object, unless it be supplemented with legislation protecting the public against increased transportation charges.

* * * * *

While it has been commonly understood that the railways of the country have overridden law, and, in a measure, controlled legislation, it is doubtful whether any considerable number of the people of Wisconsin have until very recently had any conception of the enormity of the wrong which they have suffered in discriminating rates at the hands of railroads throughout this Commonwealth.

The governor went into an exhaustive discussion of the subject, showing that in Iowa and Illinois, where the people have succeeded in obtaining some measure of relief through legislation, freights have been greatly reduced. He furthermore showed that this reduction had necessarily placed the citizens of Wisconsin at a great disadvantage in marketing their products and manufactures, owing to the successful tactics of the Wisconsin railways in defeating the people's demands for relief, similar to that which was being enjoyed in sister commonwealths. This powerful plea for justice for all the people, created general consternation among the railway interests. The

people were becoming tired of being systematically betrayed by their representatives, and if the legislators became so alarmed that they could not be either bought by direct or indirect bribery, or frightened by threats of political ruin, the railroad supremacy would be doomed. Appreciating their peril, the public service companies acted with promptness and dispatch. Every engine of power at their command was employed. The corrupt lobby, the crafty and adroit railroad lawyer, the powerful friends and stockholders of the various public service corporations, and last, but not least, the favored shippers and the corrupt class of political henchmen and parasites who have become powerful by serving predatory wealth, all these were drafted into active service. The most formidable influence was the large shippers who enjoyed special rates, and by an unholy alliance with the railroads are profiting at the expense of the little shippers and all the people. These strong men were the most potent force in thwarting the governor and the people.

On April 28, of last year, the governor sent to the legislature one of the most able and masterly arguments that has come from a gubernatorial pen in years—a statesman's plea for the people, worthy of the best traditions of the republic. In this message, he mercilessly exposed the sophistry of the special pleaders for predatory wealth in a clear and incisive manner. He showed why not only the railroads, but also all the large shippers opposed any measures that would bring relief to the people. On this point, he observes:

“The railway companies were expected to resist the passage of this bill. Its purpose is to prevent them from continuing to take from the people of Wisconsin millions of dollars wrongfully in excessive transportation charges. It was to be expected that they would resist with all their power—and it is very great—the surrender of vast sums which they now impose as a transportation tax upon the producers and consumers of this state. No man, no body of men, wrongfully amassing riches out of the toil and savings of others, ever willingly relinquished such tribute, no matter how unjustly levied. Throughout history

the struggle was continued between the few, vigilant, aggressive, persistent, well organized, rich, and powerful, and the many, unorganized, though strong in individual numbers, and irresistible in concerted and continuous effort. The long possession of any power or source of gain, no matter how unjustly and unlawfully acquired or exercised, comes sooner or later to be regarded as rightfully belonging to the possessor, whose indignation is at once aroused against the man or the laws compelling the surrender of such power or source of gain.

"It is urged by the opposition that the 'shippers are satisfied.' Shippers who are satisfied with transportation rates for the general public, which are higher for the state of Wisconsin than in the state of Iowa for like service, are paid by the railroad companies to be 'satisfied' with rates which place the business in which they are engaged upon a footing denied to the general public. That these shippers are 'satisfied' with the existing condition of discrimination against this state should not determine the question before you. The shipper who is afraid to have transportation rates lowered for the general public is enjoying some concession at the expense of the general public."

As illustrating the power of the railroads over the people's representatives, Governor La Follette says:

"That under our statute the schedule of tariff rates of the St. Paul Railway Company for June 15, 1872, should by law be the existing legal standard of rates for the transportation of freight in this state, is a statutory testimonial of the dominant influences which railway corporations have exercised in Wisconsin legislation for now almost a generation of time."

Space renders it impossible to give more than these brief extracts from this able state paper, which added to the alarm of the public service corporations and their corrupt agents and allies. Redoubled efforts were immediately made to convince or intimidate the people's representatives. Had it not been for the threats and influence exerted by the large shippers, however, the probability is that the legislation demanded by every consideration of public welfare and the interest of the people

as a whole would have been enacted. In the end the people were defeated, but unless we greatly mistake the man who holds the position of governor in the Badger State, the end is not yet.

VIII. HOW THE POISON HAS WORKED IN THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

We now turn from these typical illustrations of the virtual capture and control of municipal and state governments by public service companies to the national government.

The various methods and corrupt practises employed by Gould, Huntington, Scott and other master spirits among the railway companies a quarter of a century ago to defeat the people and virtually make public service corporations superior to the government, have been steadily practised, while through the more perfect union of political bosses who control the great party machines and the corporations, the power of the latter have been enormously augmented, and their position in government greatly strengthened. This has been largely brought about by systematic efforts in which the tried servants or retainers of the New Feudalism have been constantly advanced to public positions of the utmost importance, while the incorruptible statesmen have been steadily relegated to private life.

At times, the voters have become restive, even revolting at intervals, until the legislators became alarmed, and to quiet the rising tide of discontent, some measures have been passed which the people were led to believe would afford relief, as, for example, the legislation relating to the establishment and the powers and duties of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The Anti-Trust Law was another statute of this character. In most such instances, however, the shrewd and cunning agents of predatory wealth have been able to so frame these acts, or to insert certain words and clauses into the measures, as to render them innocuous. In almost every instance the clear aim of the sincere friends of the people has been defeated by what

have been popularly known as "jokers" inserted into measures, or by the adroit framing of bills so that when they were brought before the Supreme Court, that tribunal has thrown them out on the grounds that they were unconstitutional, or has rendered them practically valueless by rulings. The Anti-Trust laws and various similar statutes illustrate this fact.

But the legislation that most vitally concerned the public carriers was, doubtless, that which related to the establishment, the personnel and the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. This body was created to give the people relief from unjust and oppressive rates and discriminations. It was the belief of all friends of just government that the act gave the commission "The authority to supervise rates, to issue orders, and decrees with respect to what a rate should be, with some enforcing power." "When passed," observes Governor La Follette, "the act was supposed to be an act to *regulate* Inter-state commerce. It can regulate nothing. . . . *A decision of the Supreme Court, May, 1897, stripped the Inter-State Commerce Commission of all authority to fix rates, and reduced it to the humble office of receiving complaints and issuing mere recommendations, which the railway companies are at liberty to ignore. . . . The railway companies well understand this, for they have been all powerful in preventing legislation to give the Inter-State Commerce Commission power to fix rates for future shipment.*" After the Supreme Court had come to the relief of the railways, by a decision that emasculated the act so it could no longer afford the people the relief for which it was enacted, the Inter-State Commerce Commission demanded an amendment to the statute by which it should be given power necessary to secure the prime objects of the legislation. In its report for 1897, the commission said :

"As now construed by the Supreme Court, the carrier is given the right to establish and charge these rates, independent of the judgment of the commission, and independent of the action and judgment of any Court or other tribunal; that the

right to establish, demand and receive unreasonable and unjust charges is not prohibited; and that in respect to the charges which may be demanded and received for any transportation service, the carriers are made judges in their own cases as to what is reasonable and just.

"The fact, if it be a fact, that after protest, remonstrance and the payment of excessive and unreasonable charges, the shipper may bring suit for the amount of the difference between the lawful and unlawful rate, is neither an adequate remedy nor an equitable remedy.

"Any railroad company can charge for its services whatever it pleases and as much as it pleases, without any power in this Commission or any tribunal or court, to limit the amount of such charge for the future, when complaint is made by an aggrieved shipper.

"Provision for fixing and establishing reasonable rates or charges in advance is the only practical legal remedy for extortion and unreasonable and unjust rates."

In 1900 in its annual report, it further said:

"In previous communications to Congress, especially those of more recent date, attention has been called to the vital respects in which the act to regulate commerce has proved defective and inadequate. . . .

"To state that the law in its present condition cannot be enforced is only to repeat what has already been said."

On this subject, so vitally important to the wealth-producing and consuming millions of the United States, and to the integrity of the republic, I wish to quote the following from Governor La Follette's message:*

"National organizations composed of business men, manufacturers, farmers and others, have passed resolutions and memorials and have petitioned Congress in support of the recommendations of the Commission, for this most effective and essential legislation. While at the last session of Congress concession was made in the form of a bill applying to preferential rates and rebates, the one thing needful to protect the public against unreasonable transportation charges, the one thing needful to give life and substance to the main provisions of the

*Message by Gov. La Follette to the Legislature, April 28, 1903.

Inter-State Commerce Law—namely, “the power to fix reasonable rates for the future,” was denied and not allowed to pass.

“The railway companies have been credited with securing the defeat of this legislation in Congress. That their influence is strong enough to bar the way to its enactment is asserted by a prominent United States senator, who has been an able and conspicuous supporter of the measure. I quote from his letter, which can scarcely be misunderstood :

“Yours of the 19th ult. came duly to hand. It has happened as I feared: The Inter-State Commerce Committee will not report the measure giving power to the Inter-State Commerce Commission to fix rates. It is expecting too much from human nature that senators whose every association is with the great railroad corporations, and whose political lives largely depend upon them, should in good faith approve a measure that would to an extent make the railroads a servant of the people, and to be subject to the decision of the Commission when a question of rates is raised. The Senate Committee is by a decided majority made up of men who bear those relations to railroads. I hope that some time in the future the Committee will be so constituted that legislation of the character mentioned will issue from it, but I am afraid you and I will be many years older when that occurs.’ ”

The persistent demand on the part of the Inter-State Commerce Commission since 1897 for adequate legislation to enable it to protect the people from robbery and exactions on the part of the railways, has been the Banquo's ghost at the railroad boards and no stone has been left unturned in attempts to obligate the people's servants at the national capital. No one knows better than the railway magnates that they have little to fear from congressmen or senators whose pockets are filled with free passes. *When, indeed, has a United States senator or other public servant while thus obligated to the railways been found among the aggressive champions of the people?* Mr. Huntington knew the power of the free pass bribery full well, when he so bitterly complained of the influence wielded by Tom Scott over Congressmen, because he could freely dispense passes over

almost all roads centering in the nation's capital, and since the morning time of the era of bribery so graphically illustrated in Mr. Huntington's letters and further illuminated by Mr. Gould and the treasurer of the New York Central Railway, the railroads have been perniciously active in their attempts to obligate the people's representatives by bestowing passes and other "courtesies." So general, indeed, has become this evil, that a short time ago, when Congressman Baker, of New York State, refused to accept a railway pass, that part of the daily press of the nation which is controlled by corporate interests and political bosses, promptly ridiculed and sneered at the man who refuses to be indirectly bribed while holding a position of trust from the people.

IX. LOWERING THE IDEALS OF STATESMEN AND THE PEOPLE.

Just here it is well to emphasize the fact that nowhere do we find the demoralizing effect of a quarter of a century of corrupt practises on the part of public service companies more strikingly illustrated than in the degraded ideals of statesmen and the apathy of the voters in the presence of forms of indirect bribery that *have secured* and *will secure* immunity for the railways in their unjust and immoral practises of extortionate traffic exactions, evasions of just taxes, and disregard of the laws of the land.

Following hard upon the refusal to accept a pass by Mr. Baker, came dispatches from Fort Wayne, Indiana, describing how United States Senator Beveridge had been placed in an embarrassing position when in a restaurant. After enjoying his meal, he went to pay for the food and found himself without funds. The cashier it seemed was not sufficiently impressed by the words or good looks of the promising young statesman to trust him without some more tangible proof of the verity of his statement, whereupon the senator produced his railroad free-passes, and by so doing won the day. I do not know whether Mr. Beveridge is on the committee referred to by the

United States senator in his letter to Governor La Follette quoted elsewhere, but I very much fear that Senator Beveridge will not be found a tower of strength in championing the just and needed legislation so eloquently urged by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The people are long suffering; they bear much. They will permit themselves to be duped and betrayed many times, but at length—and all the history of England and United States proves this fact—they invariably rise in their might and sweep their oppressors from their entrenched positions with no gentle hand. King John found this spirit present in his time. Charles I and Stratford realized the fact when too late. The nobility of England in 1832 and again in 1846, profiting from the past experiences, were wise enough to bow to the people. Our fathers taught this lesson to the crown of England; and so we might cite numbers of similar illustrations. The people will ere long rise in their might and end the rule of the public service corporations, their tools and allies. And to hasten this popular uprising, is the supreme duty of every friend of justice, good government, and the principles of Democracy.

X. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY.

I can easily imagine the apprehension and alarm of the more sagacious railroad magnates when President Roosevelt was called to the high office of Chief Executive. They knew that he had long stood before the people as a champion of civil service reform and pure government. They knew he had written several books, the preparation of which had necessitated his studying the history of the nation, and moreover, had not only long been in active political life, but had recently served as Governor of New York, and, therefore, they knew that he could not have remained ignorant of the important facts that the railroads had been the greatest corrupters of the people's servants, and that there had been a generation-long feud between the wealth creators and consumers on the one hand, and the public carriers

on the other. They knew that as civil service reformer and as a prominent government official in Washington during the years when the Inter-State Commerce Commission was so insistently calling for legislation to curb the unjust aggressions of the railway companies, he must in all probability have been cognizant of the growing demand for popular relief and the sinister power exerted by the railways in preventing the needed legislation; and knowing all these things, we can easily understand that they must have felt grave apprehensions, for they knew that a ringing message to Congress accompanying the demand of the Inter-State Commerce Commission and urging prompt action on that imperative request, would place the issue so prominently before the public on the eve of the Presidential election, that Congress and the Senate would be compelled to take decisive action—action which, in all probability, even their own powerful resources and the secret aid of the political machines would be powerless to prevent. If, however, they could only obligate him by lavishing favors upon him in the form of “courtesies,” it would be a shrewd stroke of business, while the people in increased freights could be made to pay a hundred times over, in a year’s time, all the cost of the courtesies bestowed. These were probably their thoughts, judging from subsequent happenings, for it appears that they promptly set to work to tempt the Chief Executive with the tender of free transportation, palace cars and lordly services.

Unhappily for the republic, the President was not superior to the seductive temptations.

XI. AMAZING CHARGES AND STILL MORE SURPRISING APOLOGY.

It was after his Western campaign and hunting trip, that the *Nebraska Independent* published a circumstantial charge in which it claimed that the President had allowed himself to become the guests of the railroads, and that from them had received transportation and special car service. In other words,

the Chief Executive had allowed himself to accept benefits of great monetary value from corporations which Governor La Follette in last April declared, "have over-ridden law and in a measure controlled legislation," and of whose sinister power James A. Garfield said: "The modern barons, more powerful than their military prototypes, own our greatest highways and levy tribute at will upon all our vast industries." It was expected by thousands of friends and admirers of the President that a prompt and officially authorized denial would be issued. Some papers scouted the possibility of the charge being true, but it was a notable fact that the great Republican dailies, those in the inner councils of the party, maintained ominous silence. Then came the general and circumstantial charges by the great metropolitan dailies. The *New York Sun* stated that the railroads not only furnished special trains for President Roosevelt and his friends, but supplied his large party with all of their food and drinks, including "champagne and Scotch whisky." So persistent and definite were these charges, that at length a defense was deemed necessary. So a writer who evidently was very close to the President, and authorized to speak for him, as he definitely states just what the President asked and what replies were given by Secretary Cortelyou, published the following defense in the *New York Tribune* of August 31:

"On taking the oath of office, President Roosevelt was at pains to inquire of his secretary, George B. Cortelyou, whether it was customary for a President to permit various railroad companies to provide gratuitously special trains. He was assured that special trains had been furnished free of charge to his predecessors, not in their personal capacity, but as Presidents of the United States. The President is aware that special trains are emphatically not furnished to Theodore Roosevelt as Theodore Roosevelt, but to the personage who happens at the present time to occupy the position of President of the United States. President Roosevelt was informed at the time of his original inquiry that the various railroads vied with one another in furnishing such special trains, not only by reason of the publicity accruing to the carrying company, but because

such company had found that, because special trains carrying a President of the United States attracted potential and actual passengers to the trains' various destinations and points of call, their free purveyance constituted a sound business investment. Moreover, President Roosevelt considers that in his recent Western trips he was merely completing or doubling the circuit broken perforce by his predecessor at San Francisco on account of Mrs. McKinley's illness. Apart from this, President Roosevelt also realizes that in such a trip, for instance, as that recently completed, a President could scarcely be expected to defray the cost of a special train out of his own private purse."

This amazing defense and apology naturally called forth several protests from editors of dailies not wholly subservient to the railroad interests or the political machines. One of the ablest of these criticisms constituted a leader in the *Boston Herald* in the course of which the editor epitomized the protest of the self-respecting American electorate in these words:

"If this was a tour of inexorable public duty, the government ought to foot the bill, not a railroad corporation. If it was a tour in the interest of the Republican party, the Republican party organization ought to foot the bill. If it was a tour of personal recreation and pleasure, the beneficiaries ought to foot the bill. *In no case ought a railroad corporation to be permitted to charge itself with the cost as a gratuity.*"

In regard to the ridiculous plea that the railroads wanted the President for an advertising attraction, the *Herald* said:

"The American people do not like to think of their President performing the part of an exalted 'sandwich man' for any railroad company, no matter what compensation the company may be willing to give him for advertising it."

On September 9 the *New York Evening Journal*, in its leading editorial, said:

"Theodore Roosevelt traveled all through the country making speeches—looking toward a nomination for the Presidency—and he traveled on a special train.

"It is admitted by the President, in an official statement made through the *New York Tribune*, that this special train which carried him everywhere was provided and paid for by a great railroad corporation—one of the corporations most interested in

legislation and most anxious for the friendly consideration of the President, whose veto defeats a law.

"The New York *Sun* declares that the railroad corporation not only supplied the President with his special train, but also supplied him and his entire party, which was very large, with all of their food, and all of their drinks, 'including champagne and Scotch whisky.' . . .

"In the statement which the New York *Tribune* published on the President's behalf as an explanation, it was said that the President inquired and found that it was customary for Presidents to accept favors from railroad corporations. In his own defense the President said that when he traveled on a certain railroad, it gave that railroad splendid advertising, so that he really was not taking a favor from the railroad, but conferring a favor upon the railroad.

"Everybody knows that the great corporations, especially railroad corporations, are constantly encroaching upon the rights of the people, and that they rely for their power upon their influence with public men, more particularly with the President of the United States.

"Hitherto, fortunately, there has been slight indication of any direct personal relationship between our Presidents and the great corporations.

"But Mr. Roosevelt's young son goes out West shooting—a railroad president* goes with him, pays his expenses, supplies him with a car free of charge. And when an ordinary American farmer—perhaps afraid that his children or his stock may be shot—refuses to permit young Master Roosevelt to shoot on his farm, the railroad president expresses the opinion that the farmer ought to be lynched.

"Then the President himself travels for thousands of miles at great expense, with a railroad corporation footing all the bills.

"Do the people think under such conditions that the President can consider without bias the requests of these corporation managers, who have been hosts and willing purse bearers for himself and his family so constantly?"

The Philadelphia *Record* in discussing the unfortunate position in which Mr. Roosevelt placed himself by giving new emphasis to a vicious precedent, observes :

"And a man who lectures the rest of the community upon its

*This should read vice-president.

duties as industriously as the President does, ought occasionally to ask himself whether the President of the United States can afford to put himself under very heavy obligations to private corporations. . . . The salary of the President is not princely, but it has always been several times as large as any other salary paid by the United States, and the gentlemen who have received it have, until recently, been careful to live within their income and incur no obligations."

The Norfolk, Virginia, *Landmark* thus pointed out the important distinction which the friends of the railways and apologists for the President seemed anxious to have obscured between a President occasionally using a government boat and accepting favors from private corporations:

"There is all the difference in the world between a government yacht and a private railroad. The President is under obligations to no particular persons when he travels in a government yacht; he is the guest of the American people, as he is in the White House."

We close this editorial criticism on this great scandal by the following extract from a remarkably thoughtful editorial published in the New York *American* on September 21, 1903:

"The Senate, according to Washington advices, is to invite the President to explain his taking of costly favors from railroad corporations. During the past two years, it is asserted, he has accepted the use of no fewer than *twenty-five special trains*. . . . The train on which he and his party made a sixty-six-day political tour embracing the Pacific coast is said to have cost the railroad companies \$65,000, including food, wine, cigars and servants.

"Several excuses are offered in Mr. Roosevelt's behalf for thus allowing himself and his friends to be deadheaded. One is that Presidents McKinley, Cleveland and Harrison did as he has done, if not to anything like the same extent. The answer to this is that even four wrongs do not make one right.

"It is further pleaded that the honor and glory of carrying Mr. Roosevelt around free give the railroads so gaudy an advertisement that they regard the bestowal of a special in the light of a fine business advertisement.

"The answer to this is that the American people do not elect their Presidents and Vice-Presidents to act as advertising agents

"But it urged, unless Mr. Roosevelt gets his special trains for nothing he must go without them, since he is not rich enough to afford to pay for them.

"Then let him make fewer tours and travel on regular trains like other citizens who, if less eminent, are self-respecting and pay their way when they ride.

* * * * *

"Railroad companies are composed of business men. Their object is to make money. *They do not give something for nothing.* If they send free passes to legislators and judges, it is in the expectation that the judges and legislators will be kind to them when they want new privileges at the expense of the public, or when profitable old privileges are threatened. Who is so artless as to fancy that when a railroad company, at an immediate sacrifice of thousands of dollars, places a special train, with larder and wine closet and cooks and servants on board, at Mr. Roosevelt's service it is moved to that act of seeming generosity solely by the warmth of patriotism's pure and unselfish flame?

"Were it not for the railroads which grant special rates and rebates many of the great industrial monopolies—like the Standard Oil and Beef Trusts, for example—could not exist. The railroads are the backbone of the trusts. A President really bent on executing the Anti-Trust laws could make an enormous amount of trouble for them.

"Mr. Roosevelt would not accept a check from a railroad corporation. Why then should he accept special trains, to pay for which the checks of railroad corporations have to be drawn?

"The President owes a full explanation of this whole ugly business to the American people, and the Senate will be rendering a public service by requiring him to give it.

"Every dollar that the railroads have spent in transporting the President of the United States should be returned to them by vote of Congress, if Mr. Roosevelt is either unwilling or unable to reimburse them himself."

XII. THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Seldom has a president had so splendid an opportunity to prove his claim to statesmanship and enduring fame as was

given Theodore Roosevelt when the serpent of public service corporations tempted him with courtesies. When the seductive offer came, President Roosevelt did not reply to the overtures as would a Jefferson or a Lincoln. He did not say as many of us believed that he would reply: "No, gentlemen; there has for over thirty years been a war waging between the farmers and other wealth producers and the consuming public on the one hand and your great companies on the other. You have by the confession of your own leading representatives from time to time, paid millions of dollars for legislation. You have systematically corrupted the public servants. Mr. Gould and Mr. E. D. Worcester, when treasurer of the New York Central Railroad Company, both testified to the expenditure of vast sums of money to influence legislation. Mr. Huntington in his letters to Gen. Colton, showed how systematically Mr. Scott influenced legislation by the free pass and courtesy iniquity. My obligation to stand for justice and the rights and equitable interests of all the people forbid my accepting any favors coming from the hands of powerful organizations which in my capacity as President I might be compelled to prosecute under the Anti-Trust and other laws. So long as I am President of the United States, I owe it to my high office and to the people whom I serve, not to do anything that might even *seem* to obligate me to any private companies that are even at the present time in conflict with the interest of the people to such an extent that a great government commission is pleading for legislation which will enable it to bring relief to the wealth creators of the land from its greedy exactions. I know that the plea can be made that I would not allow myself in any way to be influenced by the costly favors which you are tending me, and supposing this to be the case, nevertheless, I would be giving emphasis to the vicious precedent that sooner or later would unquestionably be abused to the great injury of the republic and the interests of pure government and popular rights."

Had President Roosevelt been great enough to have met these overtures in this way, he would not only have proved his claim to statesmanship and lofty patriotism, but he would have electrified the nation and performed a greater service to the cause of good government and pure politics than has been performed by any president in recent decades, but his failure to resist the temptation and the fact that he had accepted far more favors than any predecessor would have even dreamed of accepting from the great corrupters of government, while he stands before the people as a friend of civil service and good government has wrought an incalculable injury to the best interest of pure government. After receiving such lavish favors from the railways, will the president be found making the cause of the people his own and *championing* the demands of the Inter-State Commerce Commission? We shall see.

XIII. THE OVERSHADOWING ISSUE.

The dominating of government by special interest is necessarily fatal to the cause of Republicanism. No Democracy can be maintained where the people or the public servants are subservient to any class or interest other than that of the whole nation or when the administration of government is placed in the hands of individuals, *not directly accountable to the people*. When there is class rulership, the people will always be oppressed or exploited in the interest of the dominating class, while this latter will steadily acquire wealth which others have earned and power that is destructive to free institutions. The longer the people tolerate unrepblican, corrupt and demoralizing practises, the more terrible will be the reckoning and the greater the suffering and loss ere the people again assert the priority of their claims and demand the enjoyment of that equality of opportunities, rights and privileges that is the foundation stone of a Republican government.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

INGERSOLL: HIS GENIUS, PHILOSOPHY, HUMANITY, AND INFLUENCE.

"And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence,
That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror."

THE greatest genius of the western world; an immense personality—unique, lovable, sublime; master orator of the English tongue—peerless artist of the noblest art—and as true a poet as Nature ever held in tender clasp upon her loving breast and, in words coined for the chosen few, told of the joys and sorrows, hopes, dreams, and fears of universal life; a philanthropist, more generous than the tropic clime—of self as thoughtless in the face of want as night is lavish with the dew; a great reformer—perfectly poised, absolutely honest, and as fearless as right itself—the most aggressive and formidable enemy of superstition—was known as Robert G. Ingersoll.

I.

The son of a Congregational clergyman, he was born on August 11, 1833, at Dresden, New York, in which state he spent his early childhood. After the death of his mother* he moved with his father and his older brother Ebon to Illinois, where he received the education of the country schools, studied law, and commenced its practice. He died at Dobbs Ferry, New York, on July 21, 1899.

No other man in American history, with the possible exception of Thomas Paine, has been so flagrantly misunderstood and so cruelly maligned as Robert G. Ingersoll. Although his

*"Nearly forty-eight years ago, under the snow, in the little town of Cazenovia, my poor mother was buried. I was but two years old. I remember her as she looked in death. That sweet, cold face has kept my heart warm through all the changing years."

name, for a quarter-century or more, has been familiar to every fireside in our land, comparatively few outside the circles of independent thought justly appreciate the scope of his work, or clearly understand the principles for which he fought. And when we consider his democratic simplicity, his singleness of purpose, and the unexampled clearness with which he expressed his views, we are astounded at the popular ignorance concerning him. From the picture in which his countless critics and enemies have placed him no detail whatever has been omitted. Even those who were near and dear to him have not been spared. In this theological kaleidoscope we see the Great Agnostic in the center, with the religion of his parents on one side and the irreligion of his children on the other.

In an essay of this length it would, to say the least, be impracticable even to enumerate the almost countless contributions to "Ingersolliana;" and it would be impossible to deal with them in a controversial way. It is sufficient to state that, excluding, for obvious reasons, all criticisms by the ignorant, and by those generally uninformed, and comparing a portion of such other views as have appeared, we meet with the most glaring contradictions. We find that the critics not only disagree with each other but contradict themselves.

One credits Ingersoll with being a profound thinker, while another is positive that the Great Agnostic was not a thinker in any sense of the word—that, moreover, he possessed none of the cardinal attributes of a scholar. One writer expresses the gravest doubt that Ingersoll ever destroyed the faith of a single individual, and another asserts that Ingersoll did more to unsettle belief in revelation than all the other teachers of unbelief during the last century. One insists that Ingersoll's utterances contain nothing to convince or even seriously concern a thoughtful man, while still another declares that the vast majority of those who listened to him or read his words were left without a hope of a hereafter or a dream of future happiness. Some accuse him of having prostituted his "talents;" many

others cordially admit that sincerity was the mainspring of his character, and that in obeying the promptings of conviction he forced men to a more rational philosophy of religion. He has been styled an atheist, and at the same time a firm believer in conventional immortality. It has been claimed that in his later years he weakened in his position. It has also been asserted that as he grew older he went further and further in denial.

II.

As it is evident that assertions so widely at variance cannot all be true, and it being impossible, as already stated, to meet them controversially, it remains for the writer merely to indicate, in a general way, as he proceeds, the correct view.

Unlike his two distinguished predecessors, Voltaire and Paine, Ingersoll was not, in the strictest sense, a pioneer in the struggle for intellectual freedom. In justice to him, however, it cannot be denied that, although he came at a later date, and consequently possessed better tools with which to do his work, his opportunities were not so great.

A man can be justly valued only in connection with his environment. The law of correlatives demands this. We do not understand a tree unless we are acquainted with the soil and the climate in which it grows and with the fruit, if any, which it produces. We must consider a man's contemporaries—the opposition he was compelled to encounter—the forces he could summon to his aid.

Studying the factors that influenced or determined the career of Ingersoll, we naturally turn to a part of his century's theological history. The great religious revival of 1857 arrests our attention. The deprivations and sufferings incident to the serious business reverses during the latter part of that year resulted, as such conditions invariably result, in a profound and far-reaching "spiritual" awakening. Localities the most conspicuous in business and financial failure naturally became the

most conspicuous in religious enthusiasm. In New York city noonday prayer-meetings were numerous, Christian themes were topics of conversation, and the leading dailies reported by columns and pages the news of revivals. The interest was intense; and what was true of New York was true of every village and hamlet in the land. That this unusual and widespread zeal was dependent upon the prevailing "hard times" seems indubitably proven, particularly in view of the fact that very few itinerant evangelists were abroad in the land. The whole country was orthodox to the core, a mental condition which, if it did not inspire, amply justified this epigram of Ingersoll: "He who eats a crust wet with his own tears worships."

The succeeding years of civil war, although they necessarily inhibited the growth and prosperity of the churches, do not appear permanently to have weakened the hold that superstition had secured upon the masses. The appalling spectacle of every sect of the Southern church declaring as a unit for the "divine" institution of human slavery, and supporting by passages of Scripture their arrogant declarations, did not prompt any considerable number of even the friends of liberty in the North to take a look under their own pulpits. The Northern and the Southern Christians could not see the inconsistency of offering to the same God the same prayer for victory. And I may here be allowed digression to the extent of observing that, although the South still adheres alike to the justice of her God and of her cause, she has never explained why her prayers were not answered. However, the North triumphed; physical slavery perished; intellectual slavery remained. The country was still orthodox. The seeds of superstition which were sown by the lavish hand of want during and subsequent to 1857, and which for the most part lay fallow throughout the years of strife, now burst into the bud and blossom of religious enthusiasm. Revivals were even more frequent than in antebellum days. The people of the North, in some inconceivable

way, saw that the sword of victory had been wielded by the arm of Providence, while those of the South, strangers still to reason, humbly submitted to the inscrutable ways of the same Power. Industrial and agricultural resumption, in the North particularly, gave bountifully to the reconstruction of the vast and complex religious mechanism, and the church was soon again arrogant, powerful, and cruel.

During the great struggle the insolence of Catholicism was not mitigated, and in December, 1864, the Pope, in his famous Encyclical, not only condemned absolutely all that is grand and ennobling in modern civilization and culture, but, in the accompanying syllabus, enumerated and anathematized all of the rational theories and philosophical principles upon which science had placed her stamp of approval. And as though determined to break the back of the theological camel, he proclaimed, six years later, infallibility for Pius IX and his predecessors.

But the intellectual darkness, although intense, compared with the breadth of thought that prevails after the brief space of a third-century, did not, of course, completely obscure the lights of reason that here and there have ever gleamed like beacons from the reefs and shoals of doubt. At least a few of those whose fathers, brothers, and husbands had drenched with their blood the Southern soil in the name of Liberty were whispering that sacred word. To a few it meant something more than freedom from the lash and from labor unrequited.

In addition to the almost purely philosophical influence exerted by such thinkers as D'Holbach, Hobbs, Hume, Rosseau, Voltaire, Paine, Buckle, Schopenhauer, Draper, Bradlaugh, Clifford, Buchner, and Spencer, modern physical science was rapidly becoming the handmaid of rationalism. Every active philosophical mind became a factory for the production of interrogation points. The great masters of science—the real Titans and Hercules—were hurling thunderbolts of truth at all the monsters of superstition.

One of the most splendid achievements was that of Rudolph Virchow, who, in 1858, published his cellular pathology, placing our knowledge of morbid processes upon a firm scientific basis, demonstrating that disease is as natural as health, and removing it forever from the domain of the supernatural. The ample significance of this discovery can be better realized in no other way than by recalling to mind the fact that for more than six hundred years of Christian darkness, mental disease—which, strictly speaking, is not itself disease but the objective sign of pathological changes in the central nervous system—was believed to be the work of evil spirits. I need not here draw upon the sad annals of mental therapeutics.

In 1859 Charles Darwin, "the Newton of organic science," after whom Ingersoll himself declared that the last century should be named, established the theory of descent, relegating forever to the ignorant past all special "creation" myths.

Next came Kirchoff and Bunsen, who began, in 1860, a series of investigations which was to demonstrate by spectral analysis, through millions upon millions of miles of space, the existence in all other planets of the same chemical elements that are found in our earth and its atmosphere.

Three years later (1863) Huxley—"Darwin's Bulldog"—declared unmistakably, in "Man's Place in Nature," his opinion that man descended from the apes. Huxley supported his beliefs by most important biological facts.

Tyndall also—he of the "prayer gauge," which demonstrated alike the credulity of Christendom and the immutability of natural laws—was busy, for he crowned with a master hand, in his "Heat as a Mode of Motion," the splendid work of Mayer, Joule, Thomson, Helmholtz, and others, by presenting in popular form "the law of the conservation of energy." This law, probably the most important generalization in physical science since the days of Newton, did for physics what "the law of substance" did for chemistry—demonstrated the indestructibility and therefore the uncreatability of energy. It blotted

out of every language the words "create" and "annihilate"—proved that making nothing something and something nothing, already unthinkable in philosophy, is likewise impossible in experience.

In 1874 Haeckel, in his "Anthropogeny," made clear and intelligible the descent of man from the higher apes.

III.

Thoroughly familiar with these great scientific achievements; possessing physical and mental endowments superior to those of any other rationalist the world has yet produced; profound in history, and a master of literature; with legal and political experience that had not tended to increase his affection for things theological—his mind still alive to the vivid impressions of the war for physical liberty—Robert G. Ingersoll stepped into the field of intellectual conflict and waved in the face of Christendom the flag of defiance.

I cannot pass this point in his career and not dwell with insistence upon a particular act of Ingersoll, an act which, for manliness—for unswerving fidelity to the dictates of conscience—has never been surpassed in the history of American politics.

In 1868 the Republican state convention met in Peoria to select a candidate for the governorship of Illinois. It was found at once that, although no special efforts had been made in his behalf, Ingersoll was the first choice of three-fourths of the delegates. But some of the more sagacious questioned the political wisdom of this choice. Ingersoll, even thus early, had become, as far at least as the preachers were concerned, the best-hated individual in all the state; and the delegates, notwithstanding their high personal regard for the man, could not afford to launch the bark of their political aspirations without some assurance that it would not be dashed against the ragged rock of Ingersoll's heterodoxy. They wanted a pledge from

their prospective leader, who, be it marked, had yet to achieve national renown. Accordingly, a committee was appointed to confer with him, the convention adjourning to await the result.

It had not long to wait. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am not asking to be governor of Illinois. . . . I have in my composition that which I have declared to the world as my views upon religion. My position I would not, under any circumstances, not even for my life, seem to renounce. I would rather refuse to be President of the United States than to do so. My religious belief is my own. It belongs to me, not to the State of Illinois."

In these days when the gaze can scarcely be extended without revealing a politician at the feet of a priest, this reply is as strangely refreshing as would be a fountain that should burst from the fevered breast of the desert. And while many then regretted Ingersoll's action, no real friend of progress now can but thrill at the thought of that marvellous moment that gave to the cause of mental liberty a brave, untrammelled soul.

It was but a few years later that the Great Agnostic made, not for himself alone, but in behalf of his fellows, clerical and lay, what he has since advised every other man and every woman to make—"an individual declaration of independence." He said:

"I have made up my mind to say my say. I shall do it kindly, distinctly, but I am going to do it. I know there are thousands of men who substantially agree with me, but who are not in condition to express their thoughts. They are poor; they are in business, and they know that should they tell their honest thoughts, persons will refuse to patronize them—to trade with them . . . I say to them: Keep your ideas to yourselves; feed and clothe the ones you love; I will do your talking for you. The church cannot touch, cannot crush, cannot starve, cannot stop or stay me; I will express your thoughts."

It has often been remarked by his admirers that had he kept silent upon religious questions, any honor within the gift of

the people might have been his. This is undoubtedly true. But what an alternative mediocrity put at his feet! As a matter of fact, there was no place in this republic that could have honored Robert G. Ingersoll. And he could no more have preserved silence upon the questions with which he engaged than could Shelley have refrained from pouring forth the marvellous poetry that now glorifies the realm of fancy. Where is the man with imagination enough to picture that iron frame of ample proportion, that classic head and fine, frank face—that embodiment of all the gradations of temperament from clown to king—sitting acquiescent at the feet of a Talmage!

IV.

Satisfied with nothing that did not rest upon the bedrock of reason, Ingersoll attacked the problem chiefly from two standpoints—the scientific and the philosophical. Starting with the scientifically demonstrated truths embraced in “the law of substance” and “the law of the conservation of energy,” namely, that not the minutest imaginable atom or the least of the total sum of force or energy can be annihilated, he reached the conclusion that neither could have been created, and that, therefore, both must have always existed and will forever continue to exist. Or, to state the same facts in a different way: As there can be no force without matter, no matter without force—the two whenever and wherever cognizant to the mind being inseparable—the idea of a creator is an absurdity. Because a being who could create must have derived from matter his energy so to do, in which case he was not a creator. To be brief and plain, if he had energy, he was inseparable from matter—was matter—and could not have created matter, that is, could not have created himself. It is here that Deism and Theism, with their “First Cause” or “Creator,” meet their Waterloo upon the battlefield of science.

Just as great a difficulty—precisely the same difficulty, in re-

ality—is encountered when the problem is approached from a purely philosophical standpoint. For (according to the theist himself) nothing uncaused ever existed. Now, a first cause, if it ever existed, was uncaused—which is a contradiction, and therefore not true. Further, before we can logically speak of a First (uncaused) Cause, we must trace somewhere in the universe a last effect—a “Great Last Effect.” Let us, as a test, apply this reasoning to some everyday phenomenon. Suppose that a child is suffering from an incurable congenital disease which has produced certain structural changes in the brain or other part of the nervous system. These changes will surely give rise to “symptoms”—will cause the conduct of the individual to deviate from what is called “normal.” Imagine, now, that some theistic sociologist, eager to establish the falsity of Ingersoll’s position, is to undertake a conception of the last effect that the “lesion” in the nervous system of this child will have upon society! Would he not press the “snow line” of common sense? And yet, theologians, lawyers, statesmen, scientists, and physicians (who, above all, should be wiser) babble about a First Cause as glibly as a merchant gossips over a commodity.

The cardinal conclusion to which Ingersoll was forced by these scientific and philosophical truths was, of course, that neither the God of the Bible, nor of any other so-called sacred book, created the universe. And this conclusion he urged. In the place of the theological view he put the mechanical or monistic. To him the universe, of which we ourselves are a part, was one eternal, and, so far as can be known, planless and purposeless machine, which, by virtue of its composition, could not be otherwise than as it is; every part, from atom to planet, obeying the law of necessity, without the possibility of miracle, chance, or accident. In this sublime yet awful mechanism the sum of matter and energy must remain forever the same, though forms change and manifestations vary. A heap of coal might be converted into heat, the heat into steam, the steam into

motion, the motion be arrested and changed back to heat, and so forth, but the totality of matter and energy would not be affected. A molecule of iron, liberated by chemical action from one of its chlorides, entering the blood and uniting with the coloring matter (hæmoglobin) of the red blood cells, might so modify the force of thought as to assist in the production of a grander poem. In such a case, the total amount of chloride of iron would be lessened, but the total amounts of iron and chlorine would remain the same. And this same iron, centuries after the poet's death, might be gathered up by the roots of plants to course again through human veins.

That intellects capable of a universal view should adopt the monistic theory of the universe could excite no wonder in a mind like Ingersoll's. Rather did the wonder lie in the spectacle of thinking men and women in this age of thought and scientific generalization attempting to displace infinite necessity, "the mother of the world," by that which, examined in the light of pure reason, is at most only a useless and superfluous conception. In other words, the belief that behind the totality of objective sensations which we call the universe lies no independent power was not wonderful, or even radical. That which to Ingersoll was really a cause for marvel is the idea that such a universe, in which matter and energy are inseparable and eternal; in which organic life permits not that which is best but that which is physically fittest to survive—the vicious often triumphing over the innocent—in which, from the astronomical to the microscopical—from wheeling Neptune to bacterial spore—Necessity shows her omnipresent form, is the sport and prey of some capricious, immaterial nothing.

Anxious to hear at first hand his views on so vital a point, I once asked Ingersoll to tell me why he had accepted agnosticism instead of theism or atheism. He replied, in effect, that he possessed, as his only guide in this and in all other matters, a brain capable of certain things—there were limits within which its processes were confined. Under given conditions it reached

given conclusions—we will say beliefs. These beliefs unavoidably resulted from evidence, as that which is called “weight” results from the gravitation of matter placed upon a scale. As far as he could see, his beliefs—his weights—were right, but he did not affirm that they were right; for he recognized the fact that, after all, his brain—his mental scales—might be wrong. To him the assertion that an infinitely wise and powerful Being created and governs this world was a monstrous absurdity; but he did not deny, because, as already stated, he realized that the mental scales in which he was obliged to weigh the evidence for and against might be wrong—might have erroneously tipped to the negative side. And so he never claimed to know the right weight; he simply read the scale. Moreover, he knew that there were millions of other “scales,” every one differing from his own, and that, consequently, in spite of themselves, they would all give different weights to the same matter. This is the golden kernel of Ingersollism—every mind its own “sealer of weights and measures.” He knew that the theist and the atheist alike must, too, have weighed the matter in their scales, and must have reached, unavoidably, their respective conclusions. He did not blame them for their conclusions. He simply demanded that they, like himself, tell them as conclusions, not as facts.

He believed it to be wrong to say that a given proposition is true unless there is evidence logically to justify the assertion. There being nothing which, to his mind, was evidence of the existence of a god, a devil, a heaven, or a hell; he said that he did not know. Nor did he find that either the theist or the atheist can produce evidence which goes beyond conjecture.

After all, is it not a fact that agnosticism is simply a principle? It certainly is not a conclusion—neither an affirmation nor a denial. Is it not true that, in all questions not theological, the theist and the atheist are themselves agnostics of the purest type? Will any Christian who happens to be a scientist deny that the practise of withholding judgment pending the solu-

tion of a problem is the very bulwark of modern science? Will anybody say that this is not the agnosticism of Ingersoll?

Take the very water that we drink. Prior to 1781 most chemists believed it to be composed of one atom of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen to the molecule. Cavendish, however, was not satisfied, had not reached a conclusion on the subject, and not long after the year mentioned water was shown to be made up of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen to the molecule. Therefore, our knowledge of the true chemical nature of water is a result of an application of the agnostic principle in the science of chemistry. Similar examples may be found in every other department of human knowledge.

Let us go further. I have shown, briefly, that the Ingersollian or agnostic principle is universally applicable, and that, moreover, in all matters concerning which anything positive is known, it is applied by every intelligent person, be he theist or atheist. It was pointed out that, pending a demonstration of the true chemical nature of water, Cavendish applied the agnostic principle of suspending judgment on the subject. This must have been because his knowledge in the particular branch of chemistry concerned was greater than that possessed by those who believed the composition of water to have been determined. If this means anything, it means that the difference between the (agnostic) attitude of Cavendish and the (theistic or atheistic) attitude of his contemporaries in the science was simply one of knowledge. Cavendish knew enough to know that he did not know, and that no one else did.

If a layman possessing a smattering of bacteriology should enter the laboratory of some justly renowned bacteriologist and positively but candidly assert that there is no such thing as an infectious disease, and that, moreover, bacteria are invariably a blessing to mankind, and thereupon the bacteriologist should disagree with his visitor, the disagreement between the two would surely be due to a difference of knowledge.

Another step. What is the source of the agnosticism manifested in matters about which nothing positive is known? It cannot be a difference of knowledge, for there is no knowledge. If one person declares that the center of the earth is a huge diamond, and another declines, from a lack of knowledge on the subject, either to affirm or to deny the assertion, what causes the disagreement? What is the source of the agnosticism manifested by the person who declines to affirm or to deny? There can be but one answer to this question. It is candor—"the courage of the soul."

Some will claim that this application of the principle of agnosticism is unjust—that the question chosen is not analogous to the one over which the Great Agnostic waged so many battles. Can such an objection be sustained? Is the alleged evidence of the theist in support of the supernatural superior to that which might be deduced to prove that a huge diamond lies where gravitation is naught? With his crucible for a weapon, the scientist has driven from the field the followers of the "Great First Cause," and has blotted from every language the words "create" and "annihilate." Extending to the stars his inquiring gaze, no "New Jerusalem" was found; and from that mystic realm in which all roads converge is still to come the first authentic word. We have no evidence. We may hope, but on this question of questions the savage is the equal of the sage. Perhaps nothing else illustrates this better than a story which Ingersoll himself used to tell, in his inimitable way, and with which I shall close this section. A missionary was trying to convince an Indian of the wonderful truths of Christianity. The red man listened attentively, then stooped and with a stick drew a little circle in the sand. "This," said he, "is what Indian knows." Then, tracing a very large circle around the first, he added, "and this is what white man knows; but out here" (pointing outside both circles) "Indian knows just as much as white man."

V.

The criticism most frequently heard from those who seem to have in view the double object of belittling Ingersoll's work and strengthening their own position, is that he showed no familiarity with the achievements of modern biblical scholarship—the so-called “higher criticism” (as though criticism by one person or school is, apart from its results, better than that of another)—and that, consequently, it was not the real Christianity of his day that he opposed, but rather the Christianity or theology of fifty years ago. And this assertion is made despite the fact that one of Ingersoll's entire lectures, “What Must We Do To Be Saved?” is devoted to rescuing the character and teachings of the man Christ from the aspersions of theology. It is interesting to note, however, that the criticism mentioned was rarely made while Ingersoll lived. And it is very hard to resist the temptation of inquiring why, if the assertion be true, such distinguished Christian controversialists as Judge Black, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Field, and Mr. Gladstone felt called upon to enter the arena against him. Or were they, too, blind to the results of the higher criticism, and therefore unable to recognize the fact that the Great Agnostic did not come properly within their range? And if the arguments they sought to meet were not directed against the Christian religion proper, is it not logical to expect the Christian critics to disclaim as foreign to their system all that Ingersoll did oppose, and to cling merely to so much thereof as he did not oppose? Is the Christian world ready to take this step?

Assuming, however, that there is a reason for questioning Ingersoll's attitude towards the genuine Christian doctrines, let us very briefly consider a few of his arguments in the premises. We will begin at the bottom.

Probably all Christians, excepting a small handful of Uni-

tarians (said to represent "one of the drollest of compromises between Christianity and Agnosticism"), will admit that a belief in Jesus Christ as the divine Son of God is essential to Christianity. Now, as already shown, Ingersoll produced the arguments of a scientist and of a philosopher to show that both substance and energy are from and to eternity—that, therefore, no first cause or creator—no God of the Bible—ever existed. Surely, having reached the conclusion that there is no God, the Great Agnostic, who recognized the truth of "the doctrine that correlatives imply one another," did not accept the belief that there was or is a Son of God—a Jesus Christ—in the true supernatural sense. And no one who appreciates Ingersoll's familiarity with the several branches of modern physical science would for a moment suspect him of placing the slightest credence in the "immaculate conception," the resurrection, or the ascension. As to the doctrine of the atonement, he declared that it "is the enemy of morality," because "it teaches that the innocent can justly suffer for the guilty; that consequences can be avoided by repentance, and that in the world of mind the great fact known as cause and effect does not apply." Furthermore, after pointing out, in "Myth and Miracle," that all the gods of mythological and religious history were born on the 25th of December; were worshiped by "wise men;" that they fasted forty days, met with violent death, and rose from the dead, he declares that their history "is the history of our Christ," and he adds, in conclusion: "These things are not accidents—not coincidences. Christ was a sun-god."

Of course, I have given only a few of the numerous arguments advanced by the Great Agnostic on the points concerned, but even those few indubitably prove that he attacked not only the Christianity of fifty years ago but the Christianity of to-day, or the latter has ceased to be a supernatural religion and has become merely a code of morals.

VI.

Convinced by his earnest studies in physical science, and by a careful observation of sociological phenomena, that the scientific or monistic conception of nature, already mentioned, is the only tenable one, and possessing that mental poise which enables one to view things, not as pictured by the sentiments, but as they really are, Ingersoll naturally and necessarily spurned every idea that savored of design or of special providence. He saw that these are fancies of which only the most provincial mind is capable. To him the teleological view was, at best, a sort of mental emetic. His intellectual horizon was too broad for the sort of special providence that, for example, acknowledges the necessity of raising up a Lincoln who should break the fetters of an enslaved race, while a nation's soil ran red with innocent blood, and who should then, untimely, find a martyr's grave through the medium of an assassin's bullet. Ingersoll could see no reason for having allowed the race to be enslaved.

He read with scorn and pity the various "Christian evidences," the "fundamental truths," the "analogies." Examining Paley's wonderful watch, he found that it did not keep time with the logic of this age, and that it afforded no greater degree of conviction than Aladdin's wonderful lamp. He possessed, to a rare degree, the faculty of universal sight. Recognizing the law of correlatives, a knowledge of a part implied with him a knowledge of the whole; and as he saw that the human mind is limited, he knew that to assert design for any thing or phenomenon in nature is illogical. He knew that we must possess an understanding of antecedents and consequents—children of necessity—before asserting purpose. This rule had been applied in every other branch of human effort, where perfection is not claimed, and he applied it in theology, where perfection is claimed.

Of course, the apparent evidences of design in nature were as plain to Ingersoll as to anyone else. But they were only ap-

parent. At most, they never took him farther on the beaten turnpike of teleology than where the straight and narrow path of agnosticism branches off. For example, although recognizing apparent design as far as the welfare of the microbe itself is concerned, he could not believe that any wise and beneficent purpose is subserved by the bacterium which lurks in dust and soil, and, accidentally entering on the point of some wounding body the tissues of man or of some lower mammal, causes the horrible disease called tetanus. He could not think otherwise than that the part played in nature by this micro-organism is, considering all the known facts regarding it, a most useless and cruel one. He would not attempt to account for the existence of this germ. He was satisfied that, like all other things, it necessarily exists—that it is—and that the deplorable phenomena which it excites when brought into relation with certain members of the animal kingdom are, for want of a better word, accidental.

Convinced of the relativity of everything in nature, Ingersoll believed that there is nothing absolutely good, nothing absolutely bad, and that outside the planless, ever-changing cycle of the universe there is no watchful power to curse or bless mankind. He held that man's ideas of good and of evil had been inferred from natural phenomena; those things tending to happiness being called good; those to unhappiness, bad.

Whoever is not convinced of the truth of Ingersoll's doctrine that good and evil are merely relative should read "The Flower," which doubtless contains more philosophy than even Tennyson himself dared to believe:

Once in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed.
 Up there came a flower,
 The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
 Thro' my garden-bower,
 And muttering discontent
 Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
 It wore a crown of light,
 But thieves from o'er the wall
 Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
 By every town and tower,
 Till all the people cried,
 "Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
 He that runs may read.
 Most can raise the flowers now,
 For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
 And some are poor indeed;
 And now again the people
 Call it but a weed.

But Ingersoll went even further than this. He saw not only that there is nothing absolutely moral or immoral, but that in many cases even attempts at right action are opposed by the forces of nature. For example, a famine occurs in India; and without inquiring as to why it has been permitted to occur, we will suppose that a society of benevolent Christian people in America decides to send a shipload of provisions to the stricken land—to those whose suppliant faces, the light almost gone, reflect the glare of answerless skies—to mothers who look into the wan and ghastly faces of their babes. The ship departs, is disabled and delayed by storm—wrecked, it may be—and, as though further to impede its progress, Nature, with subtle hand, works night and day in the production of barnacles upon the bottom of this very ship. And yet the vast majority of Christians could actually engage in the removal of these growths without doubting that everything in the universe was planned to meet the needs of man. This is only one of the innumerable examples that crowd upon the thoughtful mind. But we need not borrow from the imagination. It is a matter of scientific record that in certain cloisters whose inmates are engaged in the merciful vocation

of nursing the sick the mortality, up to the fortieth year, is greatly above the average. And in summer there is scarcely a week during which a thunderbolt does not shatter the steeple of some church that has trusted in Providence to the extent of neglecting to protect itself with lightning rods—the invention of an “infidel.”

Ingersoll was wise enough to see that Nature neither rejoices nor regrets, and that the so-called rewards and punishments which she bestows and inflicts are but ephemeral phases of the eternal panorama of antecedents and consequents.

A little while ago it was my sad lot to visit a home in which the husband and father had died of an acute illness. He lay in a room adjoining that in which I stood, the door between the two being closed. It was a summer morning, and the sun streamed through a window and fell against the closed door, imparting as it passed a fairer gold to the careless locks of a little girl, who thought her papa “asleep.” When I saw this tragedy I recalled these words of Ingersoll: “The sun shines as gladly on coffins as on cradles.”

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MILITARISM AT HOME.

MILITARISM is not a thing which can be raised for foreign consumption only. We cannot give to our government the power to enslave other peoples without showing it how to enslave us as well. We may insist on firing our blunderbuss at weaker nations, but we are bound to feel the "kick" ourselves. It is well that this should be so. For the people of America to stamp out the only republic of the East—for the people of Great Britain to annihilate the only republics of Africa—and at the same time to maintain their own freedom, would be to run counter to the simplest rules of justice, and it may well turn out that the Anglo-Saxon race in its mad attempt to enslave others, has really been fastening the shackles upon itself.

At any rate signs are not wanting that a well-defined plan exists to build up a powerful military center at Washington with a view not only to foreign possibilities, but also to domestic affairs, and when we speak of domestic troubles it is only the labor question which presents itself to the mind. The War Department at Washington and the congressional committees which it controls will bear watching. It looks with envy upon the military centralization of European countries and it is openly trying to establish something of the same kind here. The Militia Bill as it finally passed the late Congress was a very different measure from the one originally introduced, thanks to the opposition of the Southern senators, who evidently feared that the Republican Party might use the new powers against the South. The original bill provided for a new "volunteer reserve" of 100,000 men "ready for immediate service," which "when called forth by the president shall serve wherever ordered within or without the territory of the United States." This action, smuggled into a so-called "militia bill," virtually proposed to add 100,000 men to the regular army of the United

States, the force so constituted being altogether free from the control of the state governments, and it passed the House of Representatives almost without debate and by a large majority, and was reported favorably in the Senate, and it was only the sectional jealousy of the South that fortunately prevented it from becoming a law.

But the bill as it actually passed is bad enough. It gives power to the president "whenever he is unable to execute the laws of the Union in any part thereof," or in case of "rebellion against the authority of the government of the United States," "to call forth for a period not exceeding nine months such number of the militia of the state or of the states or territories or of the District of Columbia as he may deem necessary," and "to issue his orders for that purpose to such officers of the militia as he may think proper." This is substantially a transfer of the militia of every state to the general government upon the president's order and without consulting in any way the authorities of the state. Under this section a Georgia regiment may be sent to put down a strike in Massachusetts, and the president may pick out any lieutenant in the country to carry out his orders if he finds no higher officer to his mind.

I think it is safe to say that no such blow against state rights and in favor of autocratic centralization has been struck since the Civil War, and yet it has been practically unnoticed, and the people accepts it without a protest, while the War Department is recovering its breath before another advance towards the fulfillment of its reactionary plans. Nor is this all. It was the intent of the framers of the Constitution, not only that the Federal government should be held in check by the states, but that the president should be held directly in check by Congress. This act, however, provides that the expenses of the militia under it shall be paid out of one of the regular annual appropriation funds, and consequently, after Congress has made its annual provision for running the government, the president has for a full year the same power over all the militia

of the states that the Tsar has over the Russian army. We have thus in this simple "militia bill" a complete military revolution already accomplished.

In the face of such an insidious movement as this, is it any wonder that the militia is becoming unpopular among labor men and that the unions are insisting upon it that their members shall resign from it? I do not see how they well could do otherwise. Remaining in the militia they are liable at any time to be sent to a distant state to intimidate strikers and override local sentiment. As militia-men they thus become the tools of the financial interests which may at any time happen to control the national government. A militia should be a local body, imbued with an appreciation of local interests and ready to act only in accord with public opinion. It should never be, like an army, the unreasoning instrument of a distant authority.

We must protest against the Junkerising of our state militias. The Constitution of the United States reserves to the states the right of selecting their officers and in most of the states the officers are elected by the men, and this system has given full satisfaction for over a century, but this old-fashioned American way does not suit the War Department of to-day and hence the provision that the president may issue his orders "to such officers of the militia as he may think proper." It is a clear evasion of the spirit of the Constitution and a disingenuous attack upon the rights of the states and of the members of the militia.

It is agreeable in the midst of such indications of reaction on the part of the government and utter indifference on the part of the people, to note any sign of a counter sentiment, and I hail as such a sign the action of Congressman Robert Baker, of Brooklyn, in refusing to avail himself of the privilege of naming a cadet for Annapolis on the ground that it is a mistake to permit our young men to devote their lives to the art of destroying their fellows. We have no navy on our Great Lakes. Why do we need one on the Atlantic? If we can make a

treaty with Canada to this end, why not with the other Powers? And even without a treaty of any kind, we need fear no attack from abroad if we only mind our own business. I am sure that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root and myself could live in peace next door to each other for years without arming ourselves against each other or needing the police-powers of the state. It is only the burglars and toughs of society who afford us excuse for revolvers and watchmen. But there are no longer among the nations any burglars and toughs whom we need fear, for pirates have ceased to exist and if they had not, they could not stand a moment against any kind of improvised militia defence which we might care to prepare. No, we arm against the nations of our own "set" in society—against France and Germany and Russia—and it is just as disgraceful as if I armed myself with revolvers against Mr. Hay or Mr. Root, and put a battery along my line fence, which happens to bound the farm also of ex-Governor Morton, and practised my men in trying to get the range of his house. It would be insulting and disgraceful and no gentleman would act so. Why then in the name of common-sense cannot a nation behave like a gentleman? I would like to see my country set the example.

Not long ago a man called at my office, and, looking round carefully to assure himself that no one was listening, he assured me in a whisper that enemies were upon his track, that they followed him day and night, and he wished my assistance to get rid of them. I saw at once that he was suffering from that common form of insanity which shows itself in such unfounded fears. There was no one in the world who would have injured the poor creature, but I tried in vain to assure him of it. I told him that his fears were a symptom of insanity. "Oh, yes," he replied, with a pitying smile for my ignorance. "I know all about that kind of insanity, but in my case it is actually true that I am pursued," and then he repeated his story. I was informed afterwards by a friend of his that he was hopelessly insane. Now it so happens that among nations this form

of lunacy is much commoner than among individuals. A statesman who would recoil from the suggestion that King Edward or President Loubet intended to shoot him at sight, will still maintain with a straight face that their governments have sinister designs upon ours, and that is made an excuse for us to plot against them. I do not believe a word of it. It is a kind of international insanity. No one wishes to attack us and as soon as we disarm they would wish so less than ever. Let us, the people of the United States, insist on giving the world an example of national sanity, and let us beware of the complicated designs for a military empire which emanate from that storm center of military lunacy, our War Department.

ERNEST CROSBY.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

EVOLUTION'S TRIUMPH—MAN.

SO many things we talk about, write about and teach about, yet from a clear conceptive logical basis are unable to truly think about. Of these no one subject presents so much that is fascinating as does the study of man and his evolution. By evolution is meant growth or development, physical, mental and subjective (psychical), after all, this trinity being but *one*, though of different manifestations, in reality all is God working out great results along a divine plan of a determined law. This law we comprehend because its workings is revealed to us, but the reason for the law and its ultimate is not revealed. Of this we can do but little more than speculate.

That there is a general law known as evolution is but little disputed. It is quite as much accepted as the law of gravitation. But *of* the law, its origin, its why, its wherefore, there is cavil. This as yet is not revealed. Faith and hope attempt to blaze its path as ever upward and onward unto sublimity. Such has been man's evolution throughout all the countless eons of the past, and it is unthinkable that the law will ever change, hence man must ever progress, must ever go on and on, upward and upward unto complete dominion over all the earth.

Faith and hope have accomplished much when they induce the individual to bring his mind to think of the time when this earth was without vegetation or any animal life—the primary age of stone, mineral; that after millions of years of preparation there came the plant life; after the plant life, the animal life. Stone and mineral did not produce the plant. When, in the course of the law of evolution, they were prepared to sustain vegetable life, it came—came because of the law's development. Plants—vegetables—did not produce the animal kingdom, but when in the course of the onward fulfillment of the law of evolution the earth and these of the earth

were ready to sustain this life, it came—came in its successive stages, mollusks, fishes, reptiles, mammals, man. One did not produce the other—each successively came when under the law the time was ripe for the coming. It is the law which produced, not the thing. Man is not a descent from the monera "Organism without organs" any more than he is a descent from rocks, minerals, vegetables, plants. Each was *before* him, but he does not owe kinship unto them.

Man knows that he is the highest manifestation of terrestrial life. More than this, he is able to fairly well measure at least a part of his own evolution. In his career he enumerates great epochs—the time when he first attained an upright attitude, when he first intentionally kindled fire, when he matured his emotional cries into articulate speech, when he invented written symbols for speech, when he made the lightning (electricity) his servant. These are admitted to be his five conscious primary evolutionary epochs. They all belong to man! In all the countless ages while man has so evolved, no other or higher terrestrial life has appeared!

Man has divined much of the law of life. By his invented telescope and camera he has surveyed and mapped much of the planetary system; he has fathomed the mineral kingdom; he is rapidly gaining intimate knowledge approaching mastery of the elements; by his inspiration he has developed much—created much—of the vegetable life, and lower forms of animal life.

There is an indefinable belief that there was a time when man did not wholly walk upright; that this was ages before he intentionally kindled fire. Both of these barely conscious beliefs are almost incomprehensible. The development of language, spoken and symbolic is dimly comprehended. Of the evolution of electricity we are the living witnesses.

All these attainments in Man's evolution did not come at once. They were successive. The same period of time did not elapse between these several epochs. Time shortened between

each one. Man can safely say he is now evolving by leaps—measured by the pace of his tottering childhood. But he faces one fact—that he has never taken one epoch advance step until he had sensed and at least partly mastered that which he had—that which had been revealed unto him. He ceased to worship fire—ceased to fear fire—and, behold! electricity is revealed, dimly, then radiantly, for him to master! This he is doing. Photography, telegraphy, lighting, motive power, telephony, vibratory waves, phonography, wireless telegraphy, and telepathy. All these are admitted realities more or less generally understood and recognized.

Surely all the epochs—all the steps—in man's evolution have not been taken. We inwardly feel and know the goal is not yet reached. What shall be the next step? Faith and hope say it must be spiritual—the further coming into ONE-NESS with the ALL. It must be so, for

“ . . . Would the Master send
A sentient being,—God, the King, the Chooser—
Into a strange new country to no end?”

WILSON RILEY GAY.

Seattle, Wash.

POE AND HIS MISUNDERSTOOD PERSONALITY.

"But I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in an unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies *referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity.*"*

THIS is the first accurate statement we have of the definition of the disease dipsomania as distinguished from the vicious habit of drunkenness. It was a piteous statement of a fact recognized by the sufferer, but a scientific discovery the great value of which the unfortunate poetic genius was unconscious. The germs of this medical discovery, however, fell upon sterile soil, and it remained for the present generation of scientists to take away the stigma of drunkenness too long attached to the memory of Edgar Allen Poe.

The poet was not a man addicted to the habit of intoxication, but belonged to that class of psychopaths too long blamed and accused of vicious habits that are really the unfortunate symptoms of disease—a disease now recognized by neurologists as a psychic epilepsy, and no more under self control than is the epileptic attack so familiar to us all. It is necessary here to explain in general terms the distinction between drunkenness and inebriety as vices or stigmata of degeneration, and psychic explosions that are demonstrated by an uncontrollable mania to consume unknown quantities of alcohol or other narcotics, and now well recognized under the name *dipsomania*.†

There are individuals born of unstable nervous organization ;

*Poe's letter to George W. Eveleth, January 4, 1848. The italics are the writer's.—W. L. H.

†As the writer has elsewhere gone into this matter in full detail he attempts here only what is sufficient to make clear the disease from which Poe suffered. See "The Perverts," G. W. Dillingham Company, New York.

unfortunate persons who struggle throughout their lives with all the outward appearances of a well adjusted physiologic machine, yet who are silent sufferers of intense psychic disturbances. These symptoms of an unbalanced, unequal organization take various objective forms. Such are seen in the startling precociousness of a genius; the meteoric career of a writer who dies before he reaches the age of full manhood in the normal person; the bizarre and morbid paintings of a youth who succumbs ere adolescence has departed, and in the man so poisoned by products of his own body that the higher brain centers are submerged, and the nerve cells cry, shriek, for alcohol as though the fiend of ancestral impulse knew the will was temporarily destroyed and hence entered to wallow in its riotous delirium. It was to this latter class of unfortunates that Poe belonged, and in his words, poetic prayers, and phantasies the neurologist can see the suffering and recognize the feeling of hopelessness ever present in the unjustly accused.

These dipsomaniacal attacks are symptoms of disorganized brain cells. These cells become poisoned at irregular intervals by the bi-products of the physiologic system which are retained in the body through a lack of perfect functioning of the nerve cells—faulty metabolism. These toxic materials are accumulative, and when they have reached a certain potency, overpower the will, judgment and self; the real ego is for the time being suppressed, and we have a temporary insanity, its principal symptoms being an imperative, uncontrolling demand for narcotics in any form. Each attack naturally diminishes the resisting power of the brain cells and augments the basic cause, and the result is an increase of frequency in the attacks until the somatic end.

It is such parentage as Poe had that gives to the world many of its geniuses and dipsomaniacs, and Nature, ever watchful of her duties, sees that the reproduction goes no further. The poet had for his grandmother an actress; both his parents followed the uncertain profession of the stage at a period when

to get a living meant a ruinous drain on all the mental and physical attributes. Great nervous excitement, a brain struggle with poverty, no time to give maternal thoughts to the coming child whose germinal status was unfit, could give us anything but the psychopath.

The first objective symptom of Poe's infirmity we see in Col. Preston's—a school mate of Poe—statement: "He was capricious * * * *in anger was furious.*" This latter statement taken in conjunction with the development of Poe's attacks, show uncontrollable impulses; symptoms to be always regarded with concern when shown in children.

At the University of Virginia we find a marked example of the predilection of his nerve cells for alcohol. "Poe's passion for strong drink," says one of his fellow students, "was marked and peculiar. It was not the taste of the beverage that influenced him; without a sip or smack of the mouth he would seize a full glass and send it home at a single gulp. This frequently used him up, but if not, he rarely returned to the charge." This latter statement is significant, for the drunkard, the inebriate, drinks small quantities, but frequently, and will keep it up as long as he can procure liquor or until he succumbs, repeating the actions when sobered if liquor is to be obtained, if it is not readily at hand, sanely awaits another chance. Not so with the developing symptoms in the dipsomaniac. At once this psychopath pours down enormous quantities of liquor, and will cease at nothing until he has obtained sufficient to quiet his horrible restlessness. This is the condition in the early stages. In the full development of the mania we have the ego completely suppressed and the individual disappears from home and friends for weeks or months. There is a cerebral palsy which permits the sufferer to perform various complex and apparently reasoned acts of which he will retain no recollection when he has recovered from the effects of the attack, and which may be quite at variance with his usual behavior. Here is clinical evidence of what I mean:

"He came into our office with his usual gait and manner, and, with no symptom of ordinary intoxication, he talked like a man insane. Perfectly self-possessed in all other respects, his brain and tongue were evidently beyond his control. A single glass of wine would produce this effect upon Mr. Poe, and that rarely as these instances of easy aberration of caution and mind occurred, he was liable to them, and while under their influence, voluble and personally self-possessed but neither *sane nor responsible*. He had little or no memory of them afterward, we understand."—N. P. Willis, in the *Home Journal*, December, 1846.

In this statement is a layman's unconscious description of the onset of a psychic explosion. It was not the "a single glass of wine" that caused this mental alienation, but the flow of toxic material through the brain, the riotous disturbance of his nervous system, that had been gradually overpowering him. It was one of the murmurings of these approaching psychic storms that compelled Poe to write to Kennedy, September 11, 1835: "I am suffering under a depression of spirits, such as I have never felt before. I am wretched, and know not why. Oh! Pity me, for I fear that my words are incoherent, but I will recover myself."

These furious, maddening storms rush on driving before them uncontrollable impulses whose license is impassioned, and the helpless poet, mentally alienated, seeks rest and oblivion in alcohol. He knew naught of time, friends or the responsibility of self, and the struggle between the two poisons, the alcohol and the auto-toxic material, takes his brain for the battle ground. The smoke and heat of the battle subsides, and his "irregular, eccentric and querulous" conduct gives way to "his uniform gentleness of disposition and kindness of heart," and he again becomes a "genial, generous friend, invariably kind and gentlemanly to all." Concerning the attacks, memory of acts, words, time, was a dismal blank surrounded by aura of fear, introspection and despair. Upon the complete return to sanity the real self was asserted, and on one of these occa-

sions he writes to Kennedy: "I have a fair prospect of future success—in a word all is right."

This heightened feeling of freedom from any future desire to touch liquor is always present on recovery from one of these early attacks of dipsomania. Weeks, months pass and there is never a thought or desire for liquor, the idea is even abhorrent—an entirely different condition found in the drunkard.

"He (Poe) impressed me as a refined and very gentlemanly man; exceedingly neat in his person; interesting always, from the intellectual character of his mind, which appeared to me to be tinged with sadness."—Wm. Gowan's statement after living eight months with Poe.

It is in these happy lucid intervals that the psychopath works under a high mental pressure as though Nature intended to render some compensatory condition for her otherwise destroying acts.

"I am excessively slothful and wonderfully industrious—by fits. . . . I scribble all day, and read all night, so long as the disease (the passion for writing) endures."—Letter to Lowell, July 2, 1844.

To this statement of his lucid interval add the following to make a complete clinical history of dipsomania. He had made an engagement to call upon Mrs. Whitman on November 4th. After visiting Lowell, in a letter to "Annie," November 16th, he wrote:

"He had no memory of what took place after leaving Lowell until he reached Providence; that he was in a state of despair and tormented by the 'demon' all the night." Mrs. Osgood testifies: "I have never seen him otherwise than gentle, generous, well-bred, and fastidiously refined. To a sensitive and delicately nurtured woman, there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect."

The psychologist readily understands the reason for Poe's intensity, for his cosmic terror and his constant dwelling upon

the aspect of physical decay. He lived alternately a life of obsession and lucidity, and this duality is the explanation of his being so shamefully misunderstood—so highly praised, so cruelly blamed. As he says in *Silence*, "There are some qualities, some incorporate things, that have a double life." In most of his weird and fantastic tales we can see the patient emerging from a condition of oblivion, and before the fear of self has approached with complete sanity, he writes as the fancies and dreams pass his brain.

"Through a circle that ever returneth in,
To the self-same spot;
And *much* of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the Plot."

We find in his personal attacks, written when he sporadically held editorial positions, many of the primary symptoms of the psychopath; a disordered and disturbed comprehension of concepts, suspicion and exaggerated ideas of persecution. Then came moral incoherence, disturbed orientation and judgment with many other psychic disturbances to be quickly followed by changes in the temperament, the alterations in consciousness, then the second personality, of which the first had no recollection. Did not the poet feel something of his helplessness when he wrote "*Legia*?" that fantasy with its sinister merging of the souls of two women beloved by the psychopathic hero who cries out on almost every page: "Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through *the weakness of his feeble will*."

WILLIAM LEE HOWARD.

Baltimore, Md.

A DAUGHTER OF TENNESSEE.

WHO as a child, or at a later period, has not come under the witching charm of the woodland spirit in the springtime of the year and the infant hours of day, and also beheld her in her austere moods? A barren moorland of years may stretch between those magic hours and the present, but when memory waves her wand, "the past rises as a dream" to feed the imagination and refresh the soul.

It is as yesterday and you are entering the virgin forest. The trees have taken on their newly woven robes of emerald. The forest orchestra is carolling its orisons to the Lord of the Day. The eastern sky, seen through the lattice of leaves, is suffused with rose, that changes into gold, and lights up the cloud banks with varying tints of purple and orange, of crimson and pearl. The squirrels are playing hide-and-seek in the trees, or calling one to another from the tall sentinels of the woodland; and some seem to be scolding or fault-finding, and now and then harsh discordant notes of birds of prey silence for a moment the songs and the merry making of the children of the forest. Here is a rippling stream, fringed with tender ferns, and here a mossy bank seems to invite repose. The air is heavy with a perfume of such ravishing sweetness that its fragrance baffles words and defies comparison. You look above and find you are in one of those wonderful natural bowers made by the wild grape vine interlacing the branches of overhanging trees. The rich brown earth still wearing her carpeting of autumn leaves is sprinkled with the blossoms of the pioneer flowers; some white as the snow that so lately powdered the trees with brilliants and mantled the earth in the garment of purity, and some are blue as the heavens at mid-night. Here is a pink that seems to challenge the first blush of dawn and here is a yellow that suggests burnished gold—a witching wonder world of beauty and gladness. But in nature all goes

by contrast and even this picture of other days suggests another scene. How well you remember another day when summer cast her spell over field and forest. The scorching sun had wooed the heavy clouds above the horizon. The air was sultry, you had fled to the shade of the same forest, to the mossy bank under the wild grape vine. Many seasons have come and gone, yet how swiftly memory bears you over the flood of years and you find yourself living again that hour in the Summer of the Long Ago.

The forest has grown very still and expectant, the wind by fits rustles the leaves in no soothing manner, then all becomes calm again. Suddenly the deep-toned thunder rumbles in the distance and the lightning flashes on every hand. The winds are unleashed. The giant trees bend and sway as reeds before the springtime breeze. Limbs are wrenched from trunks, a dead tree near by falls with a mighty crash, bringing down many promising saplings, and the soul-piercing cry of a mother bird tells of the supreme tragedy in one little home. The rain falls in torrents and then comes another blinding flash of lightning, and lo! the tall and splendid monarch of the forest that has defied the elements for scores of years, and whose crest has long risen as a regal plume above all surrounding trees is riven and stripped of leaf and stem. Only a bare shaft or trunk, innocent of bark, remains the monument of departed glory, while the earth around bears eloquent testimony of the greatness of the fallen monarch. So the elements play in mad fury around you. Discord, tragedy, suffering and death wait on the storm. Soon, however, the sun breaks forth making the tear-stained forest a jewelled fairy-land. All is bright, serene, fresh and fragrant, but ah! the sorrow and the death remain, and for you always the hour will be tinged with infinite sadness and its memory will also companion the golden vision of spring, even as gladness and gloom, sunshine and shade, joy and sorrow, life and death follow each other through this wonder world of ours.

The thought-world of a poet, a novelist, an artist or a musician is not unlike the forest under the smile, and frown of the elements. This thought, and these memories of other days were suggested to me recently when reading again some of those wonderful humanistic stories of the simple life in Tennessee, as portrayed with such exquisite charm by Miss Dromgoole in "The Heart of Old Hickory," and "The Heart of the Woods;" "A Day in Asia," and "Rags;" a "Grain of Gold," and "Fiddling His Way to Fame;" "The Leper of the Cumberlands," and "A Scrap of College Lore;" "Old Hickory's Ball," and "George Washington's Bufday;" "A Humble Advocate," and "Christmas Eve at the Corner Grocery."*

Ah, here as in the old days we find ourselves in a wonder world where the smile and tear, the sunshine and gloom, where the gladness and tragedy jostle one against the other. Here are visions woven in the loom of an imagination bequeathed the author by the mingled blood of many people, woven of flax and silken threads gathered from the fields of experience and observation. And what color effects are here; to gain the pigment that is found in some of the richest hues, the soul has journeyed to the depths and scaled the heights. The sunshine, the comedy, the lighter lay—these may be known, felt and expressed by the butterfly-nature that has not yet drunk deeply from the well of experience, battled sturdily on the field of adversity or looked tragedy squarely in the face with unblanched cheek. And these lighter and softer tints which are very beautiful in themselves may be found in the work of those who have not descended into the Valley of the Shadow of Death; who have never heard or felt the cry of the wounded bird bereft of its nest, or beheld with keenest pain the dismantling of the giant oak by the fury of the storm. But the work into whose web and woof are woven the deepest color necessary to the richest pattern comes—save in cases of the most transcendent

*See "The Heart of Old Hickory and Other Stories of Tennessee;" "Cinch and Other Stories."

genius—only after the imagination companioned by experience has sounded the depths of suffering and grief and ascended the Spiritual Alps.

We do not wish to minify the influence of heredity or that of early environment; both are positive factors in life. Experience, however, acts upon the imagination much as does the steel upon the flint, generating the spark that kindles the conflagration.

The influence of heredity is a most fascinating theme to students of psychology. The constant recurrence of some traits dominant in certain ancestors is only less interesting than the racial characteristics that mark the peoples from whom one has descended. I have noticed that authors who exhibit great versatility in their work, and individuals who present strikingly contradictory phases of character and varying moods, usually, if indeed not invariably, carry in their veins, nerves and brain, the mingled life of different races or peoples.

The life of the little Tennessee author who has written herself into the affections of so many thousands of American hearts is a striking illustration of this fact. Miss Dromgoole on her father's side came of Irish and English ancestry. Through her mother's veins flowed the mingled blood of the French and the Danes. Thus, in her we find the combination of four great and in many ways distinctive peoples. From her Irish ancestors she inherited that fine sense of humor which sparkles through her writings and enlivens her sketches, that otherwise might be too heavily freighted with pathos, and from English ancestors she doubtless inherited much of the sturdiness of purpose and loyalty to high ideals which are such marked characteristics of her life. Her grand-father on her father's side left the Catholic faith and embraced Methodism. After this change in his religious convictions, life in Ireland became anything but joyous or peaceful, and in time he fled to Virginia where he became a Methodist circuit rider. From the mother, she probably inherited something of the brightness and vivacity

of the French, and perhaps from the Danish ancestors something of that strong tendency to dwell on the serious and somber phases of life which even the Irish and the French influences have failed to over-balance, as well as something of the earnestness, tenacity and fixed determination which are characteristics of the Saxons, Teutons and indeed most of the northern European peoples. It is not improbable that her inherited tendency to dwell upon the somber mysteries of life may have been greatly strengthened by the influence of early environment. Loneliness, her own hard struggle with adversity, and many untoward conditions of her childhood days could not fail to leave a lasting impress on a mind so sensitive as hers.

Miss Dromgoole was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. From her earliest years she was studious and inclined to introspection. She pondered much and frequently expressed views and ideas far beyond her years, which led her mother to believe that the child would make her mark in the world of letters. Her mother furthered her education in every possible way, and was her guide, counsellor, inspirer and most devoted friend. She was educated chiefly at home; when advanced far enough she went to the Female Academy of Clarksville, Tennessee, from which she graduated. There were, however, some circumstances connected with her early life that were very sad to one so keenly sensitive as was this child, as will be appreciated by those who peruse her little book, "Rare Old Chums," a unique volume that is in the real sense a soul's autobiography—not that the book is biography in the literal sense, but the record of the interior life, the child's thoughts and aspirations, hopes and fears, are history, and in a general way the picture of the father and daughter is a faithful portrayal—a chapter in the life of our author, giving vivid glimpses of early life at the period when she lived with her father in the little cottage near the Elk River in the Highlands of Tennessee.

The mother had stimulated a love of literature in the child and had encouraged her budding literary aspirations, and when

she died, all earth was shrouded in blackness. The family were poor, the home was broken up, she was confronted with the necessity of earning her livelihood, and remembering her mother's oft-uttered admonition to write for publication, she determined to make the attempt. Her first ambitious effort won a prize offered by the *Youth's Companion*. Subsequently this excellent young people's paper accepted many of her stories. She also served some years as engrossing clerk for the Senate of Tennessee.

One day during the summer of 1890, I received a sketch signed "Will Allen Dromgoole." It was entitled, "Fiddling His Way to Fame," and was submitted for the *ARENA*. On perusing the story, I was satisfied that the author was a woman, on account of a certain delicacy of sentiment and refinement of thought that pervaded the sketch. I accepted the contribution and it was so well received that Miss Dromgoole became a regular contributor to the *ARENA*. Subsequently two volumes composed chiefly of the *ARENA* short stories were issued under the title of "The Heart of Old Hickory and Other Stories of Tennessee," and "Cinch and Other Stories." They proved exceedingly popular and have been more widely used by public readers and elocutionists on the platform than the sketches of any other contemporaneous short story writer. These two volumes afford an admirable illustration of the remarkable versatility of the author. Many of the sketches deal with negro life, and knowing the negro of Kentucky and Tennessee as I do personally, I am free to say they are far the best sketches of colored life as found in those states that it has been my fortune to read. They are for the most part very bright and laughable, abounding in humorous situations. The experiences, characteristics, superstitions and unique expressions of the negro have never been more admirably portrayed in character work than in these sketches. "George Washington's Bufday," "A Wonderful Experience Meeting," "Who Broke up de Meet'n'?" "A Day in Asia," and "Sweet Lasses," are master-

pieces of their class, though they are surpassed by some other sketches which strike deeper notes and have a broader and perhaps more widely human interest, as for example, "The Heart of Old Hickory," "Christmas at the Corner Grocery," "Rags," "A Scrap of College Lore," and "The Heart of the Woods." The last mentioned story is entirely unlike the other sketches. Through it runs a vein of supernormalism rarely found in the work of Southern authors. It is a finely conceived and beautifully expressed story, though sad and somber.

"The Valley Path" is the most ambitious long story or novel written by Miss Dromgoole. It is characterized by much strength and is vigorous in expression and radical in thought, but it seems to me at war at times with one side of her nature. The Unitarian with agnostic leanings here seems to over-master the Trinitarianism of the deeply reverent and religious Southerner. It is a story that holds the reader's interest from the opening page to the end and has received high praise from leading critics and critical journals.

Our author is peculiarly happy in her children's stories. She has written many books for the young. The best known are "Hero Chums," "The Farrier's Dog and His Fellow," "Adventures of a Fellow," and "Harum Scarum Joe." The first of these stories has, in my judgment, no superior among juvenile books of the present generation. It belongs to the class of which "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best known example, and while being every whit as fascinating and quite as fine and true in its lesson and its atmosphere as Mrs. Burnett's delightful story, it strikes deeper notes, has a greater reach and range and is less artificial. I know of no child's book that is better calculated to fascinate and hold the interest of the young and at the same time to fill the heart and brain with lofty, fine and true ideal life, or a book in which the atmosphere is more thoroughly wholesome than this story "Hero Chums." "The Farrier's Dog and His Fellow," "Adventures of a Fellow," and "Harum Scarum Joe," are charming little stories, full of human interest,

and each teaches an important lesson. They are worthy of a place in every child's library. "Adventures of a Fellow" is a continuation of "The Farrier's Dog and His Fellow."

"Rare Old Chums" I do not regard as a juvenile book so much as one calculated to interest older heads with young hearts. It is, as I have observed, largely the autobiography of a human heart, depicting the hopes, purpose, expectations, aspirations and a great haunting fear which at times assailed the writer. It is a strange, sweet, sad story, possessing peculiar fascination and containing much excellent philosophy. In this volume appear two of Miss Dromgoole's poems. Both are highly suggestive. One, "The Pilgrim Bird," emphasizing the importance of doing our duty for duty's sake, singing our song with no thought of praise or blame. It is, I think, one of Miss Dromgoole's best poems, and believing the readers will enjoy it, I give it in its entirety:

* * *

THE PILGRIM BIRD.

God opened the windows of heaven,
And sent out a beautiful bird;
A sigh and a gleam, like the joy in a dream,
It leaped into life at his word.
God fashioned its pinions and plumage,
He painted its beautiful wing;
He placed in its throat a glorious note,
And said, "Go forth, and sing."

Not "for the ears that listen;"
Not "for the shouts that ring;"
Not "for men's praise of thy glorious lays,"
But merely, oh, bird, "Go, sing."
Did it doubt? Did it pine, and falter?
Did it furl its beautiful wing?
Because nobody heard, did that wonderful bird
Lose heart, and refuse to sing?

Nay, over the wide world speeding,
Far over the mountain's crest,
Away and away, to the ends of the day,
To sing in God's wilderness.

And over the lone world watching,
 Where never a step is stirred,
 In the midnight's flow, God's ear bends low,
 For the song of his pilgrim bird.

Among her other verses perhaps the most popular and certainly the one that has been given the widest currency through the newspaper press and on the stage and platform is the following, entitled :

THE DOLL'S FUNERAL.

When my dolly died, when my dolly died,
 I sat on the step, and I cried, and I cried,—
 And I wouldn't eat any jam and bread,
 'Cause it didn't seem right, when my doll was dead.
 And Bridget was sorry as she could be:—
 For she patted my head, and "Oh," said she,
 "To think that the pretty has gone and died!"
 Then I broke out afresh, and I cried,—and I cried.

And all the dolls from all around
 Came to see *my* doll put under the ground:
 There was Lucy Lee, and Mary Clack
 Brought their dolls over, all dressed in black:
 And Emmeline Hope, and Sarah Lou
 Came over and brought their dollies, too.
 And all the time I cried, and cried:
 'Cause it hurt me so, when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown,
 With ribbon and lace edged all around;
 And made her a coffin in a box
 Where my brother keeps his spelling blocks.
 And we had some prayers, and a funeral too:
 And our hymn was the "Two Little Girls in Blue."
 But for me, I only cried, and cried:
 'Cause I *couldn't* sing when my doll had died.

We dug her a grave in the violet bed,
 And planted violets at her head;
 And raised a stone, where we wrote quite plain:—
 "Here lies a dear doll, what-died-of-*pain*."
 And then my brother he said "Amen;"
 And we all went back to the house again.
 But for me, I only cried and cried,—
 'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

And then we had some jam and bread,—
I didn't eat,—'cause my doll was dead:—
But I tied some crêpe on my doll-house door,
And then I cried and cried some more.
And I couldn't be happy, don't you see?
'Cause the funeral all belonged to me.
Then the others went home:—and then—
I went out and dug up my doll again.

After the mother's death and the breaking up of the little home, Miss Dromgoole made one of those brave and truly heroic struggles that has proven the glory of more than one true American woman. The crushing grief and the feeling of loneliness overmastered her for a time, but at length, duty and necessity interposed. She had her father who had come to lean upon his idolized daughter, and she had to live. Then it was that a dream took possession of her imagination. Her father was only happy when with her and he so dearly loved the little fish-laden picturesque Elk River. If they could secure a little home on the Elk and live together, she felt her father's life would be peaceful and bright as the golden eventide of an autumn day. To achieve this end became the supreme aim of this devoted daughter. It was as a pillar of fire floating before her mental vision. For its realization she labored long and tirelessly. After the publication of "The Heart of Old Hickory and Other Stories of Tennessee" her work was in great demand, and the time came when she was able to purchase the little cottage in the Hill Country, not far from the Elk River, and here the father and daughter dwelt—two comrades, each living for the other until the Angel of the Shadow laid his hand upon the whitened brow of the old man and to his spirit said gently, —ever so gently but with imperious command—*Come*—and the daughter was left alone. The blow although not unexpected almost crushed her. All life seemed a barren waste. She was alone. When her mother died, it seemed that almost all the brightness of life had disappeared, and later the father had become all in all to her, and his gentle companionship and cling-

ing love meant more than she even realized until his departure. It is not strange, therefore, that this death almost paralyzed her pen, and for a time she hid the talent God had given her. She gave readings from her works, lectured some, but wrought little in the field where she had been so eminently successful. But now the resting time is over; again "The voice Imperative" has sounded in her ears; again she has taken her pen to portray anew the sweet, true, simple and sincere life of the Common People.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE BLUE CHINA BOWL.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

Mrs. Emmeline Bob was in despair. Just one week before she had buried her husband, Bob Peterson, known to all Asia as the most shiftless, trifling character in the village. And mean, small and unruly, too. There was nothing small, however, about his widow. The funeral had eclipsed all burials Asia had ever witnessed; first, there was the town "huss" from Winchester, with horses beplumed and undertaker all important. Verily, Asia had seen no such "performances" on the part of a "widder woman," as were "performed" by this same "widder woman" of Uncle Bob Peterson's. Why, Eliza, who did the laundry for the summer hotel at Eastbrook, three miles distant, entertained her white customers for more than one precious Monday morning hour with tales of the "coffin with handles," the "huss horses with black plumes" and of how it "tuck mighty nigh all Asia to set up wid de corpse." And when it was all done and over the *relict* sat down to count the cost of things. It had cost, yes, but at least there hadn't been any pauper funeral "lak po' white trash." Her purse was empty; so was her storeroom.

But Aunt Emmeline was no fool: far from it. She had danced, so to speak, now she must look to the piper. "An' winter comin' on," she told herself. "An' all dese here chillen. Fur de life ob me I dunno what's to become o' dis fambly wid de haid ob it daid an' gone."

She made her complaint to a gentleman, a young lawyer of the town across the river. She had done his laundry for years.

"Nonsense, Aunt Emmie," laughed the attorney. "You know you have always supported your family. Uncle Bob hasn't added a dollar a month to your income in twenty years."

Give up lamenting now and get back to your tubs. You'll soon be all right. (And I am willing to give you a little lift at the start by giving that boy—the oldest one—of yours, the job of making my office fires. Send him around here to-morrow. I'll find him something to do. And tell your undertaker I'll stand for Uncle Bob's burial expenses until you can work it out. Goodbye, Aunt Emmie, and keep your courage up."

She went home in better spirits; indeed her neighbors had never suspected the straits she was in.

"I never aint gwine p'rade my affairs to no Asia niggers; dat I aint," she told herself over and over. "You got to hold yo' haid up in dis world, if you 'spect to have any persition in s'ciety, dat you is. An' I 'spect to hold mine, sah, if de right hand ob de fambly *am* took. An' I'll begin dis minute by step-pin' over to Liza's house an' tellin' her Mr. Percy Denton don took my Joe in de office wid him. Liza'll keep de news a-gwine; *sure*."

And Eliza did. Aunt Emmeline quietly proceeded to get her house in order.

"We-all must keep clean," she declared, while vigorously plying her broom; "We-all must keep clean des de same, even ef de prop o' de house *am* taken."

And so neat did she make the place, and so sweet and clean, that a lady, one of the summer sojourners at the hotel by the sulphur spring, passing the little cabin in the village of Asia, was so struck with the pretty picture it made that she stopped her horse to admire it.

The lady was something of an artist, as well as a connoisseur and, in a small way a collector of curios. The horse had scarcely stopped before the rider slipped lightly to the ground, and crossing the yard tapped at Mrs. Emmeline Bob's door. It was opened by the lady of the house in person.

"I thought," said the visitor, "that I saw a bowl, an old blue bowl in your window, behind the morning glory vines. Might I look at it?"

"Yessum," said the widow; "come right in if you can *git* in for the nastiness. This here house——"

"Is as neat as a pin," laughed the lady. "And this bowl——"

She gave a little cry of delight and ran to the window, where the old blue tureen sat in state.

"It wont hold water Ma'am," explained the owner, as the lady ran her jewelled fingers down among the spools and bits of beeswax, buttons, and other odds and ends that had been dropped into the blue bowl.

"It's got a crack plumb acrost it. I just keeps it because ole Miss gib it to me. It was ole Mistiss' bowl an' her Ma's, an' her gran' Ma's befo' her."

"I knew it," exclaimed the visitor. "I knew it was old and had a history the moment I saw it. I can always tell. Would you sell it? Are you—poor?"

"Wellum,—eh, not to say poor. I've got a boy in de law——"

"Oh!" said the lady, "then you are all right. But perhaps you would sell the bowl anyhow?"

Aunt Emmeline had honestly meant to add "office," but the visitor had shut her off. "It's de law anyhow," she consoled her conscience, "it's de law if it's made dar, an' it certain'y *are*. So Bob *am* in de law, an' I ain't tol' no story. '"

"Wellum," she went on, aloud, in response to the visitor's inquiry; "I'd sell de bowl, yessum. But dar ain't any top to it, an' de ladle done been lost for twenty years an' mo'."

"Well, what shall the price be?" The lady looked tenderly at the blue china. Really, it wasn't worth a picayune; still—well——

"Am it worth a dollar?" said Aunt Emmeline. "My little gal needs a pair o' shoes, an' if you think it worth that much——"

"I'll give you five," said the visitor. "And I'll bring the money, and get the bowl to-morrow. Will that do? I didn't bring my pocketbook."

But the lady failed to call; instead she was called home, at the far East by a telegram that very night. Aunt Emmeline

watched vainly two long weeks for the good fairy who had raised her own price from one dollar to five. And every day of those two weeks she spent in fancying what she would buy with those precious five dollars!

At the end of the two weeks, another visitor at the same hotel had a letter from the lady collector who had at last be-thought herself of her bowl.

"I saw it in a cabin window," she wrote, "in the little negro settlement, Asia. And I have a five dollar option on it. Please purchase, and express same to me, C. O. D."

But when lady No. two made her appearance, and saw "the old cracked concern" she thought to do her friend a good turn and by not calling names "jew down" the owner.

"The price ob dat bowl, ma'm?"

Aunt Emmeline had a long old head; and if she wasn't precisely "quick at figgers" she was wonderfully alive as to results. "Two ob 'em after it," she surmised quickly; "one offers five dollars, two ought to double it. Well, ma'm, de price o' dat chany bowl am *ten dollars*."

Ten! The friend had stipulated five; this called for new instructions. "I will call again, or send," she said, as she took her departure. Then followed two more blissful weeks for the bowl's owner. She had ten dollars to spend; and she spent it royally to the last penny, at least ten times each day.

"Nemmine chillen," she consoled her little family; "we-all's gwine to git on if de haid ob de fambly *am* missin'. Jes you wait an' see. When mammy sell ole' Miss' bowl she gwine buy you-all a lot o' things; shoes an' hat, an' flannil, an' mebbly a turkey for Thanksgibbin, or Chis'mus anyhow. Jest you wait."

But lady No. two had to return home; her school would open in September. So she wrote the collector that the price had been advanced on "ole blue cracks" and her bowl called for ten dollars instead of five. And as she was leaving the springs, it would be best to get someone else to attend to the purchase.

She was sorry, etc., etc., etc., but she would hate to give ten dollars for such a mass of blue cracks and *moth eaten rubbish*.

Moth eaten rubbish! the lady No. one was a born collector. Four days later the Honorable Percival Denton had a letter from his cousin Sally Denton in Massachusetts. It said:

"I saw a blue bowl in a cabin window, in Asia. You know Asia 'on the other side the creek.' It was the first little log house by the footbridge. The woman of the bowl was a large, very dark old woman, who spoke of 'ole Miss,' and who had a son in the law, and that is all I can tell you in the way of identification. But the bowl needs no identifying, there is but one in Asia. I doubt if there are two like it in the world. The price is ten dollars, please get, and send it to me by express."

"Why that's Aunt Emmie," said the Honorable; "consequently it must be Aunt Emmie's bowl. I'll ask her about it next time she comes."

She came the next Saturday with his laundry.

"Aunt Emmie," said the attorney, "I want that blue bowl in your window."

Aunt Emmeline almost fell over into her own clothes basket, but she had done some pretty brisk calculating in the meantime.

"Thar then," she told herself. "Dar's somefin in dat chany bowl, I tell you. Can't fool dis nigger if she *don't* know nothin'—No, *sah*."

But for all her agitation she turned a very calm front to the last would-be purchaser of her treasure.

"Well, Marster," she began, "dar's a sight o' focks after dat bowl. It belonged to ole Miss onc't, an' it's mighty handy for keepin' beeswax an' watermillian seeds in. I ain't gwine sacrifice it, dat's sartin. But den agin, me an' de chillen bleegeest to live somehows, an' you know de backbone o' de fambly am gone now, an' so I'll sell de blue chany bowl for sebenty-five dollars, an' I wont take nar' cent less for it."

The attorney whistled, bit his under lip, then broke into a

loud, ringing laugh. Then it entered his head to play a practical joke upon his visitor.

"I can't buy it Aunt Emmeline," said he. "I am just a poor lawyer. It is a treasure, I've no doubt, but your price is too steep for me. But I tell you what. I have a friend in Massachusetts who adores old relics like yours. I'll write her about this one, and let you know what she says. She's rich you understand. Has fads and can afford to humor herself in them. We'll see if we can't sell her the bowl. I know she will want it and we'll make her pay for it, too. She can afford it. I'll write this very night." But he didn't. He went to his club and forgot it. But Aunt Emmeline didn't forget. She didn't forget that this "friend" of his made another applicant for "ole Miss' bowl" either. For as she was leaving the office she turned in the doorway and said:

"Marse Percy, you tell dat ar lady in Massa—Massa——"

"Chusetts," said the Attorney.

"Yes, sah; tell her she can hab de bowl, because I's a lone widder woman wid——"

"The controlling interest of the establishment gone?"

"Yes sah, you might add dat, for dat's de fact. We's sort o' scrimped some sometimes; although we holds our huids up, so to speak. An' tell her de price o' ole Miss' blue chany ole Virginny bowl am one hundred dollars; yes, sah!"

"I let it go too cheap," she told herself when once away from the office. "I ought to a said a hundred an' ten. But nemi-ne. Dat'll buy we-alls lots; dat it will."

That night it snowed, for the summer had ended long ago, and the naked dogwoods rattled their branches in close proximity to the shaking, bare maples, and all Asia huddled about their fires, sang songs, shivered with cold, went hungry to bed and laughingly joked one another about the great things they meant to do another summer when the "Spring's laundry" came their way again.

In Aunt Emmeline's cabin the fading fire flickered across the



bare floor; the rich, red glow darting here and there among the shadows found the deeper richness of the old blue bowl and left a scarlet kiss upon the purple figures on its face. Aunt Emmeline's eye caught the shifting colors and her heart revived. She had been bathing a pair of brown, frost-bitten feet on the trundle bed in the corner. Another pair, stockingless and bearing the bruise of many a stone were stretched, sole upward, to the red coals in the fireplace.

"Nemmine," said the mother, "when mammy sell de bowl she gwine buy, *fast thing*, a pair o' shoes for her chillen. A pair all round. An' some stockin' too, black ones, with long legs to 'em."

"I want raid ones, mammy," the boy on the trundle bed lifted himself on one elbow; what was frost bite to him with castles building. "May I have raid ones for mine, mammy?"

"Bofe; raid *an'* black."

"I don't want black, mammy; I want raid ones. Can't mine be raid, mammy?"

She caught the tremor that betokened tears, in the voice, and said quickly:

"Raid ones? Dat you can. *All* raid with ribs to 'em, an' retchin' plumb ober de knees."

The boy sank back upon his pillow of packed, hard cotton.

"Black ones make my laigs look like a nigger," he said, by way of explanation as to his preference, after which he lay quiet while the ebony castle builder in the fading firelight proceeded to describe the airy structures building upon the foundation of the old blue bit of Virginia china.

"An' when we git all clothed an' fed right good mammy gwine straight down and buy herse'f a carpet, an' a sho nuff bedstid for her chillen to sleep in. An' we'll fling dis here trunkle bed out'n de door. Dat we will. An' she'll have a hath rug for de parlor, an' a screen for de fireplace nex' summer, an' a white comb an' brush for de bureau, an' a lookin' glass to see how to put her bonnet on when she goes to meet'n.

Dat she will. We-alls got to keep we-all's haid's up even if de foot an foundation ob de fambly *am* gone."

And in the glorious pictures that her fancy painted they fell asleep, happy, hopeful, silently trusting their future to the sale of the wonderful blue bowl.

The winter passed, and the inhabitants of the cabin in Asia, cheered and comforted with visions of the day when their treasure should have been properly and profitably disposed of, rejoiced to see the earth grow green again with the new spring. One Sunday afternoon when the sun shone warm upon the hills, Mrs. Emmeline Bob arrayed herself in her dress of mourning and gathering her flock about her, went for a walk through the graveyard.

"I ain't seen your pappy's grave since fall," she told them. "An' that ain't showing ob de proper respect for de chief stone o' de building, dat it ain't."

It was a restful spot on the low green banks of the Elk. Aunt Emmie stood among the graves of her dead; three husbands, father and mother, four sisters, twin brothers, and seven children. She glanced toward the grave of the late departed "tower of strength" and sighed:

"Yer Pappy need a tombstone mighty bad," she said. "Dat grave look sort o' neglectful, it do." Her youngest pulled at her skirts:

"Mammy, don't tudders need one too? Our udder Pappys?"

"Yes, dey do, but de-all been daid mighty heap o' years now, and dat makes it different. Your Pappy he ought to hab a monermint——"

She stopped, gasped and exclaimed:

"Mammy's mighty glad she ain't sold dat blue chany bowl o' ole Miss'. Dat she am. Why dat bowl's got to buy your pappy's tombstone, dat's what. An',—fo' gracious if it can't dest as well buy 'em for *all* my folks." The thought was an inspiration. She went home fairly rejoicing in the good luck that still left her the bowl. And what a sight that corner of the

graveyard would be when her array of white monuments should have been erected. So full of it was she that on entering her cabin, she seized the precious relic and held it aloft for the admiration of her household.

"Look at it, honeys," she exclaimed. "It am we-alls fortune, sho's you born."

There was a pull upon her skirts, something jarred her elbow, and the blue china tureen fell to the floor, bumping, as it went, the knees and broad, soft foot of its owner. The bumping saved it somewhat, though it lay upon the floor in three separate pieces.

"Dar, now."

The exclamation came from every member of the household, at one and the same moment. Gone! *All* gone!

"Pick up de pieces, son," that was all she said.

What words could do the subject justice indeed. "Pick up de pieces an' lay 'em away."

But with the coming of summer came the visitors to the Springs, and the first, original only, if somewhat mixed and duplicated applicant for the blue china bowl. It was one morning in May that she knocked at the cabin door.

"Well, Auntie, have you still got the blue tureen, from old Virginia?"

Aunt Emmeline shook her head. "Nothin' but cracks, honey," said she, with a sigh. "An' so mighty many a-wantin' ob hit dat somehows de price never could seem to go high enough."

Here she proceeded to give her visitor the history of the bowl's popularity, the offers it had had, the amount of each, the long hard winter, the castles built, the monuments erected, and the sudden sharp collapse of all. And when she had finished the visitor laughed and laughed *and* laughed. Laughed until the tears came, and the hiccoughs.

"Let me see the pieces," said she. "Oh! just as I hoped, the

same old cracks are here. What was it mended with, Aunt Emmie?"

"Peach tree glue, Ma'm, an' it held tolerable well at fust."

"*Just* tolerable," said the lady. "For these are the same old breaks, Aunt Emmie, with one little exception. Your bowl has only parted in falling, not broken again." And she took out her pocketbook.

"I couldn't stand for the monuments," said she, "but Mr. Denton has told me something of the blue tureen's adventures, and of your offer to me for one hundred dollars. For it *was* to me, Aunt Emmie. So I have brought your the hundred. Is it a sale?" Aunt Emmie had learned the value of "a bird in the hand." There was something suspiciously prompt in her reply, and that without one slight attempt to raise the bid.

"Yes Ma'm. For dat hundred in yo' hand de blue chany bowl am yo'en. An' I ain't axin nair cent for de cracks nuther; *not nair blessed cent.*"

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

TITTLBAT TITMOUSE. Abridged from Doctor Warren's Ten Thousand a Year. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. Pp. 464. Price \$1.50. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The novelist of the good old days of Thackeray and Dickens, catered to a taste that called for long drawn out details. The public seemed to enjoy lingering over the creation of their novelists as they love to linger over their port. Doctor Samuel Warren humored this weakness, giving it full bent when he wrote that interminable three-volume novel "Ten Thousand a Year." The book is a work of imaginative power. Some of its characters are wonderful creations, and in spite of its verbosity, it is a volume that has the elements of greatness and permanency; only its bulk weighed it down, for, though it was all the rage in England in the early forties, running through many editions, later generations have given it library room, but its pages have been little thumbed save by the elder members of the family circles. Its formidable length dismayed the younger readers; for more and more we have come to demand brevity in our novels. Doctor Warren and Maurice Hewlett best represent the radical change in popular taste.

Now, however, the present generation will be enabled to heartily enjoy Doctor Warren's really great work, for, thanks to Cyrus Townsend Brady, the three volumes have been boiled down to one good-sized book, and what is more, the work has been greatly strengthened by the change. It is a judicious abridgment instead of the ordinary unsatisfactory condensation. Indeed, there are not more than three pages all told that are new matter or where the verbiage of Doctor Warren has been in any way altered, and so discriminating has been the editing that all that is finest and most delightful and vital in "Ten Thousand a Year" has been preserved. We predict for this volume a wide sale, for now that it is brought within reasonable length, its merits should secure for it a large and sympathetic public.

*Books intended for review in *THE ARENA* should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

SHE THAT HESITATES. By Harris Dickson. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. Cloth Pp. 404. Price \$1.50. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Many readers of fiction are accustomed to turning to the romances of the elder Dumas and the other masters of the purely romantic school for relief from the taxing, wearing and perplexing cares of our prosaic and essentially materialistic business life. They find a needed change which the imagination and mental faculties call for in following the fortunes of the "Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Musketeers," "Henry of Navarre" and the ill-starred "Marie Antoinette." Perhaps it may be that these works act on the brain something as does transporting the reader into an unreal world, or a world in which the good and evil of life are exaggerated, a fairy-like world where great historic or imaginary characters are endowed with almost supernatural powers and virtues, but nevertheless, they do serve in a way to satisfy the imagination which calls for a change from the soul-dwarfing humdrum every-day existence with its sordid ideals.

Lovers of these romances will find a real treat in "She That Hesitates;" not that the author follows history as does Dumas, but in other respects, the story suggests this great master. It is well written, intensely interesting, abounding in spirited action, in exciting climaxes and highly dramatic situations. It is a story, that dramatized, ought to delight Mr. Hackett and his hosts of admirers. The scene is laid in the stirring period of Russian history, when the great Peter kept Europe in a constant furore. The hero is a French soldier of fortune, of noble descent. He has been banished, however, from France and has travelled much, serving the Governor of Louisiana on the one hand, and the Tsar of Russia on the other. The heroine, Princess Charlotte of Brunswick, is a charming character. She weds Alexis of Russia, and is brutally beaten and finally left for dead by her husband. She is restored, however, and finally with love to guide her, and a memory stronger than the fear of death, she finds her lover in far away Louisiana. At the moment of their meeting, he supposing her dead, is lost in contemplation of the beautiful picture of the Princess which he has painted. The volume abounds in contrast, and though there is much that is sad in the book, the ending will satisfy the most exacting romanticist.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

ON THE FRONT OF THE FIRING LINE:—A Happy New Year to all our readers! The ARENA opens its Thirty-first Volume with the determination to emphasize even more insistently than ever the cause of pure republicanism, or those fundamental principles upon which any true democracy must rest. It will be in the future, as in the past, bold, fearless and aggressive in combating imperialism, reaction and despotism, whether that despotism comes in the form of official or bureaucratic usurpation or in the form of monopolistic or plutocratic domination. Every effort to hark back to class rule and oppression in government will be strenuously opposed. To-day as never before since the passage of the infamous Alien and Sedition laws democracy calls for true statesmanship of the noble, unselfish, fearless and fundamentally sound and just character of which Thomas Jefferson was the most splendid example. To complete the battle which Jefferson partially won and to assist in the complete overthrow of the rule of wealth through monopoly interests and privilege should be the first duty of every true patriot; and in the furtherance of this great work the ARENA will ever be found on the front of the firing line. We rejoice to see that last year *McClure's Magazine* joined in the battle of the people against the triple alliance of reaction—the union of the machine, the boss and the corporations. Up to that time the ARENA had been the only leading magazine that had steadfastly and in an outspoken manner combated these evil influences. We are also pleased to note that *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* has just sounded the tocsin call. The magazines promise to be the hope of democracy, as were the daily papers the hope of emancipation and progress before predatory wealth gained control of almost all of these organs.

PROFESSOR PARSONS ON JUDICIAL SETTLEMENTS OF INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES:—Our leader this month is the opening paper of a series of extremely important contributions prepared expressly for the ARENA by Prof.

Frank Parsons on "Arbitration on Demand." The question considered is one of the most important before the American republic; one that directly interests every citizen, and no leading economist in the New World has made a more exhaustive study of the whole question than has Professor Parsons. In the preparation of his new book, on "New Zealand," he supplemented the knowledge which he had collected during his extensive travels in Europe and his studies in America on this subject, and the series of papers which are to appear in the *ARENA* will be the result of this study of arbitration in all parts of the civilized world. No student of social or economic problem in America can afford to overlook this series of papers.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF BRIBERY AND CORRUPT PRACTISES:—We first determined to divide our paper on "The Railroads, the Lawmakers and the People," into two contributions, on account of its length. On further consideration, however, we decided that it would be wiser to omit our editorials for this month and publish the entire discussion. For this reason, there are no editorials in this issue.

THE TRIBUTE TO COL. INGERSOLL:—In this number will be found an eloquent paper dealing with the life, genius and influence of the late Col. Robert. G. Ingersoll, prepared by one of the prominent physicians at our national capital. Doctor Kittredge is gifted with that rare felicity of expression that marked in a pre-eminent degree the orations and essays of the eminent agnostic whom he so greatly admires. Indeed, we have read nothing in recent years that so forcibly reminded us of America's most eloquent orator and prose poet as does this brilliant paper from the pen of Doctor Kittredge.

AN ORTHODOX ESTIMATE OF COL. INGERSOLL:—As we announced last month, Dr. Kittredge's paper is to be followed by a reply from the pen of the distinguished Methodist divine, James Boyd Brady, Ph.D., D.D., who will discuss the evils of agnosticism and the influence of Col. Ingersoll on the mind of the people as viewed by an orthodox clergyman.

MILITARISM AT HOME:—Special attention is called to the extremely suggestive and thoughtful paper by Mr.

Ernest H. Crosby on "Militarism at Home." We are at the parting of the ways and the friends of democracy or the old republican order must arouse from their lethargy and join in an aggressive warfare against the encroachments of reactionary plutocracy or our republic will speedily go the way of the republics of the past.

POE'S MISUNDERSTOOD PERSONALITY:—Doctor William Lee Howard, the talented author of "The Perverts" and one of the leading authorities on dipsomania and various nervous disorders in the medical profession, contributes a highly interesting and suggestive paper on "Edgar Allen Poe" which cannot fail to command general attention from thoughtful readers.

EVOLUTION'S TRIUMPH—MAN:—In a brief but very suggestive and interesting paper, Wilson R. Gay, Esq., writes on a subject that holds special fascination for the speculative mind,—the rise of life through the operation of law. The Great Artist-Artisan "working out marvelous results along a divine plan of a determined law." The author of this paper is one of the most prominent lawyers on the Pacific Coast.

A DAUGHTER OF TENNESSEE opens our series dealing with distinctly American present-day authors and their works which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1904. Among other early sketches will be one dealing with the brilliant and powerful young novelist, Jack London; and another will present the life and work of David Graham Phillips, whose "Golden Fleece" and "The Master Rogue" are two of the best satirical stories of American snobbery and the parvenu plutocrat that have appeared.

MISS DROMGOOLE'S STORIES:—Our series of twelve short stories from the brilliant pen of the gifted Tennessee author, Will Allen Dromgoole, which is to be a popular feature for THE ARENA for 1904, opens in this issue with one of Miss Dromgoole's inimitable sketches of negro life in Tennessee. Asia, a little colored settlement, has more than once been the scene of some of our author's most happy humorous stories. "The Blue China Bowl" will rank amongst the very best negro

sketches of recent years. Thousands of Americans will hail with pleasure the reappearance of Miss Dromgoole in the public print. In our judgment, she has no superior to-day in the ranks of the writers of short stories of Southern life.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON:—On account of the great length of some of the articles in this issue of *THE ARENA* the opening paper in Mr. Charles Malloy's brilliant series of essays on the "Poetry of Ralph Waldo Emerson" was crowded out. This paper, devoted to the "Sphinx," one of the greatest of Emerson's poems, will be a feature of the February *ARENA*.



KIND WORDS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

We have received a great number of letters commending the late issues of *THE ARENA*, and especially have the boldest and most outspoken papers been received with marked enthusiasm. To publish all these letters would require many pages. The following extracts, however, will give our readers some conception of the general tone and character of this correspondence:

"Your magazine contains the real democratic fire this month. The North Carolina Jefferson contributes a paper that is like Paul's letters, 'weighty and powerful.'"—James E. Free, Billings, Montana.

President Miller's paper on "The Bible Versus Plutocracy;" Judge Clark's contribution on "Old Foes with New Faces," and "Is the Republic Passing?" have been especially noted by correspondents, and what is quite noticeable, a large number of the letters received are from men who are foremost among the authoritative thinkers who represent progressive democracy and social advance in the United States. The following communication is from Professor Edward W. Bemis, Superintendent of Water Works, Cleveland, Ohio:

"I have been much interested in the articles by Prof. Miller in your September issue, Justice Clark in your October issue, and your own in the November issue. They ought to have a wide circulation. Many of the other articles which I have read of late in the *ARENA* are also most interesting and helpful; for example, the one by Mr. W. P. B.

Holmes in your November issue on 'Charles Francis Adams' Mistakes on Public Ownership.'"

The following words are taken from a communication from Prof. Frank Parsons:

"I want to congratulate you on the ARENA. It is growing steadily stronger. It is the only perfectly free magazine I know of on the great industrial questions. I regard your 'Is the Republic Passing?' as a masterly piece of work, simple, direct, thoughtful and thought compelling, peaceful, energy directing; the danger not over stated, the remedies clearly presented. I have seen nothing so good on this momentous question. I am delighted with the November ARENA and with the ring of the manager's opinion. He is the right stuff."

The following is from the well known Boston clergyman, the Rev. Hiram Vrooman, President of the Co-Workers' Fraternity:

"Your article, 'Is the Republic Passing?' which I have just read in the ARENA, has the full proportions of greatness. You establish the fact that your subject is of inestimable importance. Your facts are powerful and their effectiveness is augmented by wholesome conservatism in expression. The article should be circulated widely by pamphlet and by being copied by the reform press, for it is calculated, as nothing else of its brevity that I know of is, to awaken a new and livelier patriotism.

"Such articles lead us to look to the ARENA with expectancy from month to month for the real and genuine instruction that can help us to serve effectively in the work of bettering human conditions."

The Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, General Secretary of the New York State Conference of Religion, and Pastor of the First Congregationalist Church of Mount Vernon, New York, writes:

"Your November number is very strong. In my judgment, Judge Clark's in the October issue, and your own in the November are two of the very best things that have appeared."

The Rev. R. E. Bisbee, A. M., the scholarly New England Methodist divine, writes:

"The ARENA comes in new dress this month, modest, chaste, and very becoming. I am glad to find the magazine growing steadily more aggressive while retaining its fairness and candor. ARENA readers do not want rose water. I was especially pleased with your leader on 'Is the

Republic Passing?' It was the first article I read and I must say that it is strong and timely, well conceived and admirably executed. The entire number is up to the standard and in some respects superior. Taken as a whole, I think the ARENA to-day is at its highest level."

Here are some characteristic words from far-away Mexico:

"I more than rejoice that the ARENA has reached Mexico on its mission of human progress. We are subscribers and,—as who is not?—enthusiastic admirers of and believers in its teachings. I feel personally acquainted with you for I have been a reader of your publication since you first entered the field of literature."—Mrs. Marion Eggleston, San Potasi, Mexico.

Chief Justice Walter Clark, than whom there is no abler or braver champion of the cause of pure democracy or human rights on the judicial bench of the United States, has the following to say in regard to our paper on "Is the Republic Passing?"

"I congratulate you upon your very able article in the last number of the ARENA. The trying duties of editor have in nowise worn down your natural force and vigor which were never so striking as now."

These words fairly reflect the sentiment of scores upon scores of our readers and indicate how deep a hold THE ARENA is again taking upon the most thoughtful friends of social advance in the New World. No work is more necessary at the present crisis than out-spoken discussions, calculated to arouse the conscience of the leaders of thought throughout the nation, as in this way an irresistible reaction in favor of the fundamental principles of freedom, justice, and fraternity will be rendered inevitable. Every reader of THE ARENA has it in his power to aid in this most important work, by securing one or two subscribers from friends or by sending THE ARENA to acquaintances who may be unable to afford the magazine. No better New Year's present could be made to young men in colleges and schools than a year's subscription to this magazine. We urge persons who appreciate the importance of an educational agitation which will secure the principles of free government in a peaceful manner, to unite with us in doubling the circulation of this magazine during the month of January.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them." —HEINE.



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DIVINE IMMANENCE.

THE presses of Eternity printed a mighty volume known as Nature. The presses of Time printed another known as Bible. Some people deny the authority of the latter; we shall, therefore, use mainly the authority of the former. This gives them their own ground. We shall use also their most bepraised appliances, Science, History, Reason and Experience. This gives them their own instruments. With these they propose to subdue the Church; with these we hope to save them. Space need not be consumed in sabering the scouts of their army. As denial of the Deity is the column on which they hang their host, that we attack with the hope that when it falls they may escape. We shall say nothing bad of the dead; but address lovingly the living. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum: dum vivimus vivamus.*

Science shows the vital atoms all move as orderly as a well drilled army. *Protoplasm, protozoa, metazoa* are arranged in *lucidus ordo*. This is their established way of advancing. They persistently proceed through processes of multiplication, division, diversion and development ever struggling in orderly array toward perfection.

Biology proves that plants and animals alike are woven out of the first cell, by production of other cells which form the crea-

ture. Life begins in the germ cell, while the somatic cells build up the body of the individual. This Cytosoan plan is never broken. There is no infraction of this Cytologic law. Animated nature bears the initial germ through all grades. Protoplasm works at the base, man near the summit, and everything else between. Evolution is the track that runs through all. There being a track there must be a Traveler. If there is an orderly production, there must be an orderly Producer. If there is Method there must be a Methodizer.

The microscope shows the vital dot within the cell. This dot is capable of many vagaries, but something holds it true to type. The dot is the source of the egg. The egg of the hen, and the hen of other eggs that produce other hens like the first hen.

Nature presents antonyms as well as synonyms. Antagonisms are needful as protagonisms. Still the procession persists in proceeding orderly and for purpose. Nothing proceeds with aimless feet. Some One seems nearer to the Creature than the Creature to itself. Everything has the power of evil and good. The air by which we live may form the hurricane by which we die.

The Universe is moral and material. If produced by blind collision of atoms there could be no morality. All would be accidental. This is not the case. The Variability of Nature never overcomes the Ruler that holds her true to port. It is easier to think of this Ruler as an Infinite personality than as an Infinite Energy. Science requires a personality to save her own life. If she should die we should be slung into the Serbonian Swamp of Agnosticism which swallows erring travelers. But science never dies. From every inch of nature she lifts up her voice and in the ear of Reason pours her cry. The burden of that cry is "There must be the Infinite." The Earth's revolution producing night and day announces Him. The Earth's poise with pole to orbit's plane producing the seasons tells of Him. The girdling galaxies of shining worlds

sing of Him. The Evolutionary processes along which he works proclaim Him.

The variations of Nature are but incidents. The mighty worker is not lost in the magnitude nor multiplicity of His works. His Infinity fills Immensity. He is heading everything toward *The Ideal Goal*. Optimism is his great objective. Theories fail; but processes survive. These processes prove there is a government. That government proves there is a Governor. That Governor shapes his proceedings to supply Elevation to Sons and Elimination to rebels. The Evolution is toward Sonship that Nature at the top may know her Father. Evolution may guide the shuttle through the warp and woof of the Universe; but who guides Evolution? Evolution does not produce the Guide; but the Guide produces Evolution. As the eyeless Scolophthalmus cannot see the sun from the depths of the ocean, so the mental baby cannot see this Producer from the depths of doubt.

The laws of matter and of Spirit are not identic as Drummond thought. Though not identic they are similar. The greatest Teacher said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like" some things we know. Laws of Nature are prophetic of what the Almighty is producing. Products are preparatory not final. The preferential end is Spiritual. Every Creature from Euglena to Alcyone has its place in the procession.

As the Creator is not irregular so He is not indifferent. Every hair is "numbered." To know we need to look. He who understands Nature surveys her minute correlations as well as mighty evolutions. Only thus can he comprehend her great permeations and ultimate purposes. Hume confesses he "never read the Bible with attention." This unfortunately is the attribute of his tribe. The Agnostic does not know because he looks only at his specialty. He is an intellectual infant. Supreme reason and supreme science claim encyclopedic insight and oversight. More difficulties await solution in Science than exist between Reason and Religion.

Science is not dismissed because she leads to mysteries. Religion cannot be dismissed because she leads to Revelations. She has special revealments for her family. The greatest of these is The Presence divinely beautiful and infinitely terrible moving through all things, yearning after lost Humanity. Science through Nature points to man, man through Religion points to God, God through love points to Christ and Christ through the Holy Spirit points to Heaven.

Science shows an invincible force in the seed that keeps it faithful to itself. Changes cannot kill its loyalty. It holds excessive growth in check. It is gifted with intelligence that produces balance. Were this not so the human being might grow tall as Sequoia, to be swept by hurricane, or nose long as trunk of Elephant to be tweaked by traveler.

Every nursling too is gifted with such sense as enables it to select from vast variety its nutrition. Countless creatures exercise this wisdom. Whence this persistent discrimination? It is immanent not in one species only; but in all.

Not only does each creature keep its balance and know its nutriment; but each, after life's swirl is over, leaves its own preparation for future generations of its own kind. This is specially marked in humankind. No nation has come and gone without leaving foundation of ascent for the following. The march has been from barbarity to benignity, from passion to self-control, from Egotism to Altruism, from stupidity to sagacity. The struggle has been long and bloody; but each nation has left advanced footing for the next to proceed on. The Egyptians left appreciation of the human body. They embalmed it in sarcophagus and shrined it in pyramid. The Persians left appreciation of good and evil. They grouped good under Ormazd, bad under Ahriman. The Greeks left appreciation of ideal beauty. They portrayed her in sculptural curve and immortal verse. The Romans left exhibit of imperial law. Wherever the legions marched, the majesty of law marched also; and when they retired law held the field,

and holds it now. The Teutons left exhibit of eternal liberty. They worshipped in free forests canopied by boundless skies and through Teutonic love of liberty freedom spread and spreads. Man needed projecting prophecies to draw as well as propulsion to impel. The Hebrew supplied these prerogatives. The proclamations of his prophets. The forefiguring of his Temple. The adumbrations of his symbols awoke alert expectancies that had been but slumbering dreams. And when foreshadowings had lifted like mists from landscape the "Brightness of the Father's Glory" Emerged Incarnate. When the Church required recall from degrading deifics, the war-whoop rang from Mecca over a polytheistic people: "there is but One God" and divine Unity was restored. We now need contemplation to clasp us as earth the oak. Meditative Buddhists and Brahmans supply this service. We need inventive genius, wise engineering, rapid transit, through which we can quickly educate and evangelize the nations. Europe and America render these facilities. The Fultons, the Morses and the Fields have been, the Edisons, Bells and Marconies are, unconscious agents in throwing up the paths along which redemptive forces travel.

What a marvellous array of nations past, and passing, each leaving behind its special preparations for its successor, till now carried forward by each progressive epoch, the Church ushers in the Universal Brotherhood of man as preparation for Universal Fatherhood of God. Can educated mind be so obtuse as to see no plan, no guiding Intelligence in all this line of ever ascending progressions that focus on us? It surely is unscientific, unhistoric, unreasonable and contrary to experience that such an illustrious train of epochal events should by accident be held through the convulsions of ages and revolutions of nations, steadily true to one Grand Ideal; an Ideal to which all have, and are rendering tribute. No! The fusion of science, history, reason and experience into one great encyclopedic eye proclaims most emphatically that there must be a

Planner in the plan, a Proposer in the purpose, an Idealist in the ideal. That Infinite Direction must have been ever on the field. That the advance we have attained is due to the direction of the Infinite Director. Reason would shriek murder should we say that through the jarring dissonances of barbaric ages fickle chance or blind force had guided this human world from what it was to what it is. There can be no such result without competent cause, and such cause can be found alone in the wisdom of the Omnipotent Lover. The mind that in these lights cannot comprehend the certainty of the Divine Immanence must either still be in babyhood or else have an abnormal deficiency of pitiable proportions. This will appear more clearly as we proceed to unveil Divine supervision of nature.

We meet the law of mutuality in all departments of nature. No human household is so well adjusted for mutuality of service as the household of nature. Seas serve rivers; rivers, seas; suns, systems; systems, suns; man, mammals; mammals, man; your hand, your body; your body, your hand. Mutuality run through all. Did the law place itself there? How could it? Law is nothing but a name without a life behind it. Law must have an executive as well as initiative.

Scientists knock at the door of life in hope of finding this great Executive. In all the pathway from minutest molecule to mightiest monarch, they seek to scan the source that gives mutuality its beautiful adaptation to service. Door after door opens, fact after fact flashes, but no scoffing searcher has found the Author. As wisely take a microscope to find a star. True scientists see secular instruments cannot unveil spiritual beings. These appear not to eye of sense but to eye of soul.

Here is Berthollet armed with synthetic chemistry. Langley with bolometer. Röntgen with X-rays. Kelvin with electricity. Crookes with molecular physics. Thompson with ultra atomic state. Loeb with parthenogenesis. Hertz with oscillations. Lodge with wireless telegraphy. Becquerel with

radio-actives. Madame Curie with glowing radium. It is no disparagement to these scientists to say that by secular science alone they cannot find out God. No mere secular searcher can find Him even on the intro-active track of mutuality.

Marconi never could have drawn to himself the practise of wireless telegraphy by using one or two factors of that science. It was when he combined all the factors that he and others had discovered, he became pioneer and seer of the system. So all the factors of physical science fail to find the Deity; but when you put physical, mental and spiritual science together in one grand tri-unial eye than the universe glows with God. It is surely fair then that universal science should be applied to discover Universal Cause. Any other plan would be unscientific, unhistoric, unreasonable and contrary to experience. Therefore we use universal science for Universal Deity. When we do so science and salvation, history and humanity, reason and religion, faith and experience move together to make the grand Apocalypse that discloses the Infinite Worker and only thus through heaven and earth He is mirrored on the watchman's eye.

From bloodless ameba to blood-nourished man, look along the ever-evolving trail and see traces of him. Schleiden's cellular structure of plants and Schwann's cellular structure of animals show only one supreme worker in both kingdoms. As the biologist studies life cells, centrosomes, aster and chromosomes he discovers the marks of only one Mind. Methods of growth and adaptations of means to ends are the same or similar. Kindred testimony comes from astronomer. Balance, pose, motion, form, of the mighty worlds are the same or similar. Biologist working at life's smallest beginnings and astronomer at life's greatest products assure us all things bear the stamp of unity of Authorship.

Schopenhauer, Draper, Tyndale, Bradlaugh, Clifford, Buckner, Spencer, Virchow, Bunsen, Huxley, and even Haeckel

assure us of the reign of unity. But how could there be unity without a Uniter? The Unifier is indispensable to the unific. Therefore remand these tutors to strew their gathered flowers in the pathway of the Unifying King.

Scholarly partialists prove the only student who will not review his work with alarm is he who includes the revealed universe and not merely part of it in his contemplations. Take in creation and leave out the Creator, and you have a materialist. Take in the Creator and leave out creation and you have a fanatic. Take in both and you have a scholar, perhaps a gentleman. Fragmental thinking is treacherous, all including thought triumphant. The functions of every part of nature must be considered in relation to the whole. Then the voices of Christianity and of science blending in one majestic chime chant the Creator's praise.

When encyclopedic view is taken it is seen we are here by design, not forsaken derelicts floating on an aimless sea, but with a captain bound for port. The splendid array of benignant battle hosts are under an Infallible Director. Under his direction they point to present results as prefigurings of better things. A determinate course is before us. We may not move with mathematical precision as do the stars; but we are yoked to an overwhelming purpose. That purpose is harnessed to flinchless law, and that law to a glorious God, and that God moves amid atoms, molecules, elements, masses, nebulae, worlds, earth, seeds, vegetables, mammals, men. The progressive course of the God is as clear to an all-including thinker as turnpike to traveler.

Present presages point to benignant extension. This extension was in the Master's mind when he said: "Preach to every creature," and in Wesley's soul when he exclaimed: "The world is my parish." Preparations are evolving to elevate mankind to ideal existence. Nature, history, science, art, literature, rapid communication, join voices to call the wandering sheep "into one fold under one Shepherd." Mechanical

giants lift their voices toward the Christ and sing, "we have come to help to gather thy loved ones, Oh, Immanuel." Elevated laborers enfiladed on one side. Emancipated capitalists on the other; but in the center moves the Man with the pierced palm.

The gloomy background of Atheism and Agnosticism, wild with pretense and drunk with arrogance, forms a sad perspective for such superb display. A display not of regal pomp and tyrannic power, but of gleaming pity and Almighty Love. A display of light for the darkened, truth for the erring, rest for the weary, peace for the agitated, riches for the poor, power for the weak, liberty for the slave, pardon for the guilty, purity for the corrupted, home for the exile, and glory for the victor.

Heads in the sand cannot see; hearts on ice cannot feel these things. But infidelities are fated, church abuses are doomed. Divine-Heart coming is sweeping both away. There shall still be human leadership but it will be leadership of clear thinking, imperial planning, sterling execution, majestic loving and pure living. These are the forces that spring full armed from the battle drift.

The new leadership will educate the ignorant, rescue the drunkard, deliver the debauchee, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, visit the sick, improve the prisoner, ennoble sacrifice, cultivate sympathy, spread kindness, stamp out sin and zone the earth with the jubilations of an emancipated world. Nor is this rosy view written in out of Scripture only; but out of nature also.

Study nature's heart. There vicariousness nestles in the arms of substitution. If one physical member (as a lung) is destroyed the other becomes enlarged and tries to do the work of two. If sight is gone other senses grow more acute. If mother's babe is in agony, her own suffering is intense. She suffers for it by night; sorrows with it by day; makes herself uneasy that it may be easy; sick that it may be well. Vicarious

vitalization works in ten thousand forms in phenomena of nature. It is an indestructible energy working from nature's breast. It shines like a jewel of hope before the eye of suffering. It is so eager that it ripens into sacrifice, then into service, and next into rapture. Here in nature lies the prophetic angel that calls for Calvary. All vicarious voices join in chorus at Golgotha. It may be suffering bird, beast, man. The whole creation clusters there, because it is thence the last great evolutionary march begins toward most vital values.

Evolution, as the medium in preparatory period, produced germs, cells, tissues, and all kinds of physical life. Here God's mediumistic work by evolution is but well begun. Its march henceforth is to be productive of ever increasing values. It has produced body and mind. It is producing rescued spirits. These are most vital values. The struggle has been complex and sometimes retrogressive. Still nature's laboratories are all working toward one unique result. That result is victorious soul. That soul is found in perfected men. They are the real aim of nature in Christ. Here is creation's climax. The path along which the purpose to complete men has come has been labyrinthine, pathetic, tragic. It is red with richest blood. But man, aiming at perfection, is here. Everything in heaven and earth has been mulcted to produce him. Well may Avon's bard exclaim: "What a piece of work is man?" Pure personality for man is nature's problem. He is hampered with such hindrances that pure individuality demands sternest fighting. Best personality is the prize. All else accessories. The strenuousness of the fray is on. Man must fight to find himself and next fight his way out. Then he must lose himself and fight his way up. But it is the fight that purifies and toughens him as the factory steel.

Science shows if desire exist, the object of desire exists also. If southern wild fowl desire cooler clime it here awaits them. If they wish warmer weather, in the south it is at their service. Hence the bird processions and recessions. Examples of

the same principle of demand and supply are everywhere. The law is that where there is a strong demand there is a full supply. Thus balanced nature is kept even. Apply this principle to spiritual products. No man has demonstrated so clearly as Herbert Spencer that religious desire exists from wigwam to palace. Does nature mock her children only here? Perish the thought! Here is the tenderest, truest, most stupendous desire of man. Shall all else be supplied he desires, and that which is most central to him be denied? To assert so would not only be unscientific but be the one fathomless fissure in the frame of nature. There is no such chasm of despair, except to the incorrigible.

The cry of man from shack to palace is for a Father, and nature never could have placed that cry within the heart of humanity if there were no Father. Thus, then, nature, reason, science proclaim a loving Fatherhood supplying physical, intellectual and religious desire throughout the universe. For this Fatherhood hidden in its mysterious nurseries "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now" waiting for the revealing of the Sons of God. Denial of such Fatherhood is but another name for petulant arrogance, and indifference to it but another word for mental deformity. Inspiration flows from knowledge. No one can know without being inspired, if his knowledge is fundamental and complete.

There is in the germ a guiding power no microscope can unveil. In this unseen power lie life's determinants. Food, climate and environments are powerful, but cannot change the character of an organism. That character is given by the Great Unseen. Reason, therefore, compels us to believe there is Someone behind evolution, natural selection and character ordering life's determinants. "Natural selection" is only a principle, evolution is only a method, character is only a result. Behind and in these lie the unknown life determinants; but where there are determinants there must be a Determinator. This Determinator like the soul of Socrates can neither be

caught nor killed by Athenian-Liliputians. Agnosticism, Atheism and every other Antagonism has as little effect against Him as wolf-wail against starry sky. Can we believe radium flings emanations 100,000 miles per second, without losing its essence, and yet not believe that there is an Eternal Intelligence sending out his radiants without losing Himself in his own Epiphanies? If so truly the miracle of unbelief is much more superstitious than the miracle of faith.

The fact is, man is escaping to perfect conditions. That escape means promotion, and that promotion will be equal to his value. It is unscientific to say "death ends all." Death is but a greater beginning. Man may die to make way for successors. But that is not the primal purpose. He dies to ascend a higher sphere, and make way for higher species. Evolution knows no cessation. God is in it, and it is going on because He is going on. The grave is one of its darkest yet brightest gateways. The Bible is the most evolutive book. The Christ is the most evolutive Personality. The Book and He hold forth everlasting life. That means everlasting evolution. Here we are more evolutional than the evolutionists.

Retgression is only a preparation for re-progression. Atavism and Metabolism impede not the main drift of the major stream. The stream of tendency is ever forward, because the Father is in the stream. Decay of Memphis, Babylon, and Nineveh means not the ruin of civic architecture. Grander cities now are here and grander ones are coming. Men fall; but the race goes on with the advancing God. Consciousness is child of unceasing change. Evil is necessary to give change full swing. Bacteria of destruction are needful to give free force to centrosomes of construction. That construction is ever pressing through débris of battle to give fair play to religious instinct. This is the most cheering factor in evolution. It leads to the sublimest output. That output is Christianity: Christianity is the final science.

Amid the war of attritions Darwin noticed "Survival of the

fittest" lifting itself aloft in the battle like Achilles amid Homeric heroes. He traced it in pursuit till it slew its Hector. He also noticed the prevailing principle of "Natural Selection;" and as Agamemnon Nestor he made it the sage of his battles. He said: "The intellectual faculties have been gradually perfected through natural selection;" "Social qualities were no doubt acquired through natural selection." "Had he (man) not been subject to natural selection he would never have attained the rank of man." Agnostics are astounded to find that here religion meets science. To their discomfiture and dismay they hear science and Christianity speaking with the same harmonizing voice.

Little did Mr. Darwin and his sympathizers dream that he was bringing forth a bulwark for Christianity. Yet so it is, and here it is. The law of natural selection scientifically demonstrates that the natural tendency is for beings of the same nature to select the fittest environments and nutriments. That is the surroundings and energies that suit best their development. That is precisely what we claim. God is the Spiritual Creator. Man is the Spiritual Creature. Therefore, on the principle of "natural selection," what else can man reasonably do, than choose his Father, and what other can that Father naturally do than select man His child. By natural selection God gravitates man-ward. By natural selection man gravitates God-ward. They meet. They rejoice. The erring prodigal has found his home by "natural selection." This is the finished goal of struggling life. This is the end of all the conflict so far as science has revealed an end.

Space forbids multiplication of examples, but in justice it should be said that having analyzed Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and the prominent naturalists of France and Germany who are on the Atheistic and Agnostic side, much to my delight I discover that they have been unconsciously quarrying stones from the great mine of nature, that with proper placement can immensely help the rising fabric of Christianity.

Man is unfinished. Nature, law, art, education, civilization are at work upon him, but the finishing process comes through Christ. Man has passed through physical, intellectual and moral evolution. He is passing through spiritual evolution. This passage is final. It is the end toward which other evolutions aim. The aim has been diverted by moral aberrations, but always comes back to focus. It is the one purpose that brooks no defeat. It proceeds through all things like a river to its mother sea. Its bosom is shining with aspiring spirits. It rushes through death undaunted as through harmless canyon. It creates hunger for immortality. It rests not till it enspheres us within The Holy. It points to the tragic drama behind and to the promised paradise before. What is this strange and mighty stream of tendency? Science says it is Divine Immanence. No authority can gainsay the deliverances of absolute science.

Thinkers need not now point to the Bible only to prove an Almighty Saviour. Science does that conclusively. She shows God is working the universe to promote his children. He is doing so with accelerating rapidity. The revelations of the past have attention; but the revealings of the present have assertion. The revealments of to-day are brighter than those of yesterday. There are more, in the divine procession, than at any other period. There are freaks in nature and parthenogenesis is one of them. There are occurrences in grace to which this is analogous; but the eternal purpose moves ever on through eddies, reefs, retrogressions and abnormalities.

Physical worlds roll beyond our senses; artificial eyes discover them. Spiritual worlds float around us; spiritual eyes discern them. We cannot see a microbe through a telescope. The instrument must be adjusted to the object. Material lens for material inspection. Spiritual lens for spiritual discovery.

Aristotle, the ancient, and Nägeli, the modern, noticed a principle making for completion in Nature. They could see that by observing the growth of plant or mammal. But he

who will observe the principle in the Supernatural that makes for perfection has a different problem. He himself must be supernatural else the vision evades him. He only who rises into the supernatural till he is supernaturalized, sees the supernatural. He sees cosmic and spiritual processes, pregnant with a principle that makes for perfect persons. The persons are moral, ethical, spiritual.

There are perfections lying beyond toward which we are going; but we do not yet know them. What we see is small compared with what we are to see. We shall not be out of blindness till out of body. Then "we shall know."

While enticed by entrancing visions before, we should not discount important unveilments behind. We have no right to say events never happened because they do not happen now. No man can tell how many strange things the Creator used to arrest attention and create confidence in his kindergarten classes. Stupidity was great and ignorance dense, in those early days when our ancestors were savages in primeval jungles. And we know not to what object lessons our Father may have resorted in training those savages. We were not present when the miraculous events occurred, and, if they are sufficiently supported by results, who are we that we should impugn them? What had reason for taking place may have taken place. And from this distance it is arrogance to deny that which nobody has knowledge enough to know. There is enough to know you can know, and it is unscientific to pretend to know what you cannot know. This is hypocrisy and ought to be hung. If you do not hang it, it will hang you. Many a conscienceless carper is weaving his shroud who ought to be working his shift.

Evolutionary forces focalize upon the human procession. That procession focalizes on Creation's King. All tends to man, man tends to God. Apply adaptive vision and this appears. Apply unadaptive and it disappears. The foolish thinker refuses adaptive lens and loses this great sight. Like the mollusk

he is an Agnostic, because he uses a pinhole for an eye. Evolution of full-orbed eye is a long journey from that pinhole. No eye is full-orbed that is not spiritual.

He who with full-orbed eye looks through appointed spectroscope can see not only directive trend, but also directive Immanence. Every honest effort to be and do right develops sight. Every determination to be and do wrong, befilms it. The voice of the upper Universe cries "be clean." The faith that fathers goodness is good for everything. Salvation and shamming are not synonymous. No true salvationist serves for either display or revenue. Salvation is not a bargain, but a banquet. It sheds divine Immanence as rose fragrance or sunset color. Salvation and superstition are antonyms. Superstition uses means and money to spread selfishness. Salvation uses means and money to spread Brotherly Kindness. To this the world is slowly but surely turning. Humanity is acquiring a new equipment for extending the heart of the Galilean. The Bush of Moses flamed with an awful angel. The Bush of Current Events flames with a glorious Deliverer. Duty is the path that leads to the loftier liberty. That path lies through common events. Doing good to others that they may compensate us, is not duty on the higher level. That is selfishness and belongs to the lowest life. But doing good to others not expecting good from them, but for them, is duty in the upper life.

This upper life like every other comes by experience. No man can know it but by personal experiment. And yet speculators profess to know what only experimentalists can know. Herein is seen the brazen folly of Agnosticism. Her votaries declare none can know because they (for sooth) do not know. Here Agnostics brand Gnostics as superstitious. Come close and see. You require a chemist to judge of chemistry, astronomer of astronomy, biologist of biology, electrician of electricity. Why not require a Christian to judge of Christianity?

You would pronounce a geologist insane who would say

there is no such science as Algebra simply because he does not see it on his chisel. How much more insane the man who says there is no Science of Christianity, simply because he cannot find it in his blasphemy? Salvation is neither a supposition nor a superstition. It is a science because it is knowable; but like knowledge of every other science it can only be known by using the laws by which it uncovers. Herein it exhibits what may be called the modesty of nature.

Let any undemented Atheist or Agnostic come into the Christian laboratory. Let him experiment according to the laws. Let him put himself into the crucible. Let him persist in personal prayer and faith till the fires of truth fuse him and the spirit of God fills him. Let him plead till he is charged with Dynamics of Pentecost. Now he has gone through the test. He has made experiment. He has, he is, the result. And what saith the result. It declares Salvation satisfies because it saves. This is the testimony of every testifier who has complied with the conditions and gone through the experiment. All we claim for Christianity is the same sincere experimental test accorded other sciences. It is a science that deals with the highest values. Creator by Creation, long had labored to bring it forth. The purpose is to produce the greatest beings and give them greatest glory. Surely the purpose is sublime. Thoughts fail to conceive; words bend beneath its grandeur. The matchless mechanism of the evolutive machine is complex; but the divinity works all its parts to one grand end.

The Church is the part that lays hold of the children as they come crying along the evolutive path, with naught to help them but a cry. They require enswathing, education and evangelization. But when perfected they are Creation's peers.

Secular science is sagacious, but it can only explain what it sees. It cannot see the invisible Father at work any more than it can see the life of a germ, therefore it cannot explain Him. There had to be unveiling. That disclosure fittingly

does not come to mental, but to spiritual science. Mental science lives next door to spiritual science but occupies a different realm. The one has headquarters in the head. The other headquarters in the heart. The science of Christianity aims directly at life's citadel. That captured all else follows.

The Father is moving forward on nature, the machine. If you want to know whither, don't ask the machine ask its Master. If you come close He will tell. If you stay far off you shall not know till you arrive. The place of arrival may not suit. Better find out and secure assurance of right station. If you try to drive the Master from the machine it will not be well. Why should it be? What right have you to ignore the only one who is managing this mighty mechanism always in your interests. Every motion is to make flowers of promise and fruits of goodness spring up within you. Every rosy morn rises with a tongue that says let selfishness and sin be slain, and the life of the Galilean live again in thee. In answer to the call millions rise full armed in virtue's panoply. Is blind force the Father and mute matter the Mother of these ascending heroes? Can such parentage produce such progeny? Reason rising on her throne shouts No! Her voice is joined by the chorus of a million worlds.

Modern Agnostics have drawn many from scientific faith. They have confirmed others in unreasonable unbelief. They have paralyzed the piety of some and sent them out on tempest's sea of Death. But this is only one side of the shield. They also have roused theologic thinkers to slough off effete encumbrances and re-align essentials. They have stirred most advanced Christians to re-examine the firm foundations of their faith. They have stung sluggish souls to go out in quest of truth, and they are coming home with science, history, reason and experience shining as trophies on their shields. Modern Infidels confirmed the love of millions for Gospel truth by an exhibit of the inane folly and stupid incapacity of Agnostic and Atheistic errors. Infidels have turned students into mas-

ters and masters into giants who now arise in all parts of Christendom to invest humanity with an intelligence that ushers the universal race toward the Universal Christ. Thus the supreme One uses the late Agnostic vauntings to rouse the royal guards to re-enforce their fortresses, supplement their bulwarks, and sound the trumpets of advance.

The constructive higher critics are advance couriers calling on the troops to turn from non-essentials and rally round the stainless plume of the advancing King. The King shines most resplendently with shadows swept away. If there be myths remand them to the rear to form contrast and perspective for the truth. As diamonds sparkle in proportion to the clean cut clarity of their facets, so the clear crystals heaven-given lustrate in ratio as fungosities are carved away. Higher critics may cause retrogression, but that will result in re-progression that will carry the procession farther on and up; and when the skies have cleared it will be seen more than ever that it is not Moses, David, Isaiah, nor Daniel, but the Christ that saves the world.

There can be no catastrophe to Christianity. The moulding forces of Creation march for its enthronement under the banners of the Almighty. Critics now and then, here and there, will make the march animating. Ever persistent omnipotence pervades the procession. The Almighty movement will swallow the conscienceless critics as Atlantic Atlantis. And yet honest criticism is essential to progress and improvement. As when a fire with tongues of wrath licks up an American city; squalid rookeries are speedily replaced by splendid palaces. So after the fires of criticism consume worn out platitudes the people rear on the ruins a magnificent and all subduing style of salvation. Before its tremendous sweep, learned doubt departs, captious carping dies. Unbelievers themselves are forced with their own Bolingbroke to say, "No religion ever appeared whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind." Even Mr. Ingersoll him-

self, with the memory of his Christian father and mother glimmering in his heart beside his brother's grave, touchingly exclaimed: "In the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." This shows how vain vaunting vanishes in presence of the test and of the tomb. Any man may be safely challenged to give a scientific fact that does not support salvation or a salvational fact that does not support science. They fit and coöperate not in identic, but in adaptive ways, as train and track. When we say this much we are to be judge of what is science and what is salvation. Science and salvation are misrepresented. A Hebrewist may be an Elohist or Jehovist a post-Exillic, or pre-Exillic, a rampant believer who accepts everything, or a stickling carper who accepts nothing. But in either case he is not a scientist. He is a speculationist, and speculation is not science. Or he may be an investigator but investigation is not science. The scientist is a seer who sees around, under, over, into, and through his theme. He knows every part, and relation of every part, to every other part, and of each part to all and of all to each.

This thoroughness must be employed in gaining knowledge of the Divine Immanence. The simplest Christian knows God because he feels Him in his heart. This is about all the evidence he can give and it is good evidence. But when we go out of our heart experience, into the vast universe, in quest of God to demonstrate his personal existence, then we have a different problem. The ancients appreciated its difficulty. But modern searchers have many means of vision, of which the ancients knew nothing. Just as the modern astronomer has advantages over the ancient astrologer, and modern chemist over the archaic alchemist, so modern theologians have many lustrous lights of which ancient theists were unconscious. In the light of recent science they can see evidences of the Divine Immanence working along ever evolving lines with perfect plan in coherent order. They can see evidences of Him

marshalling the vast varieties of this creation so well and wisely that they are mutually sustaining and beneficial. They can see Him guiding human processions so skillfully that they advance to constantly accumulating values. They can behold Him, despite all aberrations, so specializing each specimen that it persists in continuing true to type through all changes. They can trace Him endowing each creature with such selective skill that it recognizes its own nutrition and appropriates it when it comes. They can discover Him keeping His creation so full of supplies that they are equal to the demands of hungry billions. They can admire Him conveying these supplies through such vicarious methods, as holds the universe in balance and at the same time strengthens the weak, through the strong, and the strong through self-sacrificing service. They can descry Him as He adjusts the mechanism of nature so divinely that the fittest are promoted and the falsest eliminated by the resistless action of His Cosmic forces. They can discern Him making man's perfection His *Final Aim*, taxing earth and heaven to purify and promote him to creation's throne. They can behold him focusing from eternity creation's love-lines upon humanity, till at length, emerging from gloom of moral wreckage, human beings behold their capacity for ethical grandeur, and spiritual splendor. They can adore Him as they survey Him from the profound abyss of His boundless Love, sending his Best Beloved to lift man to such supernatural summit as prepares him to make his final leap into the bosom of the Eternal Lover. All these the modern enlightened theologians see through the telescopes of the Agnostic and if the Agnostic will look through the right end of his instruments, he can see the same sights also. If such disclosures flow from the head-lights of the sceptic, what transfiguring visions flash from the heart-lights of the Christian? For, like an ocean of ever oncoming glory, the Divine Immanence comes nearer and nearer, spreads wider and wider, grows deeper and deeper, rises higher and higher, bearing on its Benevolent Bosom the

faithful to Eternal Life. Before this Most Wise, Mighty and Loving Presence, who can help exclaiming in raptuous exultance, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways thou King of Saints." "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness for His wonderful works to the children of men."

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BEAUTY AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

BEAUTY is a transcendent power, a marvelous fact which in the analysis of its principles and workings compels us to extend its wonderful influence over all nature, and all human nature's characters, experiences and self-expression, whether in material, intellectual or emotional realms. It is so obviously present and insistent in nature that every season compels us to recognize it, and even fly to its fields to get healing and refreshment for body and soul. It is entering our homes, tastes, manufactures, by a hundred doors and an inevitable law of necessity and progress. Its powers effect the very sinews of our creative and competitive abilities, alike in culture, commerce and manufacture; and nations are hastening to acquire its immense aid in the skilled arts.

Now will the study of art in all its skilled branches benefit the worker and his social status, as well as the work he produces by it? Ruskin and Morris vigorously maintained, Yes. It was because I so read history and the trend of inherent eternal principles that I, personally, consecrated my life and capacities to do what I could in the educational line for our country. In this conviction, for a quarter of a century I have trained up many hundreds of earnest, noble-minded and skilled workers in its many fields, and lately published "The Gate Beautiful" to help on public comprehension of the issue.

But there are those who say that the possession of public taste and skill did not save Greece or Italy from ultimate social wreck. I will go further and say that the possession of no one social virtue or excellence will, alone, permanently preserve a state, *especially if society allows class injustice to exist unremedied*; for it is the very presence of social and economic wrong and the becoming indifferent in reference to public

crime, that generates decay. But I believe the presence of the principles of good taste, beauty and efficient production delayed the destruction that was coming in by other doors.

Beauty and art certainly do not of themselves necessarily remove the cancer of injustice in society and legislation. They may at times be misused even to the covering and cloaking of decay. Nor do they always make men fair, just and brotherly in their economic quarrels. But history clearly shows that they possess a marvelous potential power in dignifying labor and in stimulating and ennobling the workers to a higher conception and appreciation alike of nature and of production. Furthermore, they exert a marked influence in mollifying the asperities of life and toil. They broaden the mind's horizon and deepen the sympathies of the heart; and while drawing just men together by the respect, sympathy and appreciation they beget, they also compel the unjust and exploiting man to deal with the producer more fairly, because of the very enhancement of value by skill.

In medieval times the arts were the very backbone of commercial enterprise and international traffic. The guild, communes and like societies were the fountain-heads of material prosperity, and they created the major part of the most enduring and illuminative industrial monuments of the great past. More than this, they became the perpetual centers of new experiment, discovery and delight, fostering above all else that growth of public spirit, sane enjoyment and refining appreciation of public things (such as temples, cathedrals, statues, paintings and parks) which awaken community of thought, possession, purpose, and even principle, until the very aspirations of human sympathy and freedom triumphed.

In view of these historic and vital facts, should not American cities and the American people hasten to embrace for themselves and their industrious children the blessings of truly broad and vital schools of art and skill—not schools of arid affection or foreign mimicry, under wooden and perhaps treach-

erous guides, but genuinely inspiring and organically national schools of beauty and industrial development, broadly generated and broadly applied upon varieties of national paths and media? To such schools should be attached appropriate halls for exhibitions (permanent and temporary), and even sales-rooms, workshops and bureaus where skilled workers and employers could meet for information and help.

One of the greatest dangers confronting the republic to-day is the spirit of blind recklessness which trusts to raw materials in raw hands. This both degrades production and inevitably generates a class despising production. This foolish scorn is the parent of all idleness, emptiness, false vanity and social treachery, for it inevitably reflects itself in legislation, craftily devised to enable one class of citizens to take from another, without giving an equivalent return, and to cloak this injustice and immorality by every species of falsehood, chicanery and sophistry.

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THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

THE SPHINX.*

THIS word has three meanings. The Sphinx of mythology was fabled to sit by the roadside and put questions to travelers. If the traveler could not answer, the Sphinx devoured him. If the traveler could answer, that killed the Sphinx.

Any question hard to answer may be called a sphinx. Any subject about which there is a question difficult of answer may also be called a sphinx.

**Editorial Note.*—This paper opens a series of interpretations by Mr. Charles Malloy of the greatest poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The present paper is largely introductory in character and deals with the first five stanzas of this great poem. In the next two issues the remainder of this marvelous creation, embodying so much of deep philosophy, will be treated in the luminous manner which marks the fine work of Mr. Malloy, who is by general consent regarded as the ablest interpreter of the poetry of Emerson and one of the finest interpreters of the great works of Robert Browning.

We give below the seven stanzas of "The Sphinx" noticed by our author in this paper.

The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled:
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
"Who'll tell me my secret,
The ages have kept?—
I awaited the seer
While they slumbered and slept:—

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man;
Known fruit of the unknown;
Dedalian plan;
Out of sleeping a waking.
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking;
Deep underneath deep?

Cæsar said, "I would give Cleopatra and the empire if I could know the sources of the Nile." That was the great geographical sphinx for many centuries. We have found the sources of the Nile, so that sphinx is dead. The great geographical sphinx of our time is, perhaps, the North Pole. Navigators have taken their lives in their hands and have braved unimaginable dangers to answer this sphinx, but thus far all in vain. This brought Columbus to America. This carried Stanley across the "Dark Continent;" and this, in the fiction of a poet is why

"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

Alfonzo of Castile, perplexed over the irreducible problems of the Ptolemaic astronomy in regard to the planets, thought there was a mistake in the plan of the world, and said if he had been present at the creation he "could have given the Creator good advice."

Copernicus by the new doctrine of heliocentricity—looking at the planets from the sun instead of from the earth—killed the sphinx of Alfonzo.

"Erect as a sunbeam
Unspringeth the palm;
The elephant browses,
Undaunted and calm;
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings;
Kind leaves of his covert,
Your silence he sings.

"The waves unashamed,
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet;
The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

It used to be a sphinx: what held the world up? First it was made to rest upon the back of an elephant. Then came another sphinx: what does the elephant rest on? That was answered by the postulate of a tortoise. Then another sphinx: what does the tortoise rest on? So the sphinx dies hard. I believe that after this was a fourth answer, namely, that the tortoise rests upon an inverted cone, the cone ending in a point, and a point, having no dimensions, required nothing to rest upon. This must have held until Newton brought gravitation, which was a good answer. The sphinx now asks, "What is gravitation?" and, alas! nobody can tell.

The sphinx which "crouched in stone" has no counterpart in nature. It is a thing of art and is found chiefly in Egypt.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred,—
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still;
Night veileth the morning,
The vapor the hill.

"The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy;
Glide its hours uncounted,—
The sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud, in its eyes;
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He paltereth and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground."

"The sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled,
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world."

The great sphinx near the pyramid of Gizer is not winged, but the Theban sphinx is.

Emerson is not attempting to copy any particular sphinx, but only the generic sphinx, which is a conception or a creation of the mind, representing what is essential to all the sphinxes, in such features as he wants for his poem.

I once spent the leisure of a whole summer on Browning's "Sordello." I found it a wonderful hunting-ground for sphinxes. I read it over and over, always with great pleasure indeed, and never came back from an excursion into this beautiful tangle of a great poet without a dead sphinx at my shoulder. After at least twenty-five readings I thought I had killed all the sphinxes, but I fear I had not. The poem to me, however, is one of the most delightful of Browning's productions. He put his young life into it. He did his best, and it was a tragedy for him that it found no readers. The sphinxes had killed it. The sphinx of the poem seems to have been the origin and rationale of evil. This had been a formidable sphinx for many centuries.

I asked my minister, when a boy, where sin came from. He said, "Satan brought it into the world." I asked him where Satan came from, and he told me to read Milton's "Paradise Lost." It was a hard place in which to leave a boy. Milton had attempted a solution of the above questions. I read Milton's "Paradise Lost." I liked the poetry—the grand, organ-like music of his verse, committed some of it to memory, and it has been singing itself in my memory for half a century; but the logic of the argument seemed to me, even as a boy, very poor. The outcome and conclusion was not only that Satan brought sin into the world, but that Satan came from Heaven; that God made him as an archangel; that he rebelled against his maker, was turned out of Heaven, was suffered to enter

a new world and ruin it, together with the innocent, inexperienced and childlike man and woman, its initial inhabitants, and this entailed moral degradation and depravity upon the coming untold millions of the posterity of this luckless pair.

Milton, it may be said, did not invent this solution. He found it on the ground in all its essential features as the accepted theology of his time and country. Such an answer to the sphinx must, of course, only multiply the sphinx, and accordingly we find a goodly number of these Miltonic sphinxes furnishing employment for divines in learned dissertations for two hundred years. Freedom, necessity, foreknowledge, foreordination, predestination, election, God's decrees—all these concepts were hypostasized and considered concrete as the sun, moon and stars. How the earnest men of old and New England struggled to adjust and reconcile the fearful antinomies there found, in the attempt to make their rationale rational, and something they could honestly thank God for is well known to us. My minister evidently thought Milton's "Paradise Lost" one of the scriptures. Huxley found our theology largely "Miltonic" and offended many good people by his epithet. Emerson was surrounded by theologians who believed in Milton at the time he wrote this poem.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a lull and a subsidence among the Miltonic sphinxes. If the hypothesis I have suggested be correct, then we come naturally to the opening lines of the poem:

"The sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled,
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world."

These lines are proem, but now come the words of the sphinx:

"Who'll tell me my secret
The ages have kept?
I awaited the seer
While they slumbered and slept."

The sphinx now gives her "secret" or her question, namely :

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man,
Known fruit of the unknown;
Dedalion plan."

I need not say that Dedalus made the great labyrinth, and Dedalian simply means labyrinthian. Pope uses the same metaphor or its equivalent—maze.

The sphinx adds a few predicates, unfolding more fully the connotation of this name—the "man-child."

"Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep."

Thus is presented the subject of the mystery—the problem, which subject is an example of one of the three definitions of the word, "sphinx," namely, that about which a difficult question is asked, "The fate of the man-child," because of evil or sin, and "the meaning of man." This line is not easily explained. A statement of the meaning of man—not of the word but of the fact, the creature man—his rank, his role and office in the cosmos of which he is part, and, as he seems to himself, a very important part, certainly this line is a sphinx, and perhaps the principal sphinx of the poem, as it in some sort involves all the others.

"Known fruit of the unknown."

A few lines from Emerson's Essay on Experience seem pertinent in this place :

"Where do we find ourselves? In a series of which we do not know the extremes and believe that it has none. We wake and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight. But the Genius which, according to the old belief, stands at the door by which we enter and gives us the lethe to drink, that we may tell no tales,

mixed the cup too strongly, and we cannot shake off the lethargy now at noon-day. Sleep lingers all our life-time about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir-tree. All things swim and glitter. Our life is not so much threatened as our perception. Ghost-like we glide through nature, and should not know our place again. Did our birth fall in some fit of indigence and frugality in nature that she was so sparing of her fire and so liberal of her earth that it appears to us that we lack the affirmative principle, and though we have health and reason, yet we have no superfluity of spirit for new creation? We have enough to live and bring the year about, but not an ounce to impart or invest. Oh that our Genius were a little more of a genius! We are like millers on the lower levels of a stream, when the factories above them have exhausted the water. We, too, fancy that the upper people must have raised their dams."

"Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep."

In the line, "Life death overtaking," it will be seen from a little thought that life is the grammatical object and death the subject; not the reverse, as the arrangement of the words would seem to imply. And yet, this is not the sure construction.

The sphinx now gives us a contrast between Nature on the one side and Man, or the man-child, on the other.

Says our poet, in "History:" "Nature is erect, but man is fallen." This is given, only in substance or by implication, in the poem. If it were given explicitly at this point, it would help us in the reading of the contrast above mentioned, the statement of which runs through the forty following lines. It is well clearly to apprehend the structural or rhetorical value of these lines. We shall see their logical use or their right to a place in the structure. This poem will be found to have a very satisfactory logic from beginning to end.

Good critics have expressed regret, notably Oliver Wendell Holmes, that "The Sphinx" should have been placed at the beginning of the volume. "The third poem in the volume, 'The Problem,' " say Mr. Holmes, "should have stood first in order." I can but think, however, that Emerson made the better selection in choosing "The Sphinx," as he has. "The problem" might have been called "A sphinx." It has the distinction of "an unanswered question." But "The Sphinx" as it stands, contemplates a generic rank in the logical order, while "The Problem" has more a specific place or function. "The Problem" has a part of the field. "The Sphinx" has the whole field. "The Problem" is one formulated question. "The Sphinx" is a mental principle, and asks all the questions. Of course "The Sphinx" should come first. The consideration as to what the reader needs for facility in his reading, that is not to be considered. And we do not necessarily read the first poem first. Poetry is not an inductive method or subject to the proprieties of science. "Emerson," says Mr. Holmes again, with great beauty in the simile, "Emerson saw fit to imitate the Egyptians, by placing a Sphinx at the entrance of his temple of song. The poem was not fitted to attract worshippers."

But I am afraid Mr. Holmes' symbol of a temple will fail in essential analogies. We do not get in through any doors. Emerson says, in the "Essay on Experience," under the division of "Illusion," "If any of us knew what we were doing or where we are going, then when we think we best know; we do not know to-day whether we are busy or idle. In times when we thought ourselves indolent, we have afterwards discovered that much was accomplished and much was begun in us. All our days are so unprofitable while they pass that 'tis wonderful where or when we ever got anything of this which we call wisdom, poetry, virtue. We never got it on any dated calendar day. Some heavenly days must have been intercalated somewhere, like those that Hermes won with dice of the Moon, that Osiris might be born."

Thebes will give us a better figure than the picture of a temple with a sphinx at the entrance. The following lines were not published in Emerson's life-time, but are now found in the Appendix to his poems:

"Day by day for her darlings to her much she added more.
In her hundred-gated Thebes every chamber was a door,—
A door to something grander,—loftier walls and vaster floor."

But we are thankful for the symbol of a temple with an entrance guarded by a sphinx, since Mr. Holmes has given us another in his book upon Emerson, which is itself a poem and will endure as long as anything he has written in the form of verse.

We now consider the exemplars given in illustration of the first term of the contrast above mentioned, namely, "Nature is erect."

"Erect as a sunbeam
Up springeth the palm."

The palm is everything it was intended to be as a tree. It completely fulfils its destiny. It has not changed, that we know of, in historic times.

"The elephant browses
Undaunted and calm."

Conscious of his great strength, he does not fear attack from other animals. He takes his food wherever he finds it. He has no scruples about his right to it. He is not only undaunted, but calm. His consciousness knows no disturbing element. He is indifferent to the past and to the future. It is enough that he can browse, undaunted and calm, at the present time.

"In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings;
Kind leaves of his covert,
Your silence he sings."

The thrush did not have to acquire his beautiful motion. He does not lose or gain in strength and grace as he plies his wings. From age to age, as we have reason to assume, his beautiful motion, given him by nature, has remained to him.

He is only a part of nature. He sings the silence of the deep woods in which he chooses his home. He is happy in his environment and in himself.

"The waves unashamed,
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet."

These old playfellows, "in difference sweet," never do each other any harm. They have been playfellows since they both found themselves events in the world of which they are parts. We do not know which came first upon the great playground nature gave them. They have neither of them needed education or discipline. Their manners and forces are always the same.

"The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive
By their animate poles."

We see matter only in large and secondary wholes or as aggregations of finer wholes. The first or primary wholes we do not see. We only apprehend them in the mind as concepts. No microscope has ever revealed them to the physical eye, and yet in ways well known to the mental eye or to the understanding, where concepts are found, we have full faith in the existence of these primordial wholes. We call them atoms. The metaphysicians have some doubts about them as realizing old definitions and resolve them into centers of forces or into energies, but this agnosticism did not emerge until after the poem was written, sixty years ago. But whatever we call these primal elements, we are quite sure they are always in motion, and so they are properly called the "journeying atoms."

"Firmly draw, firmly drive."

This is sometimes called polarity. It is an endowment given to all atoms as to all worlds, and as truly to atoms as to worlds. They "firmly draw, firmly drive." This power is never lost or abated. These little creatures are as truly endowed with it as

planets or suns, and can always take care of themselves in spite of planets or suns. The combined forces of the whole world of planets and suns could not crush or destroy them.

"Their animate poles."

This word "animate" is well chosen. This steady, inexhaustible polarity is like a thing of life. Perhaps it is a thing of life, as Herman Lotze and others have insisted.* But it is here as an exemplar under the law that "nature is erect" in small things as well as in large. Lotze calls the atoms beings, as Leibnitz calls them monads. Lotze's definition is sufficiently pertinent to the topic of atoms as well as curious in itself, to be given a place in this paper :

"Every volume filled up with matter consists of an infinite number of real beings, which in themselves have no extension, but which, by means of their intellectual relations to one another, prescribe places in space that are merely mathematical points ; and these, by means of the sum of all their reciprocal actions, effectuate both extension in general and also the form, cohesion and force of resistance that belong to the extended whole."

But Lotze should not have put into a definition that capital absurdity, "an infinite number." It is a contradiction in terms, for number is the most definite thing in the whole world of thought. An infinite number is an "infinite definite or limitation." A number may be subjectively indefinite, that is, indefinite to us ; but what is indefinite in itself must be infinite, and number is always definite in itself. No number can be beyond division or multiplication, and so is not infinite. The moment we strike infinity we are out of mathematics. None of its concepts will hold. There are several lines of thought along which the theory of atoms proves to be weak, and the metaphysicians are inclined to give it up. But these doubts had not emerged when "The Sphinx" was written. Poetry also is not held to strict truth. It is sufficient that it is poetically true, or true poetry.

*Prof. Shaler, in his book, "The Individual," calls atoms *persons*.

If the atoms are not true they are true enough. The chemists say they work well, and attraction and repulsion are true of matter irrespective of quantity. This indifference to quantity is a thought celebrated by Goethe. Nature is a universalist and thorough-going in all her habits and duties.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred,—
Each the other adorning;
Accompany still.
Night vaileth morning,
The vapor the hill."

The world has always attempted to solve the great sphinx of evil by the postulate in some form of two gods, or two conflicting powers. Human fate—"the fate of the man-child" especially, has seemed to be the outcome of this conflict, with an awful victory thus far on the part of a bad god.

Emerson's metaphysics guided him a great deal in his contemplation of nature. His doctrine of "unity," as expressed in the poem "Xenophanes," and notably in "Brahma," made him in his departure from the common view as to evil the most heterodox of all men. In this he was the very antipode of his friend Carlyle. It was largely a philosophical support to his beautiful optimism, which was otherwise a matter of temperament. He saw but one god in all phenomena, and the "pictures" of the sphinx were no exception. "But God delights to isolate us every day," and the intellect insists on seeing all things under boundaries or definitions. It is hard to command a synthesis which can keep them one, or all together.

Says Emerson in "Experience:" "Life will be imaged, but cannot be divided or doubled. Any invasion of its unity would be chaos. The soul is not twin-born, but the only-begotten, and though revealing itself as child in time, child in appearance, is of a fatal and universal power, admitting no co-life. Every day, every act, betrays the ill-concealed deity."

The two gods of the Persians, have their correlates in the two forces, God and devil, which have long held a place in Christian theology. Even the one God is presented as a three-fold person, in spite of the numerical antinomy involved. This no man has ever been able to render intelligible, and so it still lies among the "deep things."

If one asks for Emerson's "creed," he will find some of it in this verse:

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred."

There is therefore harmony—union—among these elements, "by one music enchanted." Emerson loved to see music in all things.

"Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation."
"From the heart of God proceeds
A single will, a million deeds."

He hears in the pine tree a song of the "ancient causes." Says the pine tree:

"Come learn of me the fatal song
Which knits the world in music strong,
Whereto every bosom dances,
Kindled with courageous fancies.
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes
Of things with things, of times with times;
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid;
The land reflected in the flood,
Body with shadow still pursued;
For nature beats in perfect tune
And rounds with rhyme her every rune."

It will be observed that he uses the words "song" and "rhyme" and "music" as meaning the same; and the terms of any correlation he would call a rhyme. He says, in "Merlin,"

"The rhyme of the poet
Modulates the King's affairs."

That is to say, compensation comes in sooner or later.

"Justice is the rhyme of things."

Now read again these lines, replete with great meanings:

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred."

A part of this was said before in the lines:

"The waves unashamed,
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet."

The last four lines in the fifth verse do not need special annotation. Their meaning is obvious. It is rhyme and music still.

"The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy;
Glide its hours uncounted,—
The sun is its toy."

It is not conscious of time, and everything it sees it claims as its own. It rejoices in mere life, like the elephant and the thrush. No disturbing event comes into its little experience save physical want, and it has an omnipotent way of making that want known.

"Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud, in its eyes;
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies."

The babe is simply a piece of nature, like plant, quadruped, bird. When it comes to a larger endowment of that consciousness which is the differential in man, then it will no longer fall under the division of nature or be entitled to the predicate of "erect." What is so sweet and peaceful as the eye of a babe? And Emerson was peculiarly susceptible to this attraction. The simile that the eye of a babe is like "the sum of things," lies in the fact that nature is always erect, or gives us the impression of peace and beauty if we make our picture large enough. Things seem bad because too much detached and isolated.

Read Tennyson's beautiful lines on the "sum of things" or "sum of the world :"

"And I—my heart would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the *sum* of things
Will flash along the chords and go."

The Sphinx has now given in the above thirty-two lines the nature side of the great contrast. She gives in the following eight lines the state of the "man-child." The word "but" in the coming lines is the hinge on which the case turns :

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground."

This ends for the present the words of the Sphinx.

(To be continued.)

CHARLES MALLOY.

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PRACTICAL MEASURES FOR PRESERVING DEMOCRACY.

I. TWO ARGUMENTS AGAINST DIRECT LEGISLATION.

THE argument is brought against Direct Legislation that the people will abuse this power, that they will make mistakes. All advocates of Direct Legislation will at once grant that the people make mistakes. No system that can be devised will, as long as man is human and fallible, entirely prevent mistakes. But will the people make as many mistakes as the legislatures make for them? Any one at all conversant with the history of legislatures and of Direct Legislation must answer that they will not. Look at the tremendous number of laws passed by our legislatures and more than nine-tenths of them are useless. A member of the Massachusetts Legislature told me recently that he could and had easily gotten through any little private matter; but when it came to a real question of public policy, not only was it well-nigh impossible to get it through, but almost impossible to get it even to a vote, so afraid was the average member of going on record lest he might offend one side or the other.

The last Massachusetts legislature enacted 545 laws and passed 135 resolutions, or a total of 680 statutes and resolutions, in 179 days' sessions, or an average of nearly four a day. It is impossible that in one year there should be 680 State legislative questions. Last year sixteen legislatures passed 5,012 laws and 578 resolutions or 5,590 total in 1,282 days, or an average of 4.12 a day. In the Fifty-seventh Congress there were 18,420 bills and resolutions introduced and 2,810 reports. The House passed 3,430 measures. Compare this enormous productivity with that of Switzerland, where for the last score of years the legislatures of the Cantons of Berne and Zurich have passed an

average of between four and five laws a year. In a recent Swiss national legislature there were sixty-five measures introduced of which twenty-four passed.

Scientists tell us that the lower you get in the order of creation the more young are spawned at a time, the higher the fewer, but that more of the few come to maturity than of the many because they are of so much higher grade. A codfish spawns six million eggs at one time, an elephant has but one young. The codfish is the emblem of Massachusetts and it well typifies the legislature. Our method of law-making is the productivity of low organisms. We spawn our laws by the hundreds and thousands and few of them ever come to maturity. Under Direct Legislation we will have far fewer laws, far simpler laws, far more easily enforced laws and far better laws.

Again opponents say that the people will not vote and take an interest in law-making, that they do not vote on the constitutional amendments submitted to them. At present this is largely true. A member of the last Massachusetts Legislature told me recently that he did not read one-tenth of the bills that were passed and much fewer of those which were voted on. Is it possible for a Congressman to carefully consider the 18,000 measures introduced into one session or to even read the more than 3,000 passed? I have seen laws passed in Congress with only two members voting on them; the rest were talking and paying attention to other matters. It is much the same with the people. When they have matters to vote on that do not really interest them, they do not vote. And what of this? It is an automatic, self-disfranchisement of the ignorant and unposted. As long as every one has a right to vote, it is well that only those interested do vote. But nine-tenths of the questions submitted to the people are either matters they do not care about or are so wordily and ambiguously drawn that they cannot understand them. When you get a real, vital subject clearly put, then they vote. For five years now every

city of Massachusetts has voted yearly on the question of license or no-license; and despite the fact that in many cities every one knows how the vote will decide the question, there was in 1902, 272,332 votes cast in the thirty-three cities of the State on the license question and 221,954 for Governor; of those who voted on license, nearly two out of nine did not vote for Governor. Here is a vital question that has come up regularly so that the people have become used to it, it is thoroughly discussed and many more vote on it than vote for the highest officer in the State. Is not this a better criterion to judge by than the occasional, ill-worded questions submitted by our legislatures?

Our newspapers to-day are conducting public discussions as never before. A century ago the representative system was the most democratic one available because of the lack of facility for public discussion. But the springing up of newspapers, with issues of millions, has made public discussion so widespread that Direct Legislation is not only possible and practicable, but also absolutely necessary. A century ago we were in the ox-cart period of transportation—it took five days to go from Boston to New York. To-day we are in the steam age and it takes five hours for that same journey. This is the age of invention and we have applied invention to every side of our life except to the methods of government. Direct Legislation is simply applying a very simple invention to the methods of government to really make it democratic and one by the people. In our legislatures the real work is being done more and more in committees where public discussion is shut off, and this allows opportunity for deals and every kind of corruption. Our present system of law-making is tending to less and less discussion while Direct Legislation would mean more and more. Also it clarifies our public discussion so that it will turn on measures and not on men.

Another great benefit that Direct Legislation will accomplish is that in separating the discussion of measures from that of

candidates for offices, it will enable us to choose better officials. For instance, I am convinced of the honesty, ability and good intentions of a certain man. If I was living in the same district, I should be proud to vote for him for the legislature if we had Direct Legislation, because I would feel sure that he would honestly strive to do his duty there and that I could have an opportunity to nullify any measure which he might advocate in the legislature but which I felt to be wrong. But under the present uncontrolled representative system, I must vote for a man who believes in Direct Legislation even though his qualifications as a legislator are far inferior.

De Tocqueville says that the only way to interest people in government is to make them partakers in it. This is what Direct Legislation does. At present, politics is a game appealing with overpowering interest to that great American national vice—speculation or gambling. It is a game played with wonderful adroitness, nerve and skill by the professional politician and drawing into the maelstrom of its unhealthy excitement all those who have a patriotic interest in our country. In the United States, politics, in that here it combines bluff, a knowledge of human nature and chance, is more like the great American gambling game, poker, than the foreign gambling games of roulette, loo, etc. There is a striking natural resemblance between poker, the stock exchange and politics. Our present politics foster a morbid, unhealthy excitement and lust for power among those interested. Many turn away and say "A plague on both your houses," and have nothing to with politics. This unhealthy interest of a few means an equally unhealthy lack of interest in the many.

Direct Legislation would nurse their evil tendency. It would place the final power with the people and thus legislation would be based on the firm foundation of the common sense of the great common people and not as at present on the freaks of conceited legislators or the corrupt lobbying of corporations. Because the good citizens had a means by which they could

effectuate in politics, their interest in good government would revive and burn with the steady, white light of patriotism, more than replacing the fitful and morbid gambler's intensity.

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II. HOW PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION WAS WORKED IN BELGIUM.

Previous to the passage of the law of 1899, the Free List system of Proportional Representation had been used for about five years for certain municipal elections (*les elections communales*) in Belgium, although in a partial and imperfect form. Party politics enter into municipal elections in that country; and the application of this refers to these elections and was made by an opportunist Ministry in order to stave off the urgent demands made for applying Proportional Representation in a full and complete form to Parliamentary elections. Even this partial concession of right methods proved to be a marked improvement. The opinion of M. Braun, Burgomaster of Ghent, may be taken as a fair sample of the general public verdict. Speaking publicly in May, 1899, he said:

"During the four years that *la Representation Proportionnelle* has been applied to the communal elections of Ghent, every one has been able to appreciate the happy effects of the reform. Everybody recognizes that, far from being endangered, the material prosperity of the city has increased, and that the ameliorating and pacifying effects of the altered electoral method have been as unexpected as they were unhopd for."

Turning now to Count d'Alviella's report of the general elections for the Belgian Parliament at the end of May, 1900, I find that a million and a half voters cast their ballots under the Free List plan of Proportional Representation. It was a pronounced and remarkable success. There are three parties in Belgium—the Clerical Conservatives, the Liberals, and the Socialists. The Clerical Conservatives prefer to be called

simply the Catholic party. At the previous election under the old system, the Catholics were grossly over-represented, chiefly at the expense of the Liberals; but the new system set this nearly right, and had the effect of giving each party a fairly proportional representation in accordance with the numerical strength of each, thus proving its right to the name it bears. The figures for the Chamber of Deputies (the Lower House) are worth giving.

The defunct Chamber, elected under the old system, contained 112 Catholics, 12 Liberals, and 28 Socialists. In 1900, on May 27th, Proportional Representation elected 86 Catholics, 33 Liberals, 32 Socialists, and one "Democratic Christian"—a dissident from the Catholic party. This striking difference is indeed an object lesson.

One noteworthy result of the new system has been a great lessening of partizan virulence, largely because each party realized that the system prevented unfair advantage being taken. Another beneficial effect is stated by Count d'Alviella in a letter to me, as follows:

"One of the advantages of our P. R. consists in having broken the old lines that divided in politics our Walloon and our Flemish citizens. Formerly the Walloon districts returned Socialist and Liberal members: The Flemish without exception only Clericals, or Catholics, as they prefer to call themselves. Now, of course, each district has members belonging to both parties, or even to three; and this tends to diminish racial antagonism. Perhaps the same argument might apply to Canada, which is also a bi-lingual country."

In his book on Proportional Representation,* Count d'Alviella thus formulates the conclusions, which are made clear by the first application of proportional representation to the legislative elections of Belgium.

**"La Representation Proportionnelle en Belgique; Histoire d'une Reforme."* Par le comte Gobbet d'Alviella; sénateur, professeur à l'université de Bruxelles, membre de l'académie royale. Bruxelles; P. Weissenbruch, éditeur, 45 rue du Poinçon. Paris: Librairie Felix Alcan, 108 Boulevard Saint-Germain.

POLITICAL ACTIVITY.

The first result has been to awaken political life in numerous districts where for a long time it had seemed to be extinguished, especially in the Flemish provinces. In the heart of the two Flanders, notably at Anvers and even at Limbourg, liberal associations have been born or revived in localities most devoted to the conservative Catholic party. At the time of the earlier elections, in 1896 and 1898, the liberals abstained in many districts from any serious struggle for representation in the chamber of deputies. As for the senate, the elections took place without a ballot in twenty-five districts out of thirty-six. This time the seats were contested in all the divisions of the country, as well for the senate as for the chamber, with but one exception. The Socialists entered into the struggle wherever they could find candidates, and the Catholics raised their flag in districts in the Walloon country, where they had never succeeded in electing a candidate within the memory of man.

RACIAL DIVISIONS.

Among other indirect advantages, proportional representation has thus put an end to the perilous coincidence which tended to establish itself between political divisions and racial or linguistic divisions. (In Belgium, as in Canada, there are two distinct races, speaking different languages.) The Flemish Liberals have to-day in the Chamber of Deputies members who know their country and speak their language; just as the Catholics of the industrial districts find other representatives of their interests than "Luxembourgeois"—country squires, or Flemish proprietors.

POLITICAL PASSION.

A second result has been to diminish the virulence of the electoral campaign. Candidates have been able to organize

their propaganda without their adversaries trying to prevent them, or troubling their meetings.

At Brussels the public "assisted" at the curious spectacle of "La League" and "L'Association," both hard at work, without attacking each other. In a great number of divisions the Socialists have openly adopted the candidature of Liberals who were running for the senate, although the two parties were presenting opposing lists for the lower house. Even between Catholics and Liberals the struggle has not reached the pith which characterized it under the old system. This is, say the advocates of the old régime, because the real battle will be waged henceforth within the parties themselves. But is it not rather because the powerlessness to crush adversaries will be felt henceforth, and that it will be indeed necessary to recognize their right to existence? However that may be, it is an amelioration as notable as necessary in our political methods; and it will be fortunate should this amelioration be felt in parliament also. "We have in Belgium," confessed (after the elections) Hon. Jan Van Ryswyck to an editor of *La Métropole*, "the habit of exaggerating everything. It is a detestable method of reasoning. Exaggeration has invaded all our political life, our journals, our clubs, our administrations, our parliament. Proportional representation, instead of exaggeration, promotes calm consideration and thought; it tends to wisdom and pacification."

PARTY DISCIPLINE.

What has become of the reproach that proportional representation tended toward the disintegration of parties? The event has shown that it is not the parties which are parceled out—at least, it is not the parties having, as Monsieur the Minister Van den Henvel, says "cohesion, discipline, a program truly conciliatory of great interests;" it is, on the contrary, eccentric groups, undecided shades, isolated candidates, that have been absorbed, or put *hors de combat*.

The moral of the last legislative election is that Belgium has room for three parties, but only for three. Even in the city of Brussels, which was one large constituency, returning eighteen members, so that to carry a seat less than one-eighteenth of the votes cast was required, the lists of the commercials, of the industrial commercials and of the P. O. L. obtained with difficulty some thousands of votes; but further, neither the independents, in spite of the personal influence of M. Theodor, nor the Christian Democrats, in spite of the intense propaganda of Abbe Daens, have succeeded in reaching the electoral quotient which gives a seat. Except the one follower of Abbe Daens elected at Alost, not a dissident has entered either the chamber or the senate. The three parties are certainly more homogeneous to-day than they were under the last parliament.

COALITIONS.

On the other hand, proportional representation has put an end to the heterogeneous coalitions which have tended for some years to be introduced into our politics, and which end in reciprocal disappointments. Everywhere the radicals, who generally form the mainspring of anti-clerical combinations, have had to resign themselves to go with the moderate liberals or to struggle alone. At Brussels, the independents have been constrained to break with the Catholics, and thus is terminated an equivocal alliance which had monopolized for fourteen years the "representation" of the district. Each party, freed from the care of seeking at any price allies which it hoped to dupe on the morrow, has been able to present itself with an integral and homogeneous program which, for the first time, perhaps, in an electoral contest, was distinguished for clearness and sincerity.

A superficial observer would be tempted to conclude that the disappearance of electoral coalitions must above all profit the Catholics, since it is against this party that these combina-

tions were directed. In reality, it seems that the Liberal party will gain still more by it; not only because it can henceforth take again its place openly, without being unduly beholden to the Socialist party, but, further, because its new independence has had for consequence the drawing together of its two divisions—the progressives and the moderates. On the one side the progressives, being no longer constrained to handle socialism tenderly, have caused to disappear one of the chief reasons of the distrust of the moderates. On the other side, these latter, having no longer to occupy themselves in retaining at any price the support of certain elements, have been able to make a step forward, notably in the electoral question and in the labor question. So well has all this been done that the two sections of the Liberal party have succeeded in meeting each other on a ground which represents the integral application of their common principles.

SIMPLICITY OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

No one to-day would dare to still reproach the new system with complexity. Proportionalists themselves were not without uneasiness in this respect, in view of the novelty of the system, the use of two ballots, one for the Chamber of Deputies, the other for the Senate; and finally the considerable masses of voters, too often illiterate or nearly so, whose votes had to be collected and counted. Take, for example, the district of Brussels. Divided among 517 polling places, nearly 170,000 voters each received there from one to six ballot papers, the pink for the Senate, the white for the Chamber. Each ballot paper contained the names of either of twenty-five senatorial candidates or of 107 candidates for the Chamber. In each case the candidates were divided into lists under party headings. After having entered the isolated compartment where he marks his ballot with the stroke of a crayon, each voter comes back to deposit his white ballot paper in one urn, his

pink ballot paper in another. All this part of the operations, which was carried out in perfect order, terminated at one o'clock in the afternoon. At two o'clock the 177 scrutineers' offices were in possession of the ballot papers. Everywhere the scrutiny, commenced at about three o'clock, was finished between eight and ten o'clock in the evening; that is to say, all the operations were carried out with as much precision and more rapidity than under the old system. The central office of the district met, conformably to the law, the next day at midday, to add up the votes of each list, establish the common divisor and proclaim the names of those elected.

THE BELGIAN RIOTS.

It will be in the memory of many of our readers that during the spring of 1902, considerable political rioting took place in Belgium. At that time I wrote to Count d'Alviella, asking the significance of those events, and received the following reply:

My Dear Sir: In answer to your letter of July 13th, I can only say that Proportional Representation had nothing to do with the recent riots. Of course, there are some improvements which it would be desirable to introduce into the working of our proportional system, in order to minimise the number of lost votes, and different schemes have been put forward to secure this. But the principle and even our application of it are not questioned any more, save by a few politicians of the old schools.

The recent agitation was directed exclusively against the plurality of votes, viz.: the second and third votes attributed to the holders of certain qualifications based on marriage, property, the payment of taxes, instruction, etc., thus giving certain classes of voters two and three votes each.

When, in 1894, the Catholic party, which had been in power for some years, introduced universal suffrage, thus increasing tenfold the number of electors (from 144,000 to about 1,500,000), the plurality of votes was added as a restraint. But the Opposition parties (Liberals and Socialists) have gradually

come to the conclusion that this system, as it is carried on, has for result not only to secure undue advantage to the rural class and therefore to clerical influences, but also to favor the fraudulent distribution, by the party in power, of the second and third votes.

Hence an agitation for the abolition of the plural vote, in which the Liberal party showed itself willing to coöperate with the Socialists under these three conditions: (1) Inscription of the principle of *la Representation Proportionnelle* in the Constitution: (2) No female suffrage (which the Liberals, rightly or wrongly, believe to be a tool in the hands of the priests); (3) Recourse to legal and pacific means only.

The Socialists assented to the first two conditions, but not to the third, and soon began a revolutionary agitation which was easily suppressed by the Government—the Liberals keeping aloof. The general election followed, and, as might be expected under the circumstances, showed an increase of the Catholic votes, especially at the expense of the Socialists. I belong myself to the Liberal party, but I have tried to sum up the facts as impartially and intelligibly as I can.

Believe me, Dear Sir, sincerely yours,

GOBBET D'ALVIELLA.

To Mr. Robert Tyson, 6 Harbord St., Toronto, Canada.

PRESENT CONDITIONS.

For the purpose of this article, I wrote to Count d'Alviella, asking the general result of recent elections, and if there had been further developments. He replies as follows—writing in English under date of September 10, 1903:

"I shall do my best to answer your questions.

"The abnormal clerical majority reduced to twenty in 1900, has been slightly increased by the elections of 1902. I have given you the reasons in the letter where I explained to you the causes of the riots and their relation to our electoral system. The next general election (in half the country) will take place in the summer of 1904. I do not foresee a great change in the relative strength of our three parties.

"The intervening or by-elections were abolished in 1900. They were inconsistent with the principle of our proportional

system. Under the new law the electors choose, at each general election and by the same ballot, a corresponding number of suppleants members, who, in the case of an elected member dying or giving his demission, simply walk into his seat, by the order of precedence. You have all these details in the law, whose text, I believe, is in your hands.

"While the House of Representatives is entirely elected by Proportional Representation, as well as ninety-six members of the Senate, out of one hundred and twelve, there are still twenty-six Senators elected by the 'Conseils Provinciaux' according to the old majority system, and the 'Conseils Provinciaux' are themselves elected by the same system. By a strange irony of fate I am myself one of those senators; while my friend the burgomaster of Brussels, who is one of the last and staunchest Liberal adversaries of *la Representation Proportionnelle*, has been elected only through the application of the proportional principle. At least, in this case, one cannot say that our convictions proceed from the way we got our seats!

"The 'Counseils Commaux' are elected according to a law voted in 1893, which was the first step—but a very insufficient one—towards Proportional Representation. (See pages 87 to 92 of my book.) That law provides that whenever there is an absolute majority all the seats shall be given to the most favored list, and that Proportional Representation will only be applied in case there should be no such majority. By enacting this provision, the Clerical party wanted to prevent the introduction of Liberal and Socialistic elements in the numerous communes where that party hold the majority of votes. But, by a regular nemesis, its policy of selfishness has brought about this result: that in most of the towns, and even rural communes, where the Clericals are in a minority, the Opposition parties (Liberals, Socialists, and Christian Democrats) join together to bring forward a Coalition list, and thus wrench from the Clericals their due part of proportional representation. By these tactics we hope to force the Government into such an alteration of the law as will make *la Representation Proportionnelle* the absolute rule in communal (municipal) as well as in general elections."

In a postscript to the same letter Count d'Alviella makes the following shrewd comment on English political conditions, which will fittingly conclude this article:

"I have just read in the papers that in England the Trades Unions have decided to put in the field, at the next general election, candidates of their own. So England is going to have, in most constituencies, or at least in many, three parties instead of two. The result will be that wherever none of the three holds more than half the votes it will necessarily be the candidate of a minority who will be elected. What becomes, then, of the sincerity of representation and the famous rule itself that the nation must be governed by the majority?"

ROBERT TYSON.

Toronto, Canada.

THE SUPREME ECONOMIC EVIL.

THERE is great promise in the effort now being made by the American Federation of Labor, various granges and other industrial bodies, and by patriotic private persons, to replace Party Government by that of Majority Rule. If our people have sufficient appreciation of their rights to join in the movement they may soon obtain possession of the government. Under the present management, the people have very little to do with their government except to fight its battles, and to pay its immense bills, that go to further enrich the already over-wealthy rulers. A complete revolution in the thought must come or we will still continue to forfeit our birth-right. We must hold all the bounties of nature in constant readiness to make room, whenever a new life appears.

There should never be a question as to the right of a child born under our flag to an equal share, with all others, of what God has given and men have left to us. And, the first care of the state should be to see that this inheritance is made available when life begins. This should be esteemed as coming from God, with whom all are equal. The child of the poor, as the child of the rich. He has given an abundance for all. But a few have grasped, and hold out of use a thousand times more than they need, or can ever use.

In this way millions are robbed of the essential supports of life, their lives dwarfed, and made miserable—a curse to the world. This is literally taking the bread from the children's mouths. In the eye of the moral law this is unjust and fundamentally wrong. The holders of the vast fortunes, the bulk of which have been acquired and not earned, can use but a small fraction of them during their lives. When death comes, as it soon will, they must leave all.

Careful students have estimated that, for every million dollars diverted from productive channels, or made tributary to private owners, the supplies of ten thousand persons sink below the health-giving line. This comes as a natural result of lessened opportunities for the bread-winners. First the father loses his work, or is given but half-time. The mother then neglects the children to add a pittance to supplies. Next the children are pressed into service. To aid in sustaining the family by earning a pittance the physical and mental development upon which the happiness of the individual and the growth and prosperity of a Democracy depend are sacrificed and imperiled that the few may acquire added millions.

It may be that this estimate is too high. That taking one million dollars from the earnings of productive labor, does not so impoverish that class as to cause ten thousand to perish from want of sufficient nourishment. Possibly not more than half that number, for each million thus extracted, really die as a direct effect of the working of that scheme of robbery. But many more have the joy and gladness ground out of their lives. Let us be generous in our estimate, and to avoid the possibility of misjudging the acquirers of wealth, we will place the number who contribute their lives, for each million either extracted from them, or held out of use, at one thousand. No man in his senses, who has given the subject a thought, can call this an over-estimate. The millionaire holds, for a whole generation, the opportunities of a thousand working men. These, with their families of four or five, are reduced to an odd job, now and then, worth often but two or three dollars per week. Sometimes nothing at all is earned. So, at the very best, they are not well nourished, but badly sheltered and poorly clad. Many of them hardly know what it is to be warm, in winter. These conditions destroy the joy of childhood, wither the mother's hope, and wring the courage from the bravest manhood. They beget a hopelessness that drives the noblest men to suicide. Who will say such an unjust system is not murderous?

And yet few, if any will think of it at all in that light, or even as being fundamentally dishonest; for our false education has blinded us utterly upon this matter. Every civilized government on the earth allows it. The Church has no word of condemnation for it although no precept of the Christ shows it any favor. We have so long absorbed this error from many sources that our innate sense of justice is becoming almost extinct.

If there is a system of cruelty and wrong yet devised that can justly be called "the sum of all villany," *it is holding, and transmitting, as private property, that which none but God has made, and upon which all life depends.* Making private property of God's work, to which man has never put a finger, is, in its completeness, a crime against humanity unparalleled by any system of robbery ever known to man. In sparsely settled countries it is but little felt. But, in almost every country where the population is enough to require most of the natural resources, this murderous system blasts life and blights civilization. It is as old as history, and far more cruel than death. It stands as a perpetual record of the most terrible, and clearly crystallized crime of the world's rulers, and the most pitiable slavish weakness of a great majority of the human race. War, with all its horrors, is far less cruel, and its victims are but a fraction of the number.

For only a few decades have we, of America, felt the full effect of this remorseless system. But, it is here now. Its crushing weight is upon us. Many of us are made to feel that God has lost His title to the earth, and that His children here are largely intruders, and trespassers on private, or corporation property. It is not forty years since we began to feel this pressure. Its increase has been constant and rapid.

Closed opportunities, and rental for what God has made free, cost the nation, according to the lowest estimate, one thousand lives for each million dollars used to control opportunities.

Our growth in population, from 1790 to 1860, was remark-

ably uniform, with an average increase, of about 34 per cent. per decade. There was no decline until the Civil War broke down former methods, and bequeathed the millionaire, and the tramp. Men were then seized with a mania for grasping every opportunity that was open to others. This mania has spread until it has destroyed, or prevented, in our country alone, twenty millions of lives. The official figures prove our estimate to be forty per cent. too low. Perhaps the discrepancy means, lives prevented. That is only another crime.

There is no rational excuse for this desire to grasp all opportunities and forestall as many as possible in their honest efforts to obtain a sufficient support. It is reversing the humane order; is defying the precepts of the Christ. It is starving the hungry, leaving the naked unclothed, oppressing the afflicted, and robbing the weak. It is simply murder, prolonged and multiplied. Murder so stupendous as to be unrecognized. Perhaps no single prison in the country, taking all its convicts together, and viewing the matter in the clear light of justice, represents the murder and misery of one single million used to hold-up opportunities. What then can we say of the lords of misery and death who appropriate a million a month from nature's common gifts to all her children? Of an Oil Inferno, that extorts ninety millions, blood-money, from the people thrown upon its mercy by the cruelty of a Coal Trust? Can ten thousand common murders equal one of these?

To many readers these statements will appear startling. To many more they will have no meaning. An almost impenetrable darkness hangs over this whole subject. Henry George, in "Progress and Poverty," but two decades ago made the first rift in the cloud that allowed a ray of light to reach here and there an astonished soul. So radical was the thought and so revolutionary its logical bearing that few dared to espouse it, although Mr. George gave us a well-digested, peaceful remedy for the evils he exposed. But the wrong extends far beyond his showing. There is little doubt, however, that his

clear, analytic mind grasped the matter fully, but a remedy for the evil in its completeness was not easily suggested.

The ignorance of men regarding their natural rights, appears to me now the most amazing fact in the history of man. If God gave the earth to man, with all its possibilities, as we read in the Book of Genesis, then it belongs in exactly equal parts to every living man. It follows, absolutely and incontestably, that no one can hold a thousand shares, or even two shares, without having obtained a relinquishment from a living person for each share so held. Dead men's claims have no value. Our tenure is only for life.

On the other hand, if God has left this whole matter to be adjusted by man, it is still clear that under no principle of equity can one claim a double share and exclude another equally valid claimant. Long ages of absurd teaching have withered the innate sense of justice that God implanted, as a rule of life, in the souls of men. The earliest and the most constant lesson of our lives has been that this inequality was a divine arrangement. Only because we were made to believe that God had decreed it, did we crush the ever-rising sense of its injustice. Thus we have been schooled to regard the divine impulse within us as sinful, and to pray to God for grace to overcome it. Here is a spectacle to make the angels wonder. A devout Christian, praying earnestly from day to day for strength to crush out the innate, God-given moral sense that alone elevates man above the brute.

This pernicious training unfits us for citizenship in a democratic government. A man must feel and know that he was born with an equal interest in all that God has given or men have left to his country, or he cannot appreciate the rights and dignity of a citizen. He must see clearly that every claim to more than an equal share of light, air, ocean, or earth is an unmitigated fraud. And that the burden of proof is always on him claiming an over-share.

This is a basic principle. Upon this foundation all the es-

sential rights of the individual depend. The right to life has no meaning without the right to obtain the natural supports for that life. Nor does the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness mean anything if we may not have a sufficient share of the means of happiness that God has given, and men have adapted to civilized life and social culture. Without access to the sources of nourishment and support, life is a failure, and manhood impossible.

When a country is organized into a Government, with clearly defined boundaries and established authority, then every man who is held to owe it complete allegiance is a joint owner in the concern. Men do not stand ever bound, and ready to give their lives in support of an institution or order, without a reciprocal obligation on the other side. That positive principle which makes treason the highest crime known to the law, also makes the protection of all the rights of the citizen the first care of the government.

The admitted right to bequeath what one has not created, is one of our most atrocious wrongs. The fact that a man has been permitted, during his life, to hold an over-share of natural possibilities, or even a just share, gives him no claim to that, or any other part, beyond the time of his natural life. All natural claims revert to the state, immediately, when a life can use them no more. The united wisdom of the people can adjust this matter so as to avoid inconvenience, as soon as reason and conscience are aroused to the merits of the demand of the moral law and clearly grasp the relationship between the man and the state, and it will come.

The right to bequeath anything not actually created by the bequestor, is without a shadow of right, or semblance of reason. And, even when the question of creation is admitted, there is still a question whether the amount is greater than that of consumption. Hence, a righteous bequest is a very hard matter to prove.

Absolute perfection in human affairs may be impossible, but,

compared to our present state of misery, a paradise is possible. Our first duty, as Americans, is to get the government into the hands of the people, through "Majority Rule," which appears now full of promise. Next in importance is the encouragement of Coöperation in production and distribution. Without control of their government, no people can ever be free. And only by uniting small plants, in coöperation, can the men of small means get any of the benefits of laws, rulings and discriminations made for the rich. And, beyond all, every lover of his race should stand firmly for equal rights. This is a principle, however, that has not been claimed in its fulness by any people, nor any teacher, if we except the Christ.

In view of these facts I have hesitated to give expression to thoughts so radical as are here proclaimed. But every day of experience and every hour of reflection has lent emphasis to my conviction that what is here offered is truth. And, not only truth, but of all truths the most vital to associated life. And of all truths, perhaps, the least appreciated. This paper is an earnest appeal to all who desire the betterment of humanity to institute a movement for bringing this vital matter to the front. Choose a few clear thinkers, as a committee to formulate a statement, suggest plan, and name of organization, and also the best methods for diffusing the light. One fact must be insisted upon, and that is, equal heritage for all. No previous holding or human law can ever annul an iota of the right that God has given us.

The name, too, should be carefully chosen. It should breathe no challenge of defiance, but plead kindly for simple justice.

Whether men recognize the truth of equal heritage quickly or slowly, it is this that the angels saw and proclaimed as glad tidings of great joy to all mankind. They must come together.

E. S. WICKLIN.

Lombard, Ill.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ENGLAND OF THE FORTIES TO AMERICA TO-DAY.*

“HOW England Averted a Revolution of Force,” Mr. Flower’s latest volume, is a valuable and timely addition to historical literature. It deals in a most interesting manner with the history of the first ten years of Queen Victoria’s reign, with special reference to the great social, economic and political upheavals which marked that memorable epoch.

Mr. Flower points out that this period was one of the most critical through which any modern nation has passed without the shock of force. It was a time of revolution and reformation; an era of growth and change. The specter of the French Revolution loomed ominously in the background. The condition of the poor was pitiable in the extreme. Thousands were starving all over the realm, while the unhappiness and misery were greatly augmented by the passage of the new Poor Law, which separated husbands from their wives and parents from their children. The revelations in regard to the conditions of women and children in the mines and factories, made through the indefatigable efforts of Lord Ashley, are enough to make one’s blood run cold. The story of the oppression, abuses and degradation, brought to light by the Parliamentary Committee, startled the conscience of the morally alive and shamed easy-going conventionalism into reformatory action. Charles Kingsley at this time also contributed to the moral agitation by his investigations into conditions in the sweat-shops, embodying the results in a pamphlet entitled “Cheap Clothes and Nasty.”

* “How England Averted a Revolution of Force.” By B. O. Flower. Cloth. Hand-sewed. Printed on all-rag paper. Pp. 288. Price \$1.25 net. Postage 10 cents. Trenton, N. J., Albert Brandt, Publisher.

At length out of the inferno of misery and despair there came a voice, low at first, but growing in volume—the voice of the cavern. Chartism sprang into being, and a wave of uneasiness swept over the government. I know of no more comprehensive and luminous short story of this movement than that given by Mr. Flower in the chapter entitled “The Origin, Progress and Result of Chartism.” To us of the present day the demands of Chartism seem extremely conservative and moderate in character, and all of the most important have long since been incorporated in the law of Great Britain. They were briefly as follows:

(1) Universal (manhood) suffrage. (2) Annual parliaments. (3) Vote by ballot. (4) No property qualification. (5) Payment of members. (6) Division of the country into equal electoral districts.

Chartism, however, was doomed to failure through the errors of its leaders, and the causes of its non-success are clearly pointed out by Mr. Flower, who contrasts its downfall with the signal success which attended the Anti-Corn-Law and Free Trade crusades which paralleled it. The educational agitation occasioned by the Chartist movement was productive of great good, however.

Our author next passes to a history of the Corn Laws of England. The grain legislation of Great Britain covered a period extending from the days of the Norman Conquest down to 1846; but the purpose and intent of the laws, no less than their provisions, differed radically at different times. The early Corn Laws, which were in force for about four hundred years, instead of being framed for the purpose of protecting and benefiting a particular class, were enacted for the express purpose of keeping down the cost of breadstuffs. These early laws prohibited the exportation of grain save in years of great abundance. Later a special class, the landlords, became so powerful in government as to enact legislation which for the space of four hundred years served to enrich them at the ex-

pense of the people; although during the reign of Charles II. the primary object of the Corn Laws was to increase the revenues of the state.

We next come to the intensely interesting history of the rise and bitterly contested battle and the ultimate victory of the Anti-Corn-Law League, under the leadership of Richard Cobden, John Bright and George Wilson. The story of this great struggle occupies four chapters, entitled: "The Anti-Corn-Law League," "Carrying the War into Africa," "The Dark Hour Before the Dawn," and "The Repeal."

When the League was formed not a single daily in England would allow its advocates the opportunity to defend their principles. The House of Lords was unanimously in favor of high protective grain laws, and a large majority in the Commons was wedded to protection. Not only were the landed interests, the throne and the aristocracy strenuously opposed to the abolition of the duties on grain, but, with the exception of certain large manufacturing centers like Manchester, the entire wealth of the country was arrayed on the side of the landlords, while the poor were adherents of Chartism.

Such were the conditions when the publication of the "Anti-Corn-Law Circular," later called "The League," was begun for the purpose of enlightening the public mind. The work of this paper was supplemented by the publication of great numbers of pamphlets and tracts, and a vigorous crusade was inaugurated. It was at this time that Richard Cobden and John Bright made their memorial compact to devote their lives to the work of freeing England from the pernicious Corn Laws.

Discouragements were many at first, and failure seemed almost inevitable, but the faith of the leaders was such that they continued to press the fight with enthusiasm and wisdom. At length famine came to their aid, and the tide turned. The suffering of the poor resembled the suffering of the starving millions during the years of wheat failure preceding the French Revolution. A crisis was approaching which only wise states-

manship could avert. Then it was that Sir Robert Peel, the great champion of protection, joined the forces led by Cobden, and sacrificed his political future in order to save England from the sanguinary struggle which he knew must follow if the people were longer compelled to receive only a half loaf for what should be the price of a whole loaf.

The final struggle of these mighty forces in Parliament was a thrilling passage in history, abounding in dramatic incidents. One of the most memorable of these was the sudden leap into fame from obscurity of Benjamin Disraeli, through his brilliant and bitter, but exaggerated and unjust philippic against Sir Robert Peel. When Disraeli entered the House he was a radical Liberal, but from the hour when he attacked the great Prime Minister he became a leader of the Conservatives. It is also interesting to know that the member of the Conservative ministry who had prepared the statistics and data for the unanswerable argument made by Sir Robert Peel, in favor of repeal, was William Ewart Gladstone, who was destined to follow his great leader into the ranks of Liberalism and soon to become the mightiest voice of progressive democracy in the Great Britain of the nineteenth century.

In the midst of the social conflicts of the present the story of this triumphant struggle will prove invaluable to all friends of free government and social progress.

I think that for many, perhaps for the majority of readers, the long chapter in which Mr. Flower discusses the literary activity of the period will prove the most interesting part of the volume. The discussion is entitled the "Humanitarian Spirit in Literature of the Period and Some Thinkers who wrought for Progress." Here the reader will find some delightful characterizations and pen pictures of such distinguished writers as Charles Dickens, Thomas Carlyle, Elizabeth Barrett, Thomas Hood, Charles Kingsley, Frederic Denison Maurice, Ebenezer Ellicott, Bulwer-Lytton, and Giuseppe Mazzini, who was at this time an exile, living and working in London.

The lessons of the great contest of the forties of the last century for friends of justice and free institutions to-day are very clearly pointed out by our author; while in surveying the methods employed by the League, by which victory was won, he indicates methods by which friends of democracy can overthrow the reactionary and plutocratic influences that are imperilling the very life of our republic; while in his review of the causes of the defeat of Chartism he points out the rocks and shoals to be avoided by reformers. Mr. Flower holds that in a comparatively free government,

"Any just cause may be carried to victory if its apostles are consecrated, and if to wisdom they add that high moral enthusiasm which has ever proved irresistible in moving mankind. But the peaceful settlement of a great cause will depend largely upon the wisdom of the people in selecting as legislators and leaders only men of such lofty character that neither gold, ambition, nor flattery can lure them from the way of justice, nor abuse, slander, or unjust criticism frighten them from the path of duty.

"The lesson of the forties of the nineteenth century in Great Britain must prove at once instructive and inspiring to all who earnestly desire to see our great republic fronting the Eternal Day, guided by wisdom, by justice and by love, and scorning sordid and selfish motives that seek to turn her from her Heaven-sent mission as the leader of civilization's vanguard."

Another feature of interest to all students of social problems is that part of the Appendix which contains the principal poems of protest of this revolutionary epoch. Here are collected for the first time in a single volume, it is believed, the most noteworthy reformatory contributions written under the inspiration of this educational agitation. Among the notable stanzas found in this portion of the book are King Arthur's vision of the apotheosis of commercialism, by Lord Bulwer Lytton; "The Cry of the Children," by Elizabeth Barrett; "The Song of the Shirt," by Thomas Hood; "The Day of the Lord," by Charles Kingsley; an apostrophe to Liberty and

ten other ringing poems by Gerald Massey; "The Souls of the Children" and more than a half score other poems by Dr. Charles Mackay, including "Eternal Justice" and "The Watcher on the Tower;" Ebenezer Ellicott's stanzas on the curse of monopoly, and other famous poems of the time.

I believe that this volume is one that not only all readers of THE ARENA will wish to possess, but is one which will be invaluable to friends of democracy in the pending conflict with reactionary and imperialistic influences; for it is much more than a thoughtful and extremely interesting contribution to the history of social progress; it is a message of faith and hope to all who believe in freedom and desire to see the reign of happiness spread throughout the world. I think no previous work by Mr. Flower has been pitched in so optimistic a key as this new volume, which proves that his years of labor for the perpetuation and extension of the underlying principles of free government have in no wise shaken his faith in the people or in the cause of democracy.

AMY C. RICH.

Boston, Mass.

DAS EWIGWEIBLICHE

(The Ever Womanly).

A HOMILY IN DIALOGUE.

"Das Ewigweibliche
Zieht uns hinan."—FAUST.

PERSONS.

Van Rensselaer Gildersleeve, a young quintuple millionaire (by inheritance), polo-player, Horse Shower, autoër, golfer, yachtsman, *cottillon*-leader, globe-scourer, tailors'-model, perfectoglutton, etc., etc. Not strenuous, and good for little useful. No fool.

Hollis Bradford, his classmate and chum three years before at the University. A rising *littérateur*. Betrothed to Grace Gildersleeve, whom family pride deters him from marrying till he can support her, from his own pocket, in the style to which his womenfolk are accustomed. Iron on this point hitherto.

Grace Gildersleeve, sister to and, in her own right, equally rich with Van Rensselaer Gildersleeve. *Fiancée* of Bradford. Too large-hearted to wait for her happiness contentedly, but, being a woman, forbidden to hasten her wedding-day.

A Tramp.

I.—THE TEXT.

GILDERSLEEVE.

BRADFORD.

Scene.—*The interior of a Fifth-Avenue club. Evening; shaded electric lamps. Appointments quiet and a well-bred hush. In a far corner of the smoking-room, lounging on stuffed chairs, sit Gildersleeve and Bradford, in evening clothes, one of the millionaire's celebrated perfectos, lighted, in the mouth of each. They have dined and had a little billiards, and are come here to discuss an investment proposed by Gildersleeve for a royalty that the playwright has recently been paid. Between them is a stand bearing an ash-receiver, Bryant and May's vestas, a pair of Gildersleeve's gloves, and the conventional Scotch and*

carbonic on the letters side, balanced by a half-empty glass of erratic brandy-toddy on the part of la haute finance, which, being la haute finance, can afford to scout fashion and indulge its individual taste. Business over, the lighter mood recurs.

BRADFORD.—Van, did you ever try to feel, think, and act like a woman?

GILDERSLEEVE.—By Jove! (*Regarding his friend satirically.*) How long have you felt it coming on?

BRADFORD.—No, but *did* you?

GILDERSLEEVE.—Really, Hollie, you get on my nerves. Y' must be——

BRADFORD.—Nerves are bloated; neither am I leavin' the rails, as you thoughtfully suggest. Should know me better. . . Pouf! (*Emitting a cloud.*) It's good psychological exercise.

GILDERSLEEVE (*expressing with his spoon from the bit of lemon-peel in his glass a soupçon more of acrid oil into his brandy*).—Exercise! Pestling this mortar's exercise enough for me. Besides, at a pinch, I can tackle the "Kritik," or Hartmann.

BRADFORD.—Yes—and come a cropper. That's not your *forte*. I haven't yet forgotten that memorable Junior year Philosophy paper. And that reminds me. Even *you* have seen your betters win renown by doing the very thing I so pervertedly mention. Don't you remember the day rusticated Wat Brant, to whose nose the Dean had forbidden Cambridge inside three months, saw the Yale foot-ball match in petticoats and a picture hat?

GILDERSLEEVE.—He did!

BRADFORD.—How did Bleeck Lispenard do the *première danseuse* to such frenzied plaudits, when the Pudding gave "Kikeriki"? What was the true inwardness of Bowditch Hunnewell's playing Antigone in the "Œdipus Coloneus" so down to the ground that Gladys Carroll's four-seasoned eyes couldn't hold water?

GILDERSLEEVE.—Q. E. D.

BRADFORD.—Assuredly. How else do you imagine Shakespeare conceived Juliet, or Hall Caine Glory Quail?

GILDERSLEEVE.—Give it up.

BRADFORD.—After all, it's no worse than the other way round. If our consciousness is *we*, Madame Dudevant must have spent a large part of her life a *man*. And, when George Eliot launched Grandcourt, you must confess she'd got beneath his skin.

GILDERSLEEVE.—Fact. Sarah Grand, too, it occurs to me, rather depicts us. Doesn't get *under* the skin perhaps so much, but just takes a bit *off* with every flick o' the lash. (*Rubbing his shoulder ruefully.*) Skin's no protection from either of 'em.

BRADFORD.—Ah, my boy, I suspect true women know the truth because they've never let themselves be *weaned* from truth,—never got so tyrannical and prejudiced and heartless, you know, as men. They recognize embodiments of the Ideas of the Reason by inward affinity with their content, and offer a pretty infallible touchstone for detecting the spurious and base. Women may not always act or speak the truth, but in their heart they *know* it; they're not warped or dense or self-deceivers, like men. I find it an improving exercise to try to get into the feminine consciousness. Had to do it, y' know, in my play. And same thing now in a novel I've got on the stocks (mind you don't mention that—I know I can trust you). With several of the characters I'm obliged to imagine myself a woman of one age, disposition and social standing or another, and to try to be and do as she would under the circumstances. Puzzles me most to sink the despot and assume the charmer. . . Sometimes I think I'll get a long-haired wig, and when I'm doing these parts wear it done up with hairpins, and a star behind, to help on the illusion. . . (*Shyly, for this author is still young and has not yet wholly outlived his youthful shamefacedness in the presence of Goodness.*) Honestly, you know, I believe conceiving true women makes me a better man.

GILDERSLEEVE (*musingly*).—Perhaps. . . (*After a pause, with decision.*) Oh! yes, if you could only ever find a true woman. All but Grace, they're too keen after the dollars!

BRADFORD.—We've *both* felt that, I fancy—you in being over-frequented, I in being a but seldom trodden walk. . . Ah, well! a wicked world perverts us all.

Each sips at his glass. A pause, during which they smoke. Then, after the fashion of young men conversing (or, for that matter, of young women and of people generally)—their minds having strayed a little from the beaten path and made a slight incursion into the circumambient Mystery, whose depths they have hardly tried to plumb, and, indeed (though in this case the colloquists are nominally college-bred), scarcely suspect the extent of—the two friends hasten to return to sublunary things.

BRADFORD.—Ever hear that yarn about Billy Todd?

GILDERSLEEVE (*dryly*).—Which one? Heard so many.

BRADFORD.—Well, did you ever know why the Burton girls won't speak to him?

GILDERSLEEVE.—Didn't know they wouldn't.

BRADFORD.—So; they won't. You remember how well Billy used to make up in petticoat parts in theatricals?

GILDERSLEEVE.—He was great.

BRADFORD.—Funny thing, clothes—and acting. In his own togs Billy was a manly enough fellow; no suspicion of effeminacy. Not mealy-mouthed, and could take a commendable part in a foot-ball rush.

GILDERSLEEVE (*feelingly*).—I remember, one night at Ford's rooms, he tapped my claret with the gloves.

BRADFORD.—And yet, put him in skirts, corsets and a wig, with parasol, a little powder on his cheeks, and perhaps over half his face a veil, and from the front the keenest judges would be taken in. It's just what I've been telling you. He got *inside* the part. Showed his appreciation of the True and the Good, as well as of the Beautiful. Not only the way he walked, car-

ried his handkerchief, and moved his hands and arms, but his voice, his method of speaking, and apparently his thoughts and feelings,—the illusion was complete.

GILDERSLEEVE.—I recollect, every time he lifted his skirts and showed a slim patent-leather and a bit of open-work silk stocking, the fellows all over the house used to gasp—just the same. That was queer!

BRADFORD.—Proof positive that the emotions are as gullible as the intellect. . . Well, at the Christmas recess in Sophomore year, one morning at the paternal breakfast-table in Commonwealth Avenue, Billy heard his sister, after reading her mail, tell the Mum that Nellie Horton's friends, the Burton girls, were on from New York with their aunt for a couple o' days, staying at the Somerset, and that Nellie wanted Gwendolin Todd to call on them, that or the next day. She said she shouldn't be able to go till the day following. Nellie Horton, I suppose you know, is a big friend both of the Burton girls and of Miss Todd's, but the New York girls and Todd's sisters 'd never met.

GILDERSLEEVE.—I see.

BRADFORD.—The spirit of evil seized on Todd. After lunch he arrayed himself in a full outfit of finery his sister 'd given him for theatricals, ordered the carriage while his mother and sister were out, sailed down the front steps with rather more than Gwendolin Todd's accustomed stateliness, kept his face before the men in livery, had the brougham door banged behind him, and was whisked off for the Somerset.

GILDERSLEEVE.—Whew! Harder than a play.

BRADFORD.—Once there he sent up a batch of his sister's cards, found both girls in, went up-stairs, stayed half an hour, and got off whole—and the *débâcle* never came till the next day, when Miss Todd *did* call. The girls got their heads together and quickly named the criminal.

GILDERSLEEVE (*speaking from experience*).—Yaas, Grace's

nose would ha' been *my* undoing fast enough. She was always our family Sherlock Holmes—in petticoats.

BRADFORD.—The aunt was out. Perhaps that helped; but then, again, maybe it made it worse. Billy said when they both kissed him *both* times he knew the trick was done. When he entered the room he rather *expected* the salutes,—though when they came he almost exploded, and only managed to hide his emotions behind a hypocritical sneeze. Saying good-by was the harder. He was uncertain how well he'd succeeded; but the unrestrainedness of the *adieux* convinced him he'd made the hit of his life.

GILDERSLEEVE.—Salvini might have been proud of it!

BRADFORD.—Another crucial moment was when Kate Burton exhibited a recent purchase that lay on a table near by—wearing apparel—and intimate. Of course the girls couldn't help talking about it, and they expected him to be interested. He was.

GILDERSLEEVE.—Ha, ha! Doubtless.

BRADFORD.—And then, to balance things, Mollie unburdened her heart to the effect that she was *crazy after men*.

GILDERSLEEVE.—And they don't speak to Todd?

BRADFORD.—No.

GILDERSLEEVE.—Neither of 'em?

BRADFORD.—One as little as the other.

GILDERSLEEVE.—Funny. . . Must be goin'.

They drop cigar-butts into the awaiting receiver, empty their glasses, call an Attendant to remove the things, rise, yawn, brush the ashes from their clothes, stretch themselves, Gildersleeve takes up his gloves, and they start to go. Crossing the room, they nod to and exchange words with one or two acquaintances; in the hall they meet and shake hands with others. At the cloak-room as they chat and laugh top-coats (Gildersleeve's sable-lined), hats and gloves are donned, and sticks assumed. They descend the steps to the front-door. Exeunt.

II.—THE APPLICATION.

GILDERSLEEVE.

BRADFORD.

TRAMP.

Scene.—*The sidewalk of the cross-street in front of the Club.*

The hour is now past eleven of a cold but windless January night. Though parts of the city and the surrounding country are spread with snow, the ways hereabout are bare. Eastward—beneath a jagged lane of stars like a paler reflection overhead—reaches a short vista of bicolor mingled gas and electric street lights, interspersed with a few ruddy moving carriage lamps, and crossed occasionally near the further end by the torch-light procession of a street-car. Westward—under a like lane of stars—beyond Fifth Avenue the prospect below ends, at the distance of a block, with the nebula of Broadway and Sixth Avenue, surmounted now and then by the meteor of an elevated train. There is a lull in the skurry of oppositely moving equipages on the Avenue, blinking home from opera and from theater, or faring to reception or to ball. Hardly ruffled by the sound of distant hoof-beats on the asphalt, reigns in the semi-privacy of the cross-street Nature's hush, strangely different from the artificial quiet within. One or two club-men leave or enter the building, as the scene unfolds; but, self-absorbed, they give no heed. At some distance past the doorway toward Madison Avenue waits a bunch of members' carriages, the coachmen, alighted, conversing under their breath; but whatever notice they take, they of course hide. A few pedestrians pass; no knot however collects, no attention is drawn.

The outer portal opens and shuts again, having emitted Gildersleeve and Bradford. Scarcely have they turned toward Fifth Avenue, meaning to walk home, when out from a near shadow glides apparently the wretchedest

of men, unaccountably overlooked by all the coppers of Murray Hill, and approaches them. Gray hairs straggling through the rents in a bandanna bound about a hatless head; feet wrapped in gunny-bagging; one naked knee disclosed by a hole in a pair of appalling trousers; body clad in a cast-away sweater enclosed in a derelict pea-jacket, deeply fringed at the edges, tied together with hempen twine in lieu of buttons, split up the back, and the sleeves, out at both elbows, so worn at the wrist as to leave a length of blu arm exposed, into the openings at the sides that once led to pockets being thrust in a vain quest of warmth two bare and grimy paws. And yet something shy, yearning and, if it can be believed, not wholly repulsive about this Human Scarecrow.

TRAMP.—BOSS!

GILDERSLEEVE.—Great Scott! Where did *this* come from? There's the sort o' thing the town's got to get rid of.

BRADFORD (*with conviction*).—I should say so!

Instead of their properly brushing promptly and inexorably by, the double electric light diagonally across the Avenue (brightening its ground-glass globes in the systole of its wonted irregular beat) reinforces, at this moment, the incandescent lamps over the doorway of the Club; the grotesqueness of the unexpected vision—remarkable even in a city of wretched sights—is brought out; and, impressed, the club-men pause and gaze.

GILDERSLEEVE (*half to himself*).—Wonder if it can drink!

TRAMP.—That's top-notch, fur keeps. I'll bet *they're* warm and full. Gee! (*Lost in admiring awe, he forgets to prefer the intended request.*)

GILDERSLEEVE (*taking a side view*).—Poole and Scott rather left at the post, eh?

BRADFORD.—*Auch*, the sandal fad. If they're "Smyrna rags," Asia Minor must be shivering!

GILDERSLEEVE.—Might pose as a Footpad.

BRADFORD.—Or be scanned as an acephalous hexameter with limping feet. Or fill a frame as a Modern Lily of the Field. Or disfigure a book-shelf as a Travesty of Man. Or personate In the Last Ditch—The Bottom Step—An Aching Void. The desirable new broom that should purify us of this, it's to be prayed might *sweep* clean; it certainly could hardly hope to *be* so, after its office 'd been performed. Osculation and perforated hose seem not just in keeping here.

TRAMP.—Don't s'pose you way-up swells 'd *help* me. Wish y' would!

GILDERSLEEVE.—Gin or beer?

TRAMP.—Oh no, gen'l'man, I don' want a drink. (*Here the friends approach the apparition as near as seems safe, sniff the intervening air suspiciously, and then retire again apparently convinced.*) Hardly ever take 'un,—*never* 'cept somebody gi's me it. Rather eat. Ain't had nawthin' but a bone a dog left over by the River since yest'd'y maw'n. (*Shuffles his feet and looks away distressedly.*)

BRADFORD (*after a sharp breath, drawlingly*).—Gad! That is rather a long fast, this weather. (*But distrust, the maxims of "sound" Political Economy, the catch-phrases of Prosperity, and spontaneous Selfishness coming to his rescue, this floats through his mind: Of course he drinks, though he mayn't happen to be drunk just now. . . Supply and demand—ought to go West—city overcrowded. . . "When not intemperance, the poor have only their own improvidence to blame for their poverty; every man willing to work can make a living; there's no need for anybody to starve". . . Not his "keeper," anyway.*)

TRAMP (*rippling on*).—Wouldn' take much. C'n git dandy supper fur fi' cents. . . 'n' warm bed—well, *pretty* warm bed—fur ten cents. (*They stare in wonder. Bradford calculates mentally: We must have just guzzled and burnt up, in a couple of hours, enough to have supported Belisarius here for nearly a month. Here is a curiosity so rare that the situation is mildly entertaining, and, for once, these gilded youths do not shun*

poverty. As they seem not unwilling to listen, the Tramp resumes.) 'N' then 'f I had 'nuther fi' cents, c'd git a warm breakfas' in maw'n, with cup hot coffee. (*Smacks his lips and rallies manfully at the thought, then collapses again as he remembers that he will probably enjoy none of the luxuries named.*) Then I might git a jawb. Nob'dy 'd gimme 'un to-day. Looked too mis'ble, ah reckun. Had 'un three—no, four—days ago. (*Despondently.*) Most o' the time I'm down on m' luck.

BRADFORD.—Van, here's a situation for two Knickerbocker club-men, fellows whose study for hard upon thirty years has been to shun the Disagreeable! A subconscious sense of the existence of poor devils, I take it, is the *sauce piquante* of life. But, really, isn't it a little jarring to be brought thus unexpectedly face to face with the Antipodes—a Human Vacuum?

GILDERSLEEVE.—Hardly a Leyden jar, though very shocking,—Bohemian ware, rather.

BRADFORD.—Both wear and tear, apparently. No *one* cause could justify so thorough-paced an effect.

GILDERSLEEVE.—We might send him to the police station? The Associated Charities, I fancy, wouldn't find him a worthy object. . . Seems to me I've read in the papers the Salvation Army looks after this sort o' thing. (*This, casting about with that readiness so observable in human nature to suggest relief elsewhere for distress that is really principally the impulse to evade relieving it oneself.*)

TRAMP (*slackly and dispiritedly persistent*).—Know kind lady down in Wave'ley Place. Couldn' git there t'-day—too fur. She sometimes gi's me a jawb. (*Suggestively.*) She *always* gi's me a hand-out—'n' once a place to sleep.

BRADFORD (*waking up at the word lady, as a thought strikes him*).—(*To himself.*) Why not get a scene out of this for the novel? Suppose I have Alice Atherton, my heroine, meet this wretch. Here, let me rehearse it. I'm Alice. How would she

go at it? . . . Let me see—she's a lady, young, beautiful, rich, good, in love. Here goes! (*Aloud.*) My poor man, have you no relatives nor friends?

TRAMP (*looking up, struck by the tone of interest and kindness*).—Did have mother. (*Coughs.*) She died.

GILDERSLEEVE.—What's Hollie up to?

BRADFORD.—No wife (*Gildersleeve snorts scornfully*), nor children?

TRAMP.—Wives 'n' child'n isn't fur the like o' me, gen'l'man. One's 'nough to starve.

BRADFORD.—The world must be very cold and lonely without care or love.

TRAMP.—Yissur, s'pose 't is (*whimpering*).

GILDERSLEEVE.—Well, I'll be hanged!

BRADFORD.—But *all* hearts are not of stone. (*To himself.*) What would she say next? . . . Let me see if, from the standpoint of goodness and reverence, above all of receptivity, absolute truth, and love,—which, I take it, is Woman's standpoint,—I can feel a way out. . . Here's a man—how vicious I don't know—but certainly uneducated, feeble physically and intellectually—and, if so, morally. (*Aloud.*) Can you read?

TRAMP.—C'n spell out a little in the newspapers. Tires my head.

BRADFORD.—Got a trade? (*To himself, critically.*) That's a *man's* question.

TRAMP (*enviously*).—'F I had wouldn' be here.

BRADFORD.—How much money did you ever earn in a day? (*To himself, contemptuously.*) Another question masculine.

TRAMP (*proudly*).—I *have* made as high as seventy-fi' cents—polishin'.

BRADFORD.—Ever tramp?

TRAMP (*shamefacedly*).—Yes, boss. *Had* to.

BRADFORD.—Been in jail? (*Despairingly, to himself.*) Don't believe I shall succeed in losing my sex, after all.

TRAMP.—Nope. (*Cheerfully.*) Cop 'rested me once. But

I didn' do 't; 't was t' other felluh. He wanted me t' help swipe out a Dago. (*With ethical scorn.*) That wan't no square deal. (*Compromisingly.*) I let him gi' me some o' the dosh, though. (*Contentedly, as having—although undeniably to some extent a sinner—enjoyed the profit of sin, without too much subsequent punishment.*) Jedge let me off.

BRADFORD (*to himself*).—Y' see. Probably not very bad, but of slight account anyhow. . . . Yet (if, woman fashion, I'm to be truthful) *why?* Had no start. Nothing but body, and not much o' that; no teaching, not even industrial. (*Did have a mother—and seems to have cared for her.*) . . . Says he's had hard luck. There is such a thing, that on occasion breaks scientific law, and spoils even the best-laid plans. (*Aloud.*) Is the kind lady your only friend?

TRAMP (*wearily*).—Indeed, most times I seem to be made fur a futball.

GILDERSLEEVE (*parenthetically*).—Faugh! I should hate to kick it.

BRADFORD (*to himself*).—There's to be no self-deception? . . . Well, then, the feeling, I find, won't down in me; and, I've often occasion to notice, in spite of all the dry-as-dust wiseacres claim, it's pretty eruptive generally. In this case, and for most adversity, the Bullying World is largely to blame, —everybody's to be put and kept down that *can* be. I help make the condition. Men don't wholly create their lot, it's in great measure made for them,—there are "circumstances beyond our control." Neither can I help thinking the Church at fault. (*Aloud.*) My friend, you sometimes hear preaching?

GILDERSLEEVE.—Hello!

TRAMP (*contemptuous of ignorance so crass*).—Sure, wot church 'd let me inside the door!

BRADFORD.—Did no clergyman ever get you work or food?

TRAMP.—No—I'm sure! It's been mostly kind ladies 's done that.

BRADFORD (*to himself*).—Yet certainly a clergyman, if any-

body, should have done something. . . (*As a man.*) I surprise myself by what Alice makes me say and think, and where she's getting to. But *continuous.*) To my recently acquired womanly exactitude of inner perception it looks, I must confess, pretty mean to try to rid ourselves of social failures like this by the Crossing-sweeper Jo order, "Move on!" That is (instead of *facing* our problem, and facing it *ourselves*), by shirking it and handing it over to our neighbor—to some other person or community—they in turn to somebody else, and so on, till the "outer darkness" is reached. Isn't that a cowardly and doubly immoral procedure—immoral in our relation both to the failure and to our neighbor? . . . I said just now we're bound to get rid of cases like this. Doubtless that's so—though, in my present state of clear-sightedness I see, not in the sense I meant it then. Suppose I amend the interpretation. How would this do? We're bound, whenever possible, on finding them, to *lift* them till they're no longer cases like this; to turn our attention to making general conditions such that it will be impossible for cases like this to arise. (*Aloud.*) You're hungry, my man?

TRAMP.—Please don't make 't worse, boss. (*Shaking himself and stamping to fight down the faintness and gnawing.*)

GILDERSLEEVE (*turning away with a wry face*).—Jove! (*Impatiently.*) Come, Hollie, let's get home.

BRADFORD.—Wait a minute. (*To the Tramp.*) And cold?

TRAMP.—Well, if I was only full, I could stand that better. (*As his attention is thus more fully directed to his condition, his teeth involuntarily chatter.*)

BRADFORD (*to himself*).—If, theoretically, nobody need starve all the same, actually, here is a man—fairly able-bodied and willing to work—starving. A fellow human being visibly and audibly suffering and in want. I can *feel* his pangs. A *human being*: a creature like myself, belonging to the same race. . . There's considerable difference between that scaramouch there and me, true. But, after all, it's one of degree, while between us and the other animals yawns the chasm of

kind; there was the *possibility* of a man in him. . . Striving to be womanly, I listen within. An inner voice speaks: No matter how his condition's come about, you're able to help, relieve it. . . (*The man in him remonstrates.*) But suppose he's worse than I think him: crazy, a thief—a murderer even. . . (*The woman speaks up.*) Still, he'd like to be saved from distress: *I* should. (*Man.*) Perhaps he's a fake, and has a barrel and a bank account. . . (*Woman.*) But I don't *know* that. I don't think he is. At all events, his distress *now* is genuine. Better run the risk of being deceived than of being inhuman—not make wariness a cloak for meanness. . . Let me throw my soul open, woman-like. Ah! it comes to me—I feel it—I *know* it. No matter how low—poor, ignorant, unlucky, ill, deformed, insane, *criminal* even—deserving or *not* deserving, “worthy object” or not—every human being should be treated as in his place we'd wish to be treated ourselves. Am *I* immaculate? Under his conditions, should I be any better? (Morally, *am* I better? To the Divine Perfection, I dare say, we cut figures about equally poor—very like I the worse one.) To a starving dog, whatever its “outs,” I'd fling a bone—an “ugly” shivering horse I'd lead to shelter: shall I do *less* for a man? Suppose he stood here, and I there, what should *I* ask? “I'm poor, ignorant, good for nothing—have done wrong over and over again—but, just the same, I *feel*. Think, friend: I've had little for, all against, me. Help—I suffer!” He's human; (now let me be all womanly) he's in *distress*—let my love and pity heal. . . . Why (*a light breaking in on him as a man*), that's what they call the Golden Rule! How is it it goes? Oh, yes: “Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.” (*After a moment's thought, as a man, aloud.*) My poor man, what's your name?

TRAMP.—They calls me mostly, Bill, sir.

BRADFORD.—Well, Bill, I think I'll have to help you. (*To himself.*) I believe I'll *do* it. Our codes are not infallible. (A certain Thorold Tresham, I remember, once thought one so,—

the insight of a woman, his brother's *fiancée*, would have spared him his triply fatal error.)

TRAMP (*with half-frozen gratitude*).—Thanky, thanky, sir.

BRADFORD (*still to himself*).—Makes y' feel rather well, this clear thinking and milk o' human kindness. Golden Rule's correct,—the rub's to *act* it. (*Aloud.*) Bill, my means are not as large as I wish they were. (*Sotto voce.*) That's true—no doubt, even if I'm speaking in the character of the rich heroine. (*Aloud.*) But, poor fellow, I think I can do *something*. First take that (*giving money*). It'll get you a better supper and night's lodging than you spoke of, and a better breakfast. (*To himself.*) Best not give him *too* much—might upset and tempt him. Proper thing, I suppose, 'd be to have him taken to an eating-house and the food bought; but must run the risk, nobody to send—can't go myself now. (*Aloud.*) I hope you will sleep *well*. And in the morning—don't hurry; you needn't get there before eleven—after you've had your breakfast, and your coffee hot and strong enough to suit you, come to this address and ask for this lady. (*Takes from his pocket a notebook, in which he writes, "Miss Alice Atherton, 94— Fifth Avenue." Tears out the leaf and shows writing to Gildersleeve, with the words:* The heroine of my budding novel. I've been making a character study, and acting her rôle. I've not done it well: the heart and the head—the woman and man—in me get mixed. Arguments and conscience have spoken louder than pity. I've relied more on reason than on intuition or feeling. Todd played better. But there's a germ in me that might be developed into the Feminine Soul. I suspect, when that feminine soul within or without a man sets before his masculine apprehension the Truth, by the sheer impossibility of refuting it, the masculine mind—if its owner wishes to retain his self-respect—is compelled to absorb the lesson. I seem to see it: Put in man, beside his own, his sister's soul, and from the union and interplay, *plus* his strength, would come a god. . . My study began professionally, but upon my word I believe it's

touched my private capacity. The play's turning out serious and real. The thing's gone to my heart a little. Faith! if the world's even made better, I believe 't is Woman will do it! (*Then hands address to the Tramp, to whom he continues:*) Miss Atherton—or I—I fancy, have a right to find (or even make) a little employment, if we choose; and I think I'm correct in saying that—between us—(*here the voice of proper prudence sounds*) if the kind lady speaks well of you, we shall be able to make your future happier than your present or your past. Good-night, Brother. Till to-morrow. Your hand. (*Removes his glove as courteously as if making a morning-call at a great lady's and clasps the ragamuffin's chill and blackened paw. Looking down, picture.*) What is it? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least——"

GILDERSLEEVE (*touched through the one rift in his worldliness*).—So *that's* what you've been doing—conceiving a true Woman? I *wondered* why I kept thinking of Grace. . . I'm not very old, and the world calls me blessed. But the plain truth is. . . it's only the hope of finding another *like* her—a woman who could love me for myself—who'd *love* me, were I in that wretch's place—that keeps me going. For her sake, if you'll take a partner in philanthropy, I'm your man. As now, so always, may the Ever-womanly win!

III.—THE BENEDICTION.

GILDERSLEEVE.

BRADFORD.

TRAMP.

MISS GILDERSLEEVE.

Scene.—*The same. Grace Gildersleeve's coupé, which has set down her chaperon for the occasion, Mrs. Beekman, at her own door and is now bearing its mistress home from Daly's theater, has during the encounter described above come up the Avenue. As Grace, on the look-out for the Club, catches sight of her lover and her brother near the covered*

entrance, by her direction the carriage has turned into Thirty-second Street and, the clack-clack of the horses' feet on the asphalt being stilled as they come to a walk, silently on rubber tires drawn up to the curb just behind the intent group, unnoticed by it. The fair occupant has been an absorbed spectator of the latter part of the scene.

GRACE (*to herself*).—Ah! Here's a play more breathless than even the one I've just been crying at,—and in real life, too. (*Interrupting.*) Hollis and Van Rensselaer, I've caught you! (*Sensation.*) . . . Here, Hollis, please. Give the poor fellow that card, and tell him to come to the house in the morning—*before* he sees you, lazy thing (or was that consideration?)—and see that my card is sent to me, and I'll have something to say to him. Good-night, *poor* man. I'm very, *very* sorry for you. Be sure to come and see me. Yes, I know. Good-night. . . There, now the poor thing's gone, get in both of you and I'll take you home—Hollis first. Fortunately, I've the *coupé* instead of the brougham. James (*the footman, obeying orders, has remained hitherto on the box not to attract attention by getting down, but is now at the coupé door*), Mr. Bradford's, please. (*The two gentlemen enter the carriage, Gildersleeve taking the folding-seat.*)

GILDERSLEEVE.—What are you going to do with our "find"?

GRACE.—The Guild has a plan even for such as he. (*In Bradford's ear.*) You see, I'll have no rivals—not even a novel-heroine. You goose! *You* mustn't spend your money on him. You need it for another purpose!

BRADFORD.—Darling!

The coupé has now turned round, regained the Avenue, and resumed its way up-town. The glare and hansoms of the Waldorf are past, and they are mounting the hill.

GRACE (*to Bradford, apart*).—O Hollis, turn your face—I must kiss you—I can't help it if Van Rensselaer is here. (*To her brother, with her grand manner.*) *Excusez, Patroon. (Irrepressibly to Bradford again, apart, all woman.)* I'm very,

very proud of you. I saw you. I heard what you said. It was noble, and worthy of my Own.

BRADFORD.—You exaggerate a trifling thing.

GRACE.—Hollis, I never *trusted* you so implicitly before. (*To her brother.*) Forgive me, Van Rensselaer, if I speak a moment with Hollis. (*To her lover, heard only by him.*) I'm sure now it's not chiefly even what flatterers choose to call my beauty you want—it's *myself*. . . Oh, it's plain as day! A man who could do what *you've* just done—succor a poor lost human waif, apparently the lowest of his kind, just because he was *human*—is no self-seeker—has conscience and a heart—can feel what we women call love, and *keep* troth when he's plighted it. (*To herself.*) In all this human mirage, a *man*—dear Heaven, I thank thee! Of my dolls, it was always the roomy-lapped ones I most admired. (*To Bradford.*) Have you forgotten, Hollis, how when we played together on our visits, both in petticoats, you used to get off the pony and let us little girls ride? On her death-bed Mamma counseled me,—Above all things, ask a *heart*!

BRADFORD.—Are you just discovering, Grace, I love you, and always shall?

GRACE (*turning away her head and communing with herself*).—

"And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!"

O God! Thou knowest I've always felt my heart beat most at one with Thine, when it beat for Humanity. Happy woman, who finds that in her lover's breast, as in her own and in her Father's Above, the one Love throbs. . . . I must reward this paragon—I *can*. . . What's to hinder? Shame? With him I have none—he's like another self. . . . I know he *wants* me—and a man like that *can* want. . . . He's held before me the mirror of my sex: the sight awakes my emulation. *He* sank self, *I* can—he blessed, so can I. All the mothering shall not be his: *I'll* mother, too. (*To her brother.*) Van Rensselaer,

this Angel has but one flaw—he wants, I think, his Heaven all alone. (*In her lover's ear.*) Dear Angel, you shall hold me off no longer. Do you understand? No, no—not a word—I mean to beat down your resolve. You must throw away silly pride, and *let me in*. Our happiness is of more worth than Convention. You've not asked me to name it, but . . . the first of next May's my Wedding-Day. We'll have—*our* Heaven—and soon!

NEWELL DUNBAR.

Forest Hill, N. J.

THE FUNNY MAN'S FREAK.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

Old Jones trimmed the lamp. The smoky old chimney he told himself, "looked like a slender black bottle." But he couldn't help that; his hands, though slender enough, and his fingers, thin to the bone, could penetrate "the smoked district" a scant inch and a half. And he must do his night's work, which to a newspaper man means his *day's* work, by *that*.

He grinned in a "well-if-I-must" sort of way, and wondered if there ever was a funny man, he wouldn't dignify himself by the name of wit, who had any fun to him; or along whose path anything really and truly humorous ever did, by any chance happen to stray. And having thus relieved his feelings old Jones went to work.

A. Felix Youngblood was the name affixed to the "funny business" of the *Daily Clarion* for which he worked; but to the boys in the neighborhood in which fate decreed him lodging he was just "Old Jones."

To-night old Fairfax was ailing; old Fairfax was apt to be ailing when there was anything special on hand, and the matter on hand to-night was *very* special. It was a "new idea" for a story; a regular "side-splitting, button-buster," he told himself.

As he settled himself to work his nimble brain detected other possibilities in his "idea." Two sides: the pathetic, which appealed to him with tremendous weight as he thought of the lonely old fellow below who had thrust his cramped old leg (it would be a "shank" in Jones' story) from under the bed covers and implored his neighbor to "rub brisk for the *Lord's* sake."

There was nothing to rub, save the shank bone; and Jones had dug away at that like a house afire until the pain was gone, and Fairfax's beautiful old face lay back upon the pillow, surrounded with masses of long silvery hair that fell about his breast and throat, as he drifted off, like a weary little child, to sleep.

The beauty of the sweet old face lingered in Jones' heart with strange persistence; the clean, pinkish flesh that age could not yellow; and eyes the color of wild gentians in the southern mountain; the stateliness of the spare old figure that poverty could not kill; and the loneliness of an old age like this that had found and riveted to its fortunes, or misfortunes, the newspaper wit, with an affection that nothing short of the one great artisan could undo.

This was an unusual proceeding on the part of Jones, for he had given up friendships and friend-making, had tried to lose himself in work, and to find contentment in a third floor room of a quiet apartment house to which Fairfax had followed him.

They had met, those two strange friends, at the river side one day, where a dead man had been brought ashore. Old Fairfax, past seventy, had loved Jones from the first; and, being alone in the world, had followed him to the apartment house. And old Jones, shabby, morose, distant, old drudge, out of rank wonder that one could love a man for the man's sake, and without capitulation or perquisites, had put up with him. Put up with him? Aye, held him as David his Jonathan, and for five good, hard, consecutive years, when there was hot bread and butter possible at the restaurant 'round the corner, and when it was a potato and a pot of coffee in the "upper room," "According to the rise and fall of the funny bone," Jones said, these two lived on, loved on, rejoiced and sorrowed with one another.

Jones had no recollection of the day when he began to make the living for both. Fairfax had evidently had some

little means at the beginning, for he always went neat and fresh, with a shave and a shampoo twice a week that had to come even if Fairfax went hungry.

But it began to dwindle by degrees, and when Jones discovered the old man denying himself food in order to have the little luxuries of dress and cleanliness that meant so much to him, he quietly took the matter in his own hands, and while furnishing "funny stuff" for the *Clarion* began also to furnish food for his old lover.

Fairfax was old and Jones was as a son to him; it came to seem all right and natural that he should work for him. Jones had queer ideas of humor, too, Fairfax thought, for one day he said to him:

"Do you always prowl among dead things for your funny stuff?"

Jones had been trying to execute "a lighter vein" act after having attended the trial of a young girl charged with stealing a diamond ring. "Do you find all the horrors of life so funny? The first time I ever saw you you were trying to get something funny out of a drowned man." And Jones had grinned in a mirthless sort of way, and said:

"When I was a boy they used to drag me off to church. I had to amuse myself, since the minister failed to entertain me; I contracted the habit. At funerals, suicides, tragedies of all kinds it was the same. One day my mother said: 'Such a boy! He sees the ridiculous in everything.' That speech proved my undoing; I made 'seeing the ridiculous' my life work." Innocent old Fairfax never dreamed Jones was lying.

"Well," said he, "I'd hate to live with a bull's eye eternally turned upon a dung heap, I would."

"Sometimes one finds a lily growing in them," said he softly, and was silent. After awhile Fairfax got up, walked to Jones' side as he sat by his topplish old table, among his ragged old books and smoky old lamp chimney, and laying his small white hand on his rusty shoulder said:

"Boy, you've got a beautiful soul to you, somewhere, *sure*."

And Jones, old ingrate that he was, strangled back something that was beating in his bosom like a trip hammer, and looking laughingly up into the "blue gentians" that were regarding him so tenderly, said:

"Your 'bull's eye' is going like a house afire to-night," and under his breath he added, "Among my grave yards." That was the *real* beginning of their *real* intimacy. Jones invited the old "Detective," as he called him, to dine with him off a little dinner sent in from the restaurant, and paid for it with "the returns from the drowned man."

The next night the old man had a rheumatic twitch and Jones had the dinner up again. But in Fairfax's room. The rheumatism held for two weeks, and the meals went on; they went on still when the rheumatism had disappeared. But after awhile Fairfax's funds seemed exhausted, and Jones "humped himself" to provide for both. He told himself that he got his money's worth of courage from his old friend, who made Jones bring him everything he wrote, and read it to him. And his pride in it, his wonder at the "boy's" ability fairly beamed in the adoring old face. Sometimes he criticized too, and Jones found his suggestion both sound and helpful.

"Too hurried, boy," he would say. "Too hurried. Take time for your best thoughts. Don't ever leave a thread hanging; someone sure to find it and get your work a-raveling."

"Time?" Jones would shriek. "Good Lord man, where am I to find time to think, with a gaping column yawning at me every night, and gaping heels and elbows every day. To say nothing of buttons, and ten thousand other things. Why I've almost contracted the habit of working in my sleep."

"Then you *don't* do your full stunt," laughed Fairfax, "for you don't sleep four hours out of the twenty-four, to my certain knowledge. But keep up the fight. Keep up the fight. Keep your tools sharp. Time will come to you; time and opportunity. Keep the tools sharp, boy."

"Oh, they're sharp," grinned Jones, digging away at an indelible pencil. "They're sharp and—giving out," looking at the pencil. Still, the old man's faith became his; it buoyed and bore him up until he felt equal to anything that might come.

They grew poorer and poorer; the old man weaker and weaker; he needed things that were beyond Jones entirely.

"He must have friends somewhere, and relatives," Jones told himself. "A man like that hasn't jogged about the world unknown and unloved, in the broadcloth and linen too, for seventy years." Jones tried to sound him, but it only vexed him, and he swore in good round numbers that he had "made it a point of his life *not* to have kinspeople; if there was any mystery about that Jones was welcome to it."

Now, that did complicate matters. Any body could look at old Fairfax and understand he hadn't always been a beggar. If he had there would have been no mystery about it; since poverty on the window sill means love on the doorstep, face forward, on the march. Poverty has no lovers; misfortune no kin.

One strange thing about old Jones' condition was, that with the increase of care, and the crowding down of necessity, came also an increase of wit. His column fairly laughed of its own self. And its readers sacrificed buttons and suspenders regardless. Old dudes stole his jokes to tell at the clubs, and young ones to repeat to their sweethearts. At the office they dubbed him "A Happy Youngblood," and the chief swore to his assistant that "Youngblood was becoming the feature of the paper;" and of his appreciation, "cut his salary" down a bit.

That made him all the more witty; the bull's eye was searching the sloughs and cesspools with a vengeance. So funny was he that the *Coronet*, a rival sheet, made him an offer of an all night job, "steady."

Old Jones nibbled his pencil, thought of the beautiful old face beaming upon him night after night, of the helpless old body and the lonely hours that must be his should he ac-

cept the "all night job," thought of the suffering that he "rubbed away" from the old bones every night, and said "No, thank you."

He turned the knob lightly, lest he disturb the old man's slumber; a soft metallic click came from the room; he listened, but the sound was not repeated, so he went in. The old man lay back upon his bed with eyes closed and one hand under his pillow. A stout twine string lay on the floor by the bed's side.

Jones shook up the fire and went out to get a bite of breakfast for the two of them. When he returned Fairfax was dressed and toasting his little slippered feet before the fire Jones had kindled. How fresh he looked, and how sweet. Pink as a baby, and snow clean.

"Feel better?" Jones called out cheerily as he pushed the door open for the boy and tray crowding him in the rear.

"Hope so; the pain's changed; it's crept up a bit. It is always creeping up. Some day it will touch here, and then—piff!"

He touched his left breast, and blew as upon a candle flame. Jones understood, and was troubled.

"Hadn't you better let me get a doctor?"

"Not on your life, boy; not on you life. Who's to pay a doctor to hurry an old man to his grave. They're leeches, boy; nothing but leeches, sucking a body's life blood. Keep them out! they'd bleed us dry, your doctors."

"Then your friends?" urged Jones when the waiter, having arranged the breakfast, had disappeared.

"Surely; everyone you can find. And you'll find them all deaf, my boy. Deaf and dumb—in the graveyard."

"Then your kin——"

"Oh, they're deafer than the friends. Went stone deaf when the bank——"

He stopped, flushed, then plunged on. "Don't trouble them; let the dead be. You and I are quite enough for each other."

Boy! You look deathly. I'll wager you were not in bed all night?"

Jones executed his old grin: "Then you'll lose, for I was there *all* night."

"But not sleeping. Oh, it's scribbled all over your face, and printed in big type in your eyes. Didn't undress at all, I'll be bound."

"No," said Jones, "I didn't. I worked all night, and I *am* kind o' fagged." He wondered if he *was* going to cry, like a baby.

"All wrong boy; all wrong," chattered Fairfax. "Take time for your best *always*—else you'll never *do* you best."

Jones grinned again; a very dry grin indeed.

"If I had waited for time you wouldn't have had this rasher and toast for breakfast," said he. "And I should have had to do for you as I did for myself last night: Keep you in bed all day to prevent freezing. Take another egg, you need good food."

Old Fairfax broke the egg into his cup and helped himself to a slip of the liver. "Is it so bad as that, boy?" said he. "Never mind; do your best; times will change; they always do, soon or late."

"Mighty late sometimes," said Jones. "I'm gone forty;" and again he grinned.

"And I'm gone seventy," said the old man. "But you'll see better days; days when you'll have time for, and the surroundings that tend to, good work."

"Isn't my work good?" snapped Jones, jealous old parent that he was. The other replied slowly: "It isn't your best; it isn't your—*natural* work. Some time, when you're better off——"

"Here's your pipe," said Jones. "I must get down to the office. I forgot to tell you the *Cornet* made me a second offer yesterday, with a bit more money to it."

The old face lighted up greedily.

"Take it boy; take it if there's a penny's difference on the gain side. 'Pennies make pounds,' they used to tell me when I was a boy. Guard the pennies, and keep out of the banks——" A spasm of pain cut the words short, and Jones left him lying back upon the couch white and drawn, and stubbornly refusing to see a doctor.

Jones had him in his mind all day. So much so that he quit the office an hour earlier than usual and went home. At the door he met a strange man coming out of Fairfax's room, and the boy from the restaurant whom he had bribed to look in and keep the old man's fire going, was waiting in the hall.

Jones bounded up the steps, three at a bound.

"Is—is—anything the matter?" he gasped. The strange gentleman bowed "Good day," and passed out.

Jones found his old chum in a great stew.

"You'll have to put a guard at the door, boy," said he, "to keep strangers from stumbling in by mistake," and before Jones could question him Fairfax went off into a paroxysm of pain that lasted the night through.

Jones never gave another thought to the strange gentleman, for he had quite enough to think of the next ten days, while Fairfax grew weaker, with the old pain creeping up to the cheery old heart of him. The "boy" was working like a *whole block* afire, brown stone at that, and seven good stories. He worked to eat, to pay the doctor, to keep warm, to keep up, to keep down, to keep still, to keep going, and to keep from going mad. He was never so droll in all his years of drollery. And never so thin and threadbare, and haggard, and half starved, and broken hearted. And then, straight upon the heels of this Bedlam there came a sudden, sharp wrench, a balk, a jar, *and the wheel turned.*

The wrench came when, one night the pain creeping up reached out and touched the heart that had been expecting it; and with Jones standing by, the indelible pencil behind his ear, and the indelible picture before him forever, old Fairfax laid

his beautiful silver head upon the pillow for the last time, and the one love of his life, the one mourner for his death, dropped across his feet and sobbed the night through.

Then came the lull, and then the turn. An attorney in a quiet part of the town sent for him.

Fairfax, his "find," his "freak," his partner and chum, Fairfax the old impostor, Fairfax the beautiful, the blessed old *miser*, had left him a fortune.

The attorney, in a slow, stately sort of voice, as stately as the bow he had given old Jones that evening in the hall, after he had written old Fairfax's will, explained the very plain "mystery" in full.

Fairfax had been "eccentric," a bit "close," the result of some past experiences; had become embittered when through the failure of a bank in which his wealth was deposited, friend and kindred alike had dropped him. Had saved part of his fortune however, and afterwards doubled it; with the result that he came out of the struggle a *miser*, with a never slumbering fear of being again left penniless. He had also been—well, in love; and with old Jones, who had worked for him like a slave, and loved him like a son.

And old Jones listening, cried like a baby; cried for relief, for gratitude, for joy, for sorrow; and above all for the old heart that had reached out for his own in the emptiness of desolation.

Now there was "time for his best," and he set out to do it. He was a full week doing his next story, and when it appeared the chief sent for him.

Instead of the usual "stuff," with its sparkle, and dash, and doubtful glitter of tinsel, here was a column of tears. Tears, and with a humorist's name at the bottom. But it was "good stuff;" the chief's nose had a briny tear drop hanging off the crook when he called old Jones up.

"Jones," he began, "I don't pretend to understand you. All I want to say is that you've been a fool all along. A man to

be doing 'pot-boilers' who can do *this*." And he tapped the new "lead" with his squatty old pencil. "And I'd like to know why you haven't been writing this all the while, Jones? Or is this a freak?"

Jones looked up, grinned his old grin, and thought of the bull's eye. "Couldn't," said he. "It was the funny stuff kept me balanced: I had to do fiction. *This* would have been tragedy then, and too real. It would have—*broken my heart*."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. FLOWER.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF UTILITIES AND AN AMPLE, YET STABLE, CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

Among the problems of overshadowing importance to the citizens of our republic, are matters relating to public utilities and to the money of the nation or the circulating medium. We are beginning to realize the fact that the republic is in the vise-like grip of the money power and the interests that own and operate public utilities. Only by the government resolutely taking the finance of the nation out of the control of the Wall Street gamblers and the banking interests, and taking over the great arteries and nerves of trade—the railways, telegraphs and telephones—can the growing oligarchy of wealth be made subservient to the people and the perpetuation of a republican government be assured. This is a problem of supreme importance to every patriotic American. We have slept over-long. But even the slothful are now beginning to realize that the republic during recent decades has been gradually undergoing a change in which class interests have more and more gained mastery over the legislative, executive and judicial machinery of the republic. In the presence of this peril any rational means or measures which would secure to the people the blessings of a stable and an ample currency that while supplementing gold would be as safe as the government itself and which would not be the source of enrichment to a small class of money lenders who now have it in their power to paralyze the business of the land by the threat of a panic, is entitled to the serious consideration of every broad minded statesman. Nay, more; it should appeal to every intelligent voter, and furthermore, when the proposed measure would at one stroke secure this great end and also obtain for the people the ownership and operation of public utilities so that the vast revenues

that have been largely employed to corrupt government and which has in recent years rapidly builded up an almost invincible oligarchy would be enjoyed by all the people, it becomes a question of such commanding proportions that it merits the widest discussion. We have recently received from J. J. Martin, Esq., of Victoria, British Columbia, a communication containing a copy of a proposed bill drawn up for presentation before the Canadian Government which seems to us so timely and admirably calculated to meet the grave dangers that threaten our government from corrupt wealth, that, instead of briefly mentioning the proposed measure, we have determined to give the bill substantially as it has been drawn. In his letter accompanying the draft of his proposed measure the author says:

The bill, which in the present instance is drafted to apply to Canada, provides for the acquisition of all railroads, steamboats and telegraphs by the Government, and in connection therewith provides a currency whose volume, issuance and method of redemption can be scientifically adjusted. I claim also that it will furnish an absolute and inflexible standard—more stable and inflexible than gold—by which all other values than itself can be measured. The proposed currency is to be auxiliary only, it being provided in the bill that the present gold dollar, and the paper currency based thereon, shall be maintained at par with the new currency.

May we not safely assume that the people of the United States and Canada—the great mass of voters—are ready for the question to be put in their respective countries as to the public ownership of the utilities mentioned? In fact, are not events forcing the question to the front beyond all others? Are not the liberties of the people trembling in the balance by reason of the tremendous political power exercised by the controllers of these great systems of intercourse?

The task appears to be a formidable one, but since it is only a few, comparatively, who own railroad and bank stock, it would seem that it requires but a proper understanding of the question by the great majority of the voters to carry these two great strongholds of monopoly. Is not the old bug-bear of placing too much political power and patronage in the hands of the government exploded by the fact that our public affairs are now being directed by railroad and banking interests? Has not the thing we most feared come upon us in a more arbitrary form?

Considered economically, is not the labor represented in the production of gold, when the same is hidden away in the vaults as security (?) for a paper currency, absolutely wasted? It possesses no

capacity in itself to feed, clothe or shelter anybody, and so insignificant is its real worth that should it suddenly fade out of existence its loss would not be felt or even known until the vaults were opened and its absence ascertained. Is not, then, its value and security chimerical, resting as it does, solely upon a hypnotic conception in the public mind? Moreover, being itself a marketable commodity, and subject to the law of supply and demand, as well as of mental caprice, is it not entirely unreliable as a standard of value for other continually shifting values to be gauged by?

On the other hand, would it not be absurd to question the real value of railroads, steamships and telegraphs? So valuable indeed are they, that should they suddenly fade out of existence the loss would be so severe that industrial chaos would result. Being no longer a marketable commodity they would have no speculative value. The labor expended in their construction is not wasted. After being constructed they possess a useful earning capacity and appreciative, but non-speculative, value. The "security" is always in plain sight yet cannot be stolen. Besides, these channels of commerce, as is shown in the proposed bill, can be made to furnish an inflexible standard of value for the measurement of all other values.

The volume of currency issued by any country under the proposed system would be governed by the actual cost of its lines of transportation, hence the expansion would be in perfect sympathy with the demands of trade.

As a standard of value to which all other values could readily adjust themselves, could anything be more inflexible than that the dollar should represent *a guarantee by the Government, regardless of cost to it, to transport person or tonnage a certain distance at a specified price fixed by law?*

Would not such provide a really scientific standard, and when adopted by the contracting nations, would not the purchasing power of the currency of one country be as nearly as possible on a par with the other, *provided the volume of issuance was limited by International Treaty to the mileage of railroad and tonnage of vessels owned and actually operated by each country respectively?*

Our International Postal system furnishes an incomplete working model of this proposed currency system. The two-cent stamp carries our letters in either country on an equal basis, so would the international currency carry person and freight in like manner. The adoption of this system need not interfere with the settlement of balances between nations or individuals in gold if they prefer that way of settling. It is not proposed that gold shall be demonetized. The proposed currency is intended to serve principally as a domestic currency, and for interchange between those countries whose borders join, as in the case of the United States, Canada and Mexico, but there is no

reason why it should not be made universal by treaty with all responsible governments, since a dollar would remain at all times one and the same thing the world over, unerring and absolute, never appreciating or depreciating, no matter what method of transportation was adopted so long as the mathematical factors of weight, number and distance remained unchanged. The advantage, theoretically, would lie with that country adopting the most economic method of transportation, but any difference in this respect would be, practically, infinitesimal.

Under our present currency system should the Government essay to buy existing railroads or build new ones, it would have to do one of two things, either to dig, delve, blast and burrow into the bowels of the earth to procure a sufficient quantity of the yellow metal upon which to base its paper issue of money required for the purpose, or it would have to go into the market and purchase the necessary amount of gold, giving interest-bearing bonds in exchange therefor. In either case the Government would become involved in debt to the gold combine because large capital would be required to mine the gold. Either process would be circumlocutionary, unnecessary, stupid and dishonest.

It would be stupid and criminally extravagant because it would take a less amount of skill and labor to build the road at once than would be required to mine the necessary amount of gold, and because the road when finished would be ample and unfailing security for the sum of paper money (currency bonds) issued to those who furnished service or material in the construction of the road, and these would, *ipso facto*, and by every other right, be the legitimate bondholders in the road, and would remain so until they parted with their bonds. Thus it will be seen whoever held the currency would be bondholders in the road.

The purchase of gold for such purpose with interest-bearing bonds is, certainly, rank dishonesty, because gold as a factor in the construction of national railways, where labor and material for the construction of the same are abundant, is positively unnecessary, and because such is in fact making gifts of large sums of money to individuals on mere pretense of value rendered, while as a matter of fact the building of national highways and the development of the country are woefully retarded by belief in such "gold brick" propositions. With the railroad for collateral security, the Government as endorser, and guaranteed service in transportation of person and merchandise at specified and unvarying rates, as an ultimate redeemer, what better or more equitable foundation for a currency could be offered?

The issue of the proposed currency directly to the constructors of the road, would moreover, be a natural and inexpensive way of putting the money into general circulation where it is needed. The whole tendency of the gold combine is to keep money out of circulation—to

make it scarce—so that money shall be dear and labor and its products cheap. But while we have hitherto tamely submitted to being juggled in such fashion, is it not asking too much of an intelligent public to continue to support a fiscal policy that compels it to pay more than twice over for its steel highways, and when having been constructed, that they should remain in private hands and be used as engines of extortion by which commerce is levied upon to pay extravagant dividends upon watered stock? I would ask are not our railroads from inception to finish gigantic monopolies designed and manipulated to throw wealth and political power into private hands instead of for economically ministering to the needs and convenience of the public? To abolish such unnatural, unnecessary and expensive conditions, and to stimulate home trade by furnishing a necessary circulating medium for the development of domestic resources and thus avoid the inhuman necessity of going to war with a foreign power to prevent commercial stagnation at home, are the writer's objects in presenting this bill for the consideration of an intelligent public.

Below we give the bill in so far as it relates to (1) a description of the character of the measure. (2) Legal tender clauses. (3) Basis of value. (4) Terms and basis of redemption of proposed currency. (5) Provisions for cancellation. (6) Volume of issuants and reissuants. (7) Labor clauses. (8) Clause to obviate legal obstruction to transfer of existing roads to government. We have omitted the clauses relating to the securing by the government of mines discovered after the enactment of the proposed law. As this is not vital to the discussion in hand, however excellent the proposed provisions are and we heartily concur with Mr. Martin in his contention that the government should own and operate all mines hereafter discovered. The first clause of the bill provides for the printing of circulating notes to be known as the Canadian Industrial Currency. They are to be issued under the direction of the Minister of Finance with the approval of the Governor-in-Council. Second: The denomination of these notes are to range from twenty-five cents to five dollars. Third: Fractional parts of a dollar may at the option of the government be stamped in metal of any approved kind or quality. After these citations the bill proceeds as follows:

I. *Provisions for the first series of notes:* The first series of these notes shall consist of an issue of a sum amply sufficient in amount to purchase and provide for the maintenance and working of the whole railway and telegraph system of the Dominion of Canada, at present

existing, the same to be estimated at a fair and equitable valuation; or of a sum amply sufficient to duplicate the present railway and telegraph system in the event that such a course should be deemed necessary or desirable. These estimates shall be made by the Minister of Finance, subject to the approval of the Governor-in-Council.

II. *The legal tender clause:* These notes, when in the hands of the public, shall have the full force and effect of a government bond bearing no interest, and shall be receivable as a legal tender for all debts, public and private, within the Dominion of Canada.

III. *Basis of value:* These notes shall be representative of value based upon the cost of the railways, steamboats and telegraph lines, with their equipments, owned by the government, and shall be redeemable by the government in service to the public in the transportation of individuals and of merchandise at a specified price per kilometer, over any line or lines of railroad at present owned by the Dominion government, or over any lines of railway it may hereafter construct or acquire, or over any route, whether by rail or vessel, it may lease or acquire, or by any avenue or means of transportation, whether by land, river, lake or ocean, owned by individuals or corporations, with whom it may contract for the carrying of individuals, the mails and merchandise.

IV. *Terms and basis of redemption of proposed currency:* The legal standard rate for transporting an adult person over any or all of such routes within the Dominion shall be a uniform one of one cent per kilometer for ordinary, well appointed, comfortable transportation; half rates to be charged for a child under ten years of age; the minimum fare in any case to be not less than five cents.

Upon the acquisition or construction of any railway by the government, as herein provided, the distances covered by the same now computed in miles shall thereafter be measured, computed and defined in kilometers.

Until the metric system is adopted by the Dominion government to govern weights and measures, the term "gram" shall be applied to the present pound avoirdupois weight, and "millier" to the present ton weight in connection with this proposed railway service.

A rate of five cents per gram (one pound avoirdupois) shall be fixed and charged for the carriage of all packages of "ordinary" merchandise not exceeding ten pounds avoirdupois, to be delivered, as may be directed, at any regular station upon any line or railroad or steamboat operated by the government. The minimum charge for any package under this head shall be ten cents. The rate for transporting packages of "ordinary" merchandise weighing in excess of ten pounds avoirdupois shall be one cent per pound avoirdupois for each 1,000 kilometers or about 622 miles; 100 pounds would cost \$1.00 for each 622 miles carried, or for any fractional part thereof. Fifty cents to

be the minimum charge for any package shipped under the head, which shall be known as "fast freight service."

Packages of "ordinary" merchandise weighing over 100 pounds may, if the shipper so instructs, be classed under the ton rates, to be designated and known as "slow freight service," the rates and qualifications of which service shall be classified, specified and established, so as to apply without change, deviation or discrimination to all shippers alike.

The classification of freight under the various heads, such as "fast," "slow," "heavy," "hazardous," "extra hazardous," and such other terms as may be adopted to distinguish each class of freight, and the fixing of the rates for the same, other than those herein already specified and provided for, shall be undertaken and accomplished under the direction and supervision of the Minister of the Department to whom this branch of the public service is assigned, and he shall so arrange these matters as to provide a competent and complete service at uniform rates with due regard to all classes of shipments, foreign and domestic, and when so arranged, classified and published with the approval and consent of the Governor-in-Council, they shall be of full force and effect as an established basis of redemption of this currency, in the same manner as if they had been specified and included in this bill.

Next follows special provisions for transportation of troops and army and naval supplies also for excursion rates after which we have the following clause dealing with redemption basis:

These rates and measurements, when established and published, as herein provided, *shall form the fixed and unwavering conditions upon which the proposed Canadian Industrial Currency shall be computed, measured, valued, received, exchanged and redeemed.*

When these notes are received by the government in settlement for transportation, or for any value rendered by the government, they shall not be cancelled, but shall be subject to reissue, and be applied to the purchase of machinery, material and tools and the employment of labor in the development of the natural resources of the Dominion as hereinafter provided.

Cancellation of these notes shall not take place until they are deemed unfit for circulation, when, and in such event, they shall be cancelled and new ones of the same number and denomination as the cancelled ones be issued in their place.

Under no circumstances shall this currency be contracted in volume or withheld from circulation by any administration of the government unless by authority of parliament.

V. *Volume of issuants and reissuants:* The volume of this currency may be increased from time to time by order of the Governor-in-Council, but such increase shall not be in excess of the cost value

of the telegraph lines, railways and steamboats, together with their rolling stock, buildings, equipments and appurtenances that may be purchased, constructed, expropriated or otherwise acquired by the government in pursuance of the objects and provisions of this bill, the general policy governing the issue being that it shall expand in sympathy with the railway and steamboat development of the country, and that the actual cost value of the lines of railway, telegraphs and steamboats, including their equipments, shall constitute and remain the basis and limit of the issue.

The reissuance of said currency received by the government in payment for freight or from any other source shall be effected in payments for labor, service and material rendered or supplied to the Dominion government upon its requisition and under its instruction in manner as follows: -

VI. *Labor clauses:* (a) In the payment of wages and salaries of persons engaged in any department of the Dominion government, or upon any of its works.

(b) In paying the expenses attending the management and development of government mines for the production of coal, and of iron and copper ore or of any other mineral.

(c) In the erection and construction of the necessary buildings and plants for governmental work of any kind.

(d) In the construction of steel rails, rolling stock, bridges and any necessary equipments for the proposed governmental railroads.

(e) In the purchase of material and stores and in the construction of machinery, tools or wares, of any kind or character, or in the erection of any kind of buildings and in the doing and performing of any and all things necessary for the carrying out of the objects of this bill.

The rate of wages paid by the government in the prosecution of any work under the provisions of this bill shall be not less than the current rate of wage paid for a similar grade of service in the mercantile world, and the number of hours prescribed as a day's work shall not exceed eight.

None but a fully qualified British subject of good character shall be eligible to employment in any department of the government service within the Dominion, and no alien shall be employed in any position under the government, except in cases where substantial proof can be furnished that the services of such alien are absolutely necessary and indispensable.

Unworthy and refractory persons may be dismissed at any time from the government service for cause, but persons so dismissed shall have the right of appeal to the civil courts for redress and reappointment to service if found to have been unjustly discharged.

Certificates of ability and worthiness shall be issued to all who re-

quest them who have previously worked for the government and are entitled to them.

VII. *Clause to obviate legal obstruction to transfer:* The negotiations for the acquisition by the government of the telegraph lines, steamboats and railways with their appurtenances and belongings shall be conducted by the Attorney-General under instruction and advice of the Governor-in-Council.

And in case the negotiations for the transfer of any existing railroad, steamboat or telegraph line to the government should fail or be delayed by legal proceedings, so that for any reason it should be deemed inadvisable or inexpedient for the government to purchase or expropriate any existing telegraph, steamboat or railroad, then shall the construction by the government of a new and complete trans-continental railroad system with telegraph lines and connections, the same being now needed for the development of the country, be proceeded with without delay and the amount of "industrial" currency printed by the government shall be equal to the estimated cost of the proposed line or lines of telegraph and railway, including its rights of way, connections and feeders fully equipped with rolling stock, stations, warehouses, workshops, etc., the said estimate to be made by the Minister of Finance with the approval of the Governor-in-Council, and its issuance shall commence at once in the conducting of surveys and the development of iron and copper mines and the erection of plants and workshops, and in the doing of any and all things that may be deemed by the government necessary for the profitable development of the transportation interests of the country.

The Governor-in-Council shall from time to time determine the amount to be paid to persons employed in any capacity by the government in the carrying out of the provisions of this act.

All charges and expenses incurred by the government in connection with the carrying out of the provisions of this bill shall be defrayed out of such appropriations as are from time to time made by parliament for such purpose.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

LAURA BRIDGMAN, DOCTOR HOWE'S FAMOUS PUPIL, AND WHAT HE TAUGHT HER. By Maude Howe and Florence Howe Hall. Illustrated. Pp. 394. Price \$1.50 net. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

The life of Laura Bridgman as told by the gifted daughters of America's noble hearted philanthropist, Doctor Samuel G. Howe, is one of the most notable books of recent months, a volume at once fascinating in its interest and of special value inasmuch as it carries the inspiration of a life's work, dedicated to the emancipation of imprisoned life and the amelioration of the pitiable conditions of some of the most unfortunate of our fellow creatures. Moreover it illustrates anew how the seemingly impossible may be made possible when there is a will fired with holy enthusiasm joined to a heart consecrated to the highest service.

Doctor Howe is one of the most remarkable of the servants of progress who made Boston during the meridian period of the nineteenth century forever glorious in the history of civilization. He belonged to the noblest chivalry, was as brave and dauntless as he was gentle and humane. When he was strenuous, it was only for the cause of democracy, or the relief of the weak or the oppressed, and he illustrated, as have few men, the difference between that physical strenuousness that joys in hunting the wild creatures of earth, and that moral vigor and virility that is ever alert to help the weak and unfortunate and increase the sum total of earth's joy and happiness.

When in his early manhood Byron's voice rang out as a clarion, calling to Freedom's friends to come to the succor of Greece in her battle for liberty, Doctor Howe quickly responded, hastened to the land of ancient art and philosophy where he fought as bravely as the most daring Greeks and

*Books intended for review in **THE ARENA** should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

underwent the greatest possible hardships and perils with that superb heroism which marks a man who is battling for the weak or who is offering his life upon the altar of a noble cause. When he saw that the hopes of Greece depended on instant financial aid, as her soldiers in the field and their wives and children at home were starving, he hastened back to America and so eloquently did he plead the cause of the patriots that he succeeded in raising over thirty thousand dollars, which was in those days an enormous sum. With this, together with large donations of food and clothing, he hastened back to the scenes of conflict. The service he rendered to Greece at this critical period was inestimable. Later he was imprisoned in Berlin because of his effort to aid Poland in her heroic struggle.

Such was the man to whose untiring labor and whole-souled consecration is due the founding of that great school which has so long been one of the glories of Massachusetts,—the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

Doctor Howe may be said to be the father of the movement for the enlightened and humane education for the blind in the New World, and what is more, he was the first great educator who insisted on useful industrial education for these unfortunates which would enable them to engage in productive work and to become partially, if not wholly self-supporting.

Before commencing his life work, he visited Paris and other cities of Europe to study the education of the blind, and while learning much of great value, he also quickly discovered serious defects in the educational methods which he was not slow to remedy. After the founding of the school for the blind in his own home in Boston, Doctor Howe heard of Laura Bridgman, a little girl who was at once blind, deaf and dumb, and whose sense of smell, if not entirely destroyed was very defective. He determined if possible to awaken her mental and spiritual faculties and teach her to read and write, feats always heretofore deemed impossible. Even his best friends believed him to be a little visionary on this point, and they pointed out the seemingly insurmountable obstacles in the way, but the enthusiast replied, "Obstacles are things to be overcome," and he set to work to demonstrate anew the possibility of performing that which the world in its self-satisfied wisdom declared to be impossible.

The story of this wonderful work of how he toiled and how

magnificently the toil was requited, the description of the awakening of the mind and the joy brought to the darkened life, when mental and spiritual illumination awakened all the dormant energies of a wonderful soul, are given in a delightful manner by the talented authors, as are also the successive stages of Laura's advance as seen from the journals of her case and her own letters. It is all as wonderful as a fairy tale and as beautiful as it is wonderful, for, in proving to the world that they who are deaf, dumb and blind can be educated; their lives enriched and filled with gladness, and, moreover, that they can be made in a large way self-supporting, Doctor Howe won one of the most notable victories of the nineteenth century,—a victory that alone would entitle him to rank among the really great philanthropists of the world. But this was but a small part of the good work he had achieved. Besides building up the Perkins Institution for the Blind and demonstrating the fact that the blind, deaf and dumb could be taught, he furthered the antislavery agitation in a very positive way and greatly aided Horace Mann in his educational efforts, and Dorothy Dix in her work for the insane, while he may be said to be the father of the schools for feeble-minded and idiotic children. The life of such a man as Doctor Howe is an inspiration to all who become acquainted with the great work that he wrought, and thus this book possesses a positive value, quite apart from the interest which is attached to the remarkable life of Laura Bridgman.

LITTLE JEREMIADS. By Ralph Albertson. Pp. 60. Price 25 cents. Lewiston, Maine, The Co-operative Press.

This little book by the well known and earnest editor of the "American Coöperator" is well worth the reading. It is distinctly reformatory, yet pitched in an optimistic key. It contains twelve chapters, or to borrow Elbert Hubbard's favorite phrase "little preachments." Among the especially notable subjects which are here suggestively treated are "Unnecessary Poverty," "Uncomfortable Wealth," "Mammonism," "Commercialism," "War," "Class Legislation," "Political Corruption," "Political Indifference" and "Pharisaism."

Mr. Albertson is an all round reformer, very sane and well balanced, a fact illustrated in this little volume and in his excellently edited "American Coöperator."

HOMOPHONIC CONVERSATIONS IN ENGLISH, GERMAN, FRENCH AND ITALIAN. By C. B. and C. V. Waite. Cloth. Pp. 140. Price \$1.00. Chicago, Ill., C. V. Waite & Co.

This is a unique volume and we should judge that it might prove valuable to travellers and others having occasion to converse in the different languages mentioned. It is, as the author observes, based upon the similarity in sound and signification of the principal words used in the sentences. Nearly five hundred homophonic words are used and an alphabetical table is added, giving the form of the word in each language. Well known teachers of language and writers speak in very flattering terms of the book.

THE RED POOCHER. By Seumas Macmanus. Cloth. Pp. 130. Price 75 cents. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This is a little volume of unique and bright Irish stories told in a simple and artless manner; they abound in the wit for which the Irish are proverbial. Sometimes it appears quite unconscious and other times the narrator obviously realizes the humor lurking in his shrewd remarks.

The story deals with the skill and daring manifested by the cunning "poocher" who shoots four times over the same estate. Persons enjoying clever Irish tales that possess no special value beyond that of entertaining the reader and illustrating certain phases of Irish character, will be pleased with this little volume.

TYPICAL ELDERS AND DEACONS. By Rev. James M. Campbell, D.D. Cloth. Pp. 137. Price \$1.00 net. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This is a charming volume containing typical "pillars of the church" as found throughout the Protestant communions of to-day. The author is not given to carping, nor is there any bitter sting in his genial humor which enlivens many pages. Indeed, the work is bright and enjoyable, yet sympathetic and human. Doctor Campbell has evidently drawn his sketches from life and he possesses an artistic touch. As an author he is convincing as well as pleasing.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"History of Socialism in the United States." By Morris Hillquit. Cloth, 372 pp. Price \$1.50 net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"Tittlebat Titmouse." Abridged from Doctor Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. Cloth, 464 pp. Price \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"Tolstoy and His Message." By Ernest Crosby. Cloth, 93 pp. Price 50 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"The New Thought Simplified." By Henry Wood. Cloth, 193 pp. Price 80 cents net. Post-paid 88 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

"Man and the Divine Order." By Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, 448 pp. Price \$1.60 net. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Peggy O'Neil." By Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated. Cloth, 494 pp. Price \$1.50. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.

"Mazzini: The Prophet of the Religion of Humanity." By Louis J. Rozenberg. Cloth, 86 pp. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

"Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson." By Thomas Watson. Cloth, pp. Price \$2.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"The Law of Life." By Anna McClure Sholl. Cloth, 572 pp. Price \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Organized Labor." By John Mitchell. 436 pp. Price \$1.75 net. Philadelphia: The American Book and Bible House.

"The Way to the West." By Emerson Hough. Cloth, 446 pp. Price \$1.50. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bobbs Merrill Co.

"Why Love Grows Cold." By Ellen Burns Sherman. Cloth, 254 pp. Price \$1.00 net. New York: A. Wessels Co.

"Is Man Immortal?" By Rev. W. C. Black. Cloth, 212 pp. Price 60 cents. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of M. E. Church South.

"Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable." By Ernest Crosby. Cloth, 180 pp. Price 40 cents. New York: The Comrade Co-operative Co.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Owing to the extreme length of some special papers, our book reviews were crowded out of the last ARENA. This month we also have some extremely long papers and for this reason have decided to cut short our notes and announcements so as to make some room for the book reviews, as judging from a great number of letters from our subscribers they are one of the most popular features of the ARENA. In the future, it is our purpose to adhere closely to the limit of four thousand words as a maximum for a single paper which will make it possible to give our readers a variety in the essay department that is rendered impossible when some papers are of greater length.

We wish to call special attention to Mr. Newell Dunbar's unique homily in dialogue, "The Ever Womanly." In it the author brings great wealth and extreme poverty into juxtaposition so that the effect is almost startling and well calculated to arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of the reader. It teaches a great and much needed lesson quite as effectively as if the thought was presented in essay form. Mr. Dunbar is the author of an admirable life of Phillips Brooks and the translator of some very important volumes.

We wish to call the special attention of our readers to Dr. Brady's exceptionally broad, strong and thoughtful discussion, which in our judgment is one of the most noteworthy arguments in favor of the Divine Fatherhood that has appeared from the pen of an orthodox scholar in recent years; and though many of our readers may feel that the thread of the great theme is somewhat weakened by the author's contention that it is not unreasonable to suppose that the mighty Author, Governor and Director of the universe has at times exhibited special manifestations of power, outside of His own fixed and immutable laws, and though many will not follow the learned divine in his views on the atonement, the argument as a whole will, we think, prove a delight to our readers.

"The Sphinx," one of the greatest, if not the very greatest of Emerson's poems, is considered in the opening paper in our

series of twelve contributions on "The Poems of Emerson," by Mr. Charles Malloy, who is recognized as the foremost living interpreter of the poetry of the Concord philosopher. These papers will be worth far more than the subscription price to the ARENA to thoughtful students of life and its master problems.

"Co-operation Among the Western Farmers," by the editor of the *Topeka Advocate*, and a number of other strong and timely contributions have been unavoidably crowded out, but will appear in early issues.

This month we give our editorial space chiefly to Mr. Martin's very lucid and thoughtful discussion of public ownership and a stable circulating medium. The plan he outlines impresses us as one that should commend itself to all statesmen who are governed by reason and who are not owned or controlled by privilege.

A few years ago we published in the ARENA a brief paper on the corn-law struggle in England and the great significance of its victory. This contribution called forth a great number of letters, many of the correspondents asking for fuller treatment of the subject in the pages of the ARENA, many others desired a bibliography of the literature. We sent to a number of our subscribers a list of the principal books dealing with the subject and other kindred problems that were uppermost in the social and political life in Great Britain during the thirties and forties of last century. These books, however, were inaccessible to many of our readers owing to their dwelling in districts remote from large cities. The interest in the subject led us to prepare a series of papers with a view to publishing them in this magazine, but other subjects of more immediate interest rendered it impossible to give place for these chapters, moreover we soon found that the subject was one that it would be difficult, if not impossible to adequately treat in the pages of a review. The work grew into the proportions of a volume which has at last been published in the fine style which characterizes all the books brought out by Mr. Albert Brandt. In view of the general interest awakened by my brief discussion of this subject, I have felt that a somewhat extensive study of the volume would prove interesting to our readers and have therefore given space to a very discriminating paper on the work from the pen of Miss Rich.

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them." —HEINE.*



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A FORGOTTEN REMEDY AGAINST THE TELEPHONE MONOPOLY.

THE failure to reduce the charges for telephony in our great cities makes timely a three-fold inquiry. Are the seemingly exorbitant charges really so? If they are, why is it that they can be maintained after the expiration of the patent? Lastly, is there a practicable remedy?

I. Are the charges for telephony in our great cities reasonable?

In view of the fact that unlimited service can be had in the country for \$50 a year, a tax of \$150 in the city is *prima facie* unconscionable. Such a discrepancy would appear to be sufficient of itself to require an affirmative answer. The Monopoly has, however, a reply which so far has been triumphant, because no one has been able to demonstrate its fallacy. The Monopoly asserts that the cost of service increases in geometrical ratio with the number of subscribers. The truthfulness of this proposition depends on facts and figures which are concealed in its books. Expert testimony, too often a purchasable commodity, is ready to back up the statement. The individual subscriber who wishes to test its truth in a law-suit is handicapped by the expense. As between hundreds

for a telephone, and thousands for law, he must be a long-pursed, as well as public-spirited, citizen, who would choose the latter alternative. Therefore, the Monopoly stands entrenched in a position seemingly impregnable. And yet, while the individual cannot overthrow the Monopoly's proposition in court except at a prohibitive cost for lawyers and experts, one simple consideration is enough at the bar of Public Opinion.

The Monopoly has never produced its books in support of its claim that the cost of serving its gigantic list of subscribers prevents it from reducing its charges. It is a familiar principle in the law of evidence that if a party has at his hand a witness who, or a document which, would shed light on a transaction and fails to produce him or it in court, the presumption is that the evidence thus withheld would be against him rather than in his favor. Judges charge this to juries as a matter of course. So long as the Monopoly refuses to show what becomes of its known receipts, it has no right to ask its subscribers to accept its defense as true. In country districts there are many companies who serve a thousand subscribers within a radius of ten miles at a cost of \$50 each. The sum of \$50,000 suffices to pay the cost of service to one thousand persons, the royalty to the Monopoly, and a fair dividend on the capital invested. In New York, 100,000 subscribers within a radius of ten miles pay into the company's coffers \$15,000,000. Now it is simply absurd for anyone to claim that the cost of serving 100,000 subscribers is so great that out of fifteen million dollars of revenue there is only left enough to pay reasonable dividends and royalties. Either the expense is falsified, or the dividends are too large, or the royalties are exorbitant. The general law of economics is, that the greater the demand the less is the cost of supply to each unit of the demand, and we may rationally conclude that it has no exception in telephony. The answer to the first question must be in the affirmative. A charge of \$150 a year for telephonic service in our great cities is unconscionable,

II. We are thus brought to the second. Why is it that the Monopoly can maintain unreasonable rates after the expiration of the original patent? It was granted in 1876 to run for 17 years. Since 1893, any person has been free to make or use the original Bell telephone—but, and there is a But and a large But it is. Invention never sleeps. Evolutionary processes apply. The world makes progress. New inventions arise. Improvements are made. Letters patent on improvements in telephony are constantly being issued. The telephone Monopoly is the only purchaser of them in the market. Thus the inventor is forced to sell to it on its own terms, and so from time to time, by virtue of new letters patent, it keeps a continuing grip on its patrons. Then there is another But, and a still larger But. The Monopoly's strength to defy the Public comes from the Public itself, not only directly through the public's patent laws, but indirectly in a way which hitherto seems to have escaped notice. Look at the list of 100,000 subscribers in the city of New York. To everyone of them the telephone has become a necessity. How is it possible, even if every patent had expired, for a rival company to get into the field? It has taken years to obtain such a gigantic list. Suppose a new company were to offer equally good service at country rates, it could not hope for years to have anything more than a meagre number of patrons. They could have no communication with those on the present list except by subscribing to the existing company. Thus they would increase rather than lower their expenses. In common with a number of others, the writer once subscribed to the People's Telephone Company, the telephone to be put in as soon as it should have 10,000 subscribers. This was some years ago, and nothing has been heard of it since. One of two things must have happened—either the company found it impossible to make headway, or else the Monopoly bought off its promoters.

Thus it is, by reason on the one hand of new letters patent issued from time to time, and on the other of a gigantic list

of subscribers to whom the telephone has become a necessity, the Monopoly is able to defy the Public.

III. Is there then no remedy?

So far, only one has been proposed. It is suggested that the National Government should include telephony in its postal service. The objection to this seems unanswerable. The Government would have to buy up all the existing patent rights of the Monopoly. This would require vast sums. Private property cannot be taken for public use without compensation. The stocks of the Monopoly's various companies run into fabulous amounts.

There is, to be sure, a second way. If every one of the 100,000 subscribers of the New York Telephone Company were to give notice that after a certain date he would drop out unless it reduced its charge to \$100, the Monopoly would have nothing to do but comply. That remedy is, however, impracticable. The spirit of our forefathers, who went without tea rather than pay an unjust tax, does not seem to animate their descendants.

Has then a modern Achilles been produced, who does not possess a vulnerable heel? Here is a gigantic Monopoly, which, unless curbed and controlled, will soon become the most grinding, the most intolerable of any in the land. It stands in all its might and strength, seemingly invincible. It is entrenched in the law as to vested rights. Has it then no weak spot in its armor?

There is a remedy, simple, just, efficacious. *The point of attack should be upon the patent law.* The people, who through their representatives enacted the law, can repeal it, or change it as public policy may dictate.

If a Monopoly, deriving its power from the law, so misuses that power as to injure the people who made the law, public policy dictates that the law should be changed. Although rights once vested may not be disturbed, the vesting of new rights can be prevented. Let the patent laws be

amended by a provision to the effect that during the next fifteen years no patents on inventions in telephony shall be granted. Presto, what a change would come over the dreams of avarice. As soon as all existing letters patent should have run out, the Government could then add efficient telephony to its postal service without paying a dollar to the Monopoly. No private property would then be taken for public use. If the Government could give equally good service, the public would patronize it rather than the Monopoly. Thus the People, in their corporate capacity would become the Monopolist in their own interest, and without any expense except the comparatively small outlay for wires and stations. These could be bought at reasonable figures from expiring companies by agreement or through condemnation proceedings. Every citizen could buy his own receiver, connect it with the government line and put himself in communication with every other citizen at a cost which need not be more than \$50 a year, and in all probability would be much less.

This plan does no injustice to anyone. Not to past inventors or their assignees, because their letters patent are not to be disturbed. Not yet to future inventors or their assignees, because they have as yet no rights to be consulted. Certainly not to the holders of stock of existing companies, because they have made their investments with the knowledge that the patents will run out, and the inventions so patented will be open to the world. They have no legal, equitable or moral claim upon future inventions. A monopoly based on hopes *in futuro* need not be considered. No one can claim a vested right in hopes.

Whether there shall be any patent law at all is purely a question of public policy. Some have argued that there should be none, and that the State should reward the successful inventor by money rather than monopoly. Be that as it may, it is immaterial here. There is no need to repeal the Patent Law as a whole in order to do away with a specific abuse. Amend the law in the manner indicated, and this particular abuse

will disappear after fifteen years. Why should the people tax themselves to pay millions for that which in a few years they can get for nothing, and without doing injustice to a single investor?

If this cry be taken up and vigorously echoed, the Monopoly will make the discovery that it has been deceived by its experts. Like the prudent mariner, who takes in sail before the raging storm, it will lower its rates to a reasonable figure.

JOHN BROOKS LEAVITT.

New York, N. Y.

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE.

FOR more than a century the European powers have adhered, in theory at least, to what is known as the balance of power. The purpose of this political policy has been the maintenance of the peace of Europe, just as that of the Monroe Doctrine has been the maintenance of the peace of America. That it has at times been made use of for selfish purposes will scarcely admit of doubt; yet it has upon the whole subserved a useful purpose. Brought into existence by the ambitious schemes of Napoleon, which threatened the healthful growth and even the existence of many of the independent nations of Europe, it has, ever since the Congress of Vienna, been generally recognized as a salutary principle for the purpose of preventing the territorial aggrandizement of any of the great powers at the expense of the weaker ones. The fundamental hypothesis upon which it rests is that the crushing of even the minor nations would impede the advancement of European civilization. Should this conviction cease, then the balance of power in Europe will become a lifeless thing.

It is therefore pertinent to inquire whether or not the conviction is on the wane, even though there is no immediate danger of an open repudiation of the policy. Two tendencies have a direct bearing upon the question: (1) The growth of the imperialistic idea in Europe at the expense of national liberalism, and (2) the increasing tendency toward coalitions.

The first of these may seem to be of too sentimental a nature to warrant its being given a place in the discussion of a question of practical politics. But such is not the case, as has been proven by the history of Europe itself. Had Napoleon not run counter to the growing spirit of nationalism he might have died upon a throne instead of upon the barren isle of St. Helena.

Spain made by far the most heroic fight in its history in defense of its nationality; and the campaign upon the Peninsula was the turning point in the Napoleonic wars. Not only did those nations which he attempted to subjugate feel that their nationality was worth protecting even at the expense of blood and treasure, but the national spirit was strong enough to bind Europe together against the conquering Corsican.

To appreciate fully how firmly grounded in the thought of the people was this conviction, we must read the literature of that time, which reflects the feeling of the masses; and we must read, as well, the political utterances of the statesmen. From top to bottom the ferment of nationalism was at work, and had been ever since the Renaissance. Just as the Reformation undermined the imperial idea in the Church, so the Renaissance undermined it in the State. Three centuries of political development found their expression in the triumph of Wellington at Waterloo. That fight was not simply a contest between military geniuses but between fundamental ideas, and the nobler triumphed.

But we are not forced to depend upon literature for our evidence as to the strength of the national idea in Europe at that time. The fact that it could resist the self-interest which impelled them to submit peaceably to the government instituted by the conqueror, because of its administrative superiority, is unmistakable evidence of the strength of the sentiment. Even in those sections where the administrative improvements introduced by Napoleon contrasted most favorably with the inefficient political machinery which they supplanted, the people considered their nationalism as too high a price to pay for these improvements, and hence were willing to take up arms against him who threatened the destruction of European nationalities.

But their nationalism was not at that time of the type known as Chauvinism. It was well leavened with liberalism. The liberalistic ideas which reached their culmination in the middle of the nineteenth century were, even at the beginning of the

century, no mean force in shaping political policies. Since the middle of the century there has, however, unquestionably been a reaction toward imperialism. This fact is nowhere more evident than in the attitude of the powers toward their colonies, When the pendulum will begin to swing back again it is impossible to say, but this much is certain, there is no sufficient evidence that it has begun yet.

Turning to the question of coalitions we find a situation as complex as it is important. While avowedly none of them are formed except for defensive purposes, the facts not infrequently harmonize quite as well with a somewhat different conclusion. If, for instance, an alliance or *entente cordiale* has for its purpose the giving of either or both of the parties thereto a free hand, and it chooses to exercise this freedom for the purpose of increasing its possessions, it is clear that this has a direct bearing upon the balance of power in Europe, although the field of operations were outside of Europe. For, unless all of the powers share in the acquisition of external possessions in proportion to their strength, the equilibrium must of necessity be disturbed.

With a view to testing the correctness of this, let us see what has actually happened. While the alliance between Russia and France has not been used for the purpose of increasing the territory of either in Europe, it has been used for the purpose of furthering the territorial aggrandizement of both outside of Europe. That Russia has pursued a more aggressive policy in Asia than she would otherwise have felt warranted in pursuing is too clear to require proof, nor is there room for doubt but that this addition to her potential resources has made her a greater force in European politics than she was before. To such an extent is this true that it is exceedingly doubtful if her advance toward the Bosphorus could now be stopped without a general European war, as it was a quarter of a century ago by the conference of Berlin. Under the feeling of assurance begotten of the alliance, France has made as great territorial

acquisitions as has Russia, but owing to the fact that the French are poor colonizers, and that the territory unlike that acquired by Russia is necessarily non-contiguous, the French acquisitions have not added to the strength of France as have those of Russia to her strength. The Alliance has added to Russia's strength in another way—it has made a large amount of French capital available for the development of the hitherto undeveloped resources of Russia. While Russia is still very backward in many lines of industrial development, she is undoubtedly much farther ahead than she would have been had it not been for the French loans which came as a result of the alliance with France. That this may be a very desirable thing does not alter the fact that it has disturbed the equilibrium of European Powers.

But not only in these two ways has the Dual Alliance affected the balance of power in Europe; it has affected it a third way—it undoubtedly led to the formation of the Triple Alliance, the hegemony of which naturally fell to Germany. This has had an effect upon German influence and action which has been by no means trivial. Stated bluntly, the result of both these alliances has been that there are now but two first rate powers on the continent of Europe.

The temporary coalition, between Russia, Germany, and France, immediately following the Chino-Japanese War tended in the same direction as the other alliances. As a result of it, Russia secured a foothold in Manchuria from which nothing but force, and plenty of it, will ever induce her to withdraw. As her share of the booty, Germany acquired a considerable portion of the Province of Shantung, containing the important harbor of Kiao Chow. This high-handed robbery affected directly the balance of power in Asia, but it unquestionably has had, and will continue to have, an important bearing upon the balance of power in Europe.

Should the recent reapproachment between Russia and Germany develop into an alliance, the balance of power in Europe

which has existed for a century will have gone forever. Though it may continue as a political expression it will have lost its vital meaning. For such an alliance, not being at all necessary for defensive purposes, could be brought into existence only for offensive purposes. If this view is correct, the very probable purpose of this understanding is a preparation for a clinic upon the "sick man" of Europe, in order that Russia might come into her inheritance upon the Bosphorus, and Germany, because of her piety and the Bagdad Railway, would receive the Holy Land and "regions round about."

To many these dangers may seem speculative. Well, some of them are, and some of them are not. And even those which are furnish an ample basis upon which to rest the conclusions which have been drawn from them. It is, therefore, my sober conviction that what is left of the balance of power in Europe is in a rather precarious condition; for, like the small dealer in the commercial world, it is at the mercy of powerful combinations.

EDWIN MAXEY.

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DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, A NOVELIST WITH DEMOCRATIC IDEALS.

I.

SINCE the days of Thackeray and Dickens the novelists have exerted a constantly increasing influence for the cause of human progress; sometimes as satirists and the revealers of the essential hollowness and artificiality of conventional society and the insincerity and self-delusion of egoism; sometimes as the profound and philosophical students of social conditions, who with justice as a touch-stone expose the essential criminality of the selfish opportunism of the age by merely holding up the mirror before life as it exists from the slum tenements to the splendid palaces, and compelling the reader to view the mighty panorama of present-day existence in civilization's centers, while analyzing the secret well-springs of life or death which are sustaining or poisoning the body politic. Thackeray was typical of the first of these classes, and Dickens was a striking representative of those who picture things as they are in the under world of misery and want in such a way as to compel the reader to see the evils that foster human suffering through injustice, and which, if unchecked, ere long destroy the strongest state.

Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" probably did as much to check the reactionary and downward sweep of French life as any other single influence. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was one of the greatest positive educational factors which aroused the conscience of the North to the most hideous aspects of chattel slavery, and the last six works of Emile Zola, in spite of some objectionable realism, are at once the most powerful and clearly presented exposures of reaction and corrupt conventionalism and eloquent and sane pleas for progress, justice and social righteousness that are to be found in present-day

literature. Nor have the novelists of the America of the present failed to respond to the august demand which civilization imposes upon men of conscience and mental power who influence the public mind through romance.

The early novels and stories of Hamlin Garland, some of the later fiction of William D. Howells, the magnificent romances of the late Frank Norris, the thought compelling work of Jack London, the recent strong and fine college romance of Herbert Hopkins, and last, but not least, the keen analytical, faithful and fearless stories of David Graham Phillips, instinct with the rugged spirit of democracy, are among the evidences of the presence of a realization among our present-day novelists, and especially our younger writers, of the high demands which progress imposes upon the men of intellect and conscience. The work of the last three of these writers is of special interest to friends of human advancement and popular government, because their authors belong to the rare and chosen leaders, who not only see things as they are, but who dare to speak the needed word, let the consequences be what they will. While a host of dilettante writers are reflecting undemocratic, reactionary and imperialistic ideals, they are working in a vital way for progress, freedom and human rights, and in so doing are carrying forward through the agency of romance literature, the great principles of liberty, justice and fraternity which form the holy trinity of the democratic epoch ushered in at Lexington and which will be the inspiration of the apostle of progress until victory is won.

"The Octopus," by the late Frank Norris and "The Torch," by Herbert Hopkins, are typical works of this kind which the successors of Dickens, Hugo and Zola are giving in response to present demands, while among the successors of Thackeray, I know of no American novelists whose work at the present time is more worthy of notice than that of David Graham Phillips, as seen in his latest romance, "Golden Fleece." But Mr. Phillips is far more than a satirist in romance. He possesses

the rare power of picturing present-day egoistic life and the motives behind unjust acts and the sordid crimes of commercial life, stripped of all the sophistical robings by which men justify to themselves and to others their unholy deeds. This fact is very strikingly illustrated in "The Master Rogue." These two volumes lead us to believe that in this author the cause of democracy is to be strongly reënforced by a pen that will grow more and more trenchant and effective, if the author fulfils the promise of his early novels.

II.

David Graham Phillips is one of the most prominent of the distinctive American young writers of the present. He is another Indiana boy who is helping to make the Hoosier State the Massachusetts of the Middle West. He was born at Madison, Indiana, in October, 1867. He was educated in the public schools and by private tutors in languages. Later, he entered Du Pauw University and from thence he went to Princeton, where he graduated in 1889. His father was a man of means, and the son enjoyed the benefits of a fine library and the inestimably valuable influence of a home of culture and refinement during the formative period of life. In speaking of his early days a short time ago, Mr. Phillips said: "Perhaps the best part of my education was the very democratic example I had at home and the books in my father's library. I read everything in history and fiction I could obtain."

On the completion of his university education, Mr. Phillips entered journalism. He was first on newspapers in Cincinnati, and from there went to the metropolis to accept a position on the *New York Sun*. Later, he was employed for six years as editorial writer on the *New York World*.

Since leaving Princeton, he has travelled extensively in America and Europe. His travels in the Old World and his intimate knowledge of the snobbery, toadyism and artificiality of certain parvenu elements in American society have served

to greatly increase his love and reverence for the old American ideals that made the republic (to use his own expression) "the greatest manufactory of independent and self-respecting men and women in the world."

At the present time, when all writers are consciously or unconsciously ranging themselves on the side of progress or reaction, of democracy or class government, of practical idealism or materialistic commercialism, and especially when in the seats of the powerful we find the glorification of physical force rather than the exaltation of moral ideals in public and private utterance and conduct, it is refreshing to come in contact with such healthy sentiments as the following expressions given by Mr. Phillips recently in answer to a question of mine relating to his literary ideals:

"I particularly abhor," he observed, "the novels, histories, poems and every work of art that attribute to things that are essentially revolting, as war, tyranny, class distinctions, etc., qualities of beauty and charm which they do not in themselves possess. I think the artist should never lose sight of the truth that humanity is evolving—is on its way upward, that we must look in the past for the germs of the fine and the high which are budding in the present and will blossom in the future. In a word, I think the novel writer is under the universal obligation to tell the truth, and he should strive to add as little as his human frailties will permit to the fog of lies which becloud the path, and I think it is possible to put truth into the most fanciful romances, just as definitely as into the most realistic pictures of life accorded us. Finally it seems to me that every one, the novelists no less than other men, should strive to make most intelligible to as many of us fellow beings as possible, the fundamental truth that the universe is the common property of us all, and we should help each other to enter into our inheritance and enjoy the fulness of it."

These wholesome democratic utterances are further emphasized in his novels in such a way as to compel the readers to respect the old republican ideals which long made the United States the greatest moral power in the world.

III.

In his writings Mr. Phillips possesses a pleasing style. It is simple, direct, transparent and convincing. The reader's interest is enlisted from the opening pages and held to the closing sentence. There are no plots or counterplots in his novels; no stage villain, and little or nothing that suggests the melodrama. His men and women are neither puppets or impossible creations, though at times he suggests the power of the true genius who is able to create colossal typical characters—composite creations, that, like Jean Valjean, Hamlet or Othello, are typical. His characters are for the most part flesh and blood present-day men and women. The reader may not find himself so profoundly moved by them or their utterances as he is by the principal characters in some of our other recent novels, as Magnus Derrick, Annixter, or Hilma Tree in "The Octopus," for example; yet on the other hand they never impress him as being artificial, unreal, or lifeless, as, for example, do the beautiful French dolls created by Henry Harland.

Up to the present time, Mr. Phillips has published four novels, "A Woman Ventures," "The Great God Success," "The Master Rogue," and "Golden Fleece." These books are all strong, fine, and, for the most part, very true, yet there are some elements of special excellence and strength in each not found in a marked degree in the others, which indicates that the author has within him the power to create something far greater than he has yet given us, some work that shall be like "Les Miserables," "Vanity Fair," or "David Copperfield," a masterpiece destined to live in literature and for generations to impress and influence thousands of minds.

In "A Woman Ventures," we have a vivid picture of present-day journalistic life on the great metropolitan dailies—life that is essentially Bohemian in character and in which the lights and shades and the natural and inevitable results arising from certain conditions are clearly and convincingly presented. Here we find much of the cynicism always present when the

spirit of commercialism is greater than ethical enthusiasm—when gold is the measuring rod of success. Here is portrayed that little world within our urban communities which makes public opinion and daily fills the minds of millions of men and women with mental images that live in the brain and serve to raise or lower the ideals of life. This novel shows how clearly the author has observed all phenomena of life with which he is acquainted and how faithfully he has followed the words, acts, and indeed all the external phenomena presented by his characters to their immediate causes, and here at times, especially in "A Woman Ventures," we also see him drop the plummet into the mysterious depths of life—sounding the profound and hidden well-springs of action. Indeed, in this novel, and to a certain degree in "The Great God Success" and "The Master Rogue," we have unmistakable evidences of that deep philosophical and analytical power which characterizes great work—work which lives in literature. True, it is only occasionally that we come into the presence of this larger and more profoundly philosophical recognition of life. Only occasionally our author follows the phenomena beyond the immediate causes of actions to the well-springs which are the primary source from which they proceed. But what is here revealed shows the capacity for great creations, should he, like Victor Hugo, be fortunate enough to be exiled, where in enforced leisure he would be able to give the world the best and greatest that is in him; for it seems to me that the chief elements of weakness in his writings come from the blight which journalism is too apt to cast over the work of a novelist, namely, haste in execution.

In "The Great God Success" we have another view of the Bohemia of modern metropolitan journalism, as well as a vivid portrayal of the present-day conscienceless sensational press, dominated by the spirit of materialistic egoism, betraying the people and blighting the hopes of the millions. We see the great journalist pretending to be the friend of the people,

boasting of being their special champion, yet deliberately selling out their cause in order that he may obtain a coveted position abroad. And we see the terrible retribution of the one who has thus sold all that most dignifies and ennobles manhood for the mess of pottage which a frivolous, thoughtless, artificial society calls success. This is a remarkably powerful novel, revealing keen insight on the part of the author.

In "The Master Rogue" we have a strong, rugged and convincing picture of one of the present-day "captains of industry." The story is told in the form of an autobiography. There is much about it that is colossal. The type is magnificently outlined. The reader feels the presence of genius in the portrayal of the modern Captain Kidd of Wall street. Indeed, the story barely escapes being a great work. It, however, lacks one vital essential—the appropriate background for the picture—the historical and philosophical facts that account for and have led up to the production of the numerous brood of whom the central figure is a bold and well developed type. To understand the amazing phenomenon presented by "The Master Rogue," one must understand what has preceded him and has rendered possible this moral monstrosity. The historical facts, and the workings of profound psychological laws, the influence of obvious external causes, and the hidden well-springs that have led to the apotheosis of materialistic commercialism, are things which should form the back-ground from which this type of moral death should emerge. The work also bears some marks of haste. It lacks, at times, the literary finish which is so pleasing in "Golden Fleece." Nevertheless, it is a strong book which carries a powerful lesson and one which is greatly needed at the present time.

In "Golden Fleece," we have one of the most delightful satirical romances of our day. Never has one phase of American snobbery been so happily taken off as in this delightful book. The story is the most finished and clever of Mr. Phillips' novels, although it has not the depth, the dramatic power,

or the range of his other writings. The story deals with the new quest for the acquisition of gold without fighting for it, as in the olden days, or earning it by honest industry, on the part of the improvident and oftentime broken down representatives of European aristocracy, and the unrepugnant and degrading craze for coronets and places among the titled families of reactionary governments on the part of the daughters of our parvenu rich or their shallow minded parents. The subject is not handled with the biting sarcasm with which some writers would treat it. There are no withering denunciations such as a Carlyle might hurl, but this form of degradation—this basest of all kinds of prostitution—is none the less clearly exposed by the keen and bright satire. The story gives a series of vivid pictures of society life in New York, Boston, Washington and Chicago.

The present age is calling for strong, fine and fearless work, such as Mr. Phillips is giving the public. He is a man to whom the sturdy spirit of the old-time American democracy, the democracy of the Declaration of Independence and the fathers, appeals with overmastering force. He possesses the mental and imaginative power to carry forward the cause of human progress to a greater degree than he probably imagines, and at the same time to make contributions of permanent value to our literature. We are in a transition era. Social life is in a state of flux. The forces of class rulership and reaction are in mortal combat with those of democracy or popular sovereignty; privileged classes are becoming more and more powerful and arrogant. Class interest is seeking to destroy the soul of republican government and appropriate its mantle for selfish ends. Hence, a great and splendid labor devolves upon the novelist, the journalist, the teacher, the editor, the statesman and, in fact, on all who realize the peril and the promise of the present. Mr. Phillips is one of the few brilliant young novelists who not only "see things as they are," but who have the courage to picture them in their true colors.

Boston, Mass.

B. O. FLOWER.

INGERSOLL AS AN IDEALIST.

"And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence,
That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror."

HE who would rise to the full scope of Ingersoll's art, in its varied manifestations—his oratory, poetry, and prose—must be familiar with the elements of things. He must be of no school or cult—must possess that elemental depth, that aversion to the provincial, that view of the universal, which, in its noblest intensity, invariably marks the mind of genius. In unison with the great eternal pulse of the universe must be the rhythm of his heart and brain.

But how are we to look upon the artistic side of Ingersoll? Shall he be viewed as an orator, as a poet, or as a rhetorician? I answer: As none of these, in particular. For he was far more than any or all of them. He was an idealist—one of the purest and sublimest that has lived. Back of his every expression—poetic, oratorical, or philosophical, was the ideal. This he worshiped. The real he transformed or transcended. In the realm of art, he saw with faultless eye. So absolute was his devotion to the ideal, so keen and yet so profound his sense of proportion, of harmony, that he clothed his thoughts in the noblest garb; while his mind shrank from the use of an inapt or inelegant word or figure as surely as the magnet repels a scrap of lead. This made his art supreme.

It is often remarked: "That man was a great sculptor," "That man was a great painter," when it should be said: "A great idealist chiseled that statue," "A great idealist painted that picture." Who cannot chisel or paint? But how many who chisel or paint or write or speak do so at the command of the ideal?

To the average person, and to the person of mere talent,

a winged angel in stone or bronze is an object of wonder and admiration. To a generalizing idealist like Ingersoll, it is a source of laughter. Instead of admiring the proportion and the symmetry so evident to the mediocrity, he instantly recognizes the fact that in such a combination, unknown as a unit in nature, proportion and symmetry are impossible. The artist is lost in the artisan—in the “preacher”—and any admiration of his work must sink from the plane of the ideal to that of mere mechanical execution. And the same person who admires the angel of wings could in laughter join the man of genius at the idea of a fish with legs.

Every writer and every speaker unconsciously produces a perfect likeness of his physical and mental being—of himself. This likeness is called his style. Critics sometimes assert that the style of so-and-so is “artificial.” This is erroneous. Should a writer employ a borrowed style, it would not be his style, any more than an apple artificially attached to a twig of an orange tree would be an orange. A writer, no matter how successful he might be in deceiving others as to the genuineness of his style, could never succeed in deceiving himself. We are here led to a most fitting comparison of two natural phenomena—the tree and its fruit, the author and his style. The analogy is unmistakable. Neither literally nor figuratively do men gather figs from thistles. No one would have expected Daniel Webster—the broodingnagian frame, the leonine head with brow overhanging cliff-like the cavernous eyes and rugged lines below—to produce “Queen Mab.” It required the slight figure, the girlish, sympathetic face, the intense blue eyes, the keen sensibilities and the rare ethereal vision of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Ingersoll, too, more perhaps than any other orator or writer that we know, put his personality into his lines. His style, therefore, is not susceptible to comparison—it is utterly unique! Should one of his marvellous pages, separated from its context, be found on the sands of Sahara, its author would be instantly recognizable.

He wrote as a river runs. In the work of no other writer is to be found less evidence of effort. There is nothing to suggest the literary student—the “verbal varnisher and veneerer.” Preëminently the word wizard of his century, the whole of rhetoric was rejuvenated by his genius. No one else in American literature,* in which the microcephalous deny him a place, has crowded so much into a line. Many have occupied pages in expressing what he would have said in one short paragraph.

I.

There is one element of Ingersoll's genius which, although not yet recognized by the general reader, demands a conspicuous place—and, indeed, perhaps the most conspicuous place—in a just estimate of his value as a literary artist. I mean his capacity for rhythm. For it is undoubtedly true, as an observing and distinguished critic recently said, that Ingersoll, like Isocrates, was the first to perfect the prose rhythm of the language in which he sought expression. He possessed not only the imagination but the ear of a born poet. Believing that the poets themselves have demonstrated rhyme to be a hindrance rather than a help in the expression of the sublimest thought and feeling, caring nothing for the greater part of that which passes as poetry, and often putting upon it the stamp of his ridicule, he carried unconsciously into his prose all the enchanting splendor—the resistless charm—of metered rhyme. It is this, more than any other single quality of his style, that will some day compel impartial and unprejudiced critics to place him among the first of the great masters of English prose.

So naturally did his thoughts find harmonious expression that scarcely a page of his finer productions fails to afford, here and there, material for the most exquisite blank verse. Thus, in “The Ghosts,” we find in iambic rhythm, after suitable division and capitalization, this charming picture of autumn:

*It is assumed that the existence of such a literature is conceded.

"The withered banners of the corn are still,
And gathered fields are growing strangely wan,
While death, poetic death,
With hands that color what they touch,
Weaves in the autumn wood
Its tapestries of brown and gold."

"The Warp and Woof," only a part of which can from lack of space be quoted here, may likewise be appropriately arranged as blank verse, the prevailing measure being iambic pentameter :

"The rise and set of sun,
The birth and death of day,
The dawns of silver and the dusks of gold,
The wonders of the rain and snow,
The shroud of winter and
The many-colored robes of spring,
The lonely moon with nightly loss or gain,
The serpent lightning and the thunder's voice,
The tempest's fury and the breath of morn,
The threat of storm and promise of the bow."

Speaking of the part that myths have played in the evolution of religious thought, he says, in perfect iambic rhythm :

"They thrilled the veins of Spring with tremulous desire;
Made tawny Summer's billowed breast the throne and home of Love;
Filled Autumn's arms with sun-kissed grapes, and gathered sheaves;
And pictured Winter as a weak old king,
Who felt, like Lear upon his withered face,
Cordelia's tears."

Contemplating the scope of Shakespeare's knowledge of the human mind, he uses this language—a rhythm as wondrously beautiful as the molten undulations left by the sinking sun :

"He knew the thrills and ecstasies of love,
The savage joys of hatred and revenge.
He heard the hiss of envy's snakes
And watched the eagles of ambition soar.
There was no hope that did not put its star above his head—
No fear he had not felt—
No joy that had not shed its sunshine on his face."

Of course, the fact that these quotations, as well as numerous others that might be made, are not susceptible of exact arrangement in any recognized form of stanza must, from the standpoint of poetry, be considered a fault. At the same time, this very fact must be admitted as evidence that their rhythm was naturally and unconsciously produced, and that they are consequently all the more perfect as prose.

Ingersoll kept to himself all that was back of the scene—knew just what to say, what not to say. He made no excuses or introductions. His presence was his prelude; his pen was his preface. He knew that a glance behind the canvas would mar the effect of the greatest painting. Very few writers, and still fewer orators, appear to know this. They seem impelled to make known beforehand their intention to write or to speak; and by their method they exhibit all of the defects that an imperfect mastery can reveal—the crude ideas and rejected fragments—the very interior of their mental workshops. It is like a glimpse of the kitchen from the banquet board. What would the tender and enthralling lines to "Chloris" be worth were they prefaced by Burns to imply that before writing them he had carefully and conscientiously compared her with the other girls? Think of it!

Most writers are afflicted with the verbose diathesis. Having almost no imagination, they credit the reader with a like amount. They anticipate the very motions of your brain—tell everything. Their lines are prison bars between which fettered Fancy catches only now and then a glimpse of field and sky. With such a style Ingersoll had no patience. He despised detail, the mathematical, the provincial. In short, he was an idealist, and his style, like the rainbow, arched in iridescent wonder the intellectual sky. He knew that one mind can get from another no more than it is capable of receiving, and that between the words, no matter how profuse, there should still be room for the reader or the hearer to use the brush and chisel. He knew that every mind, in spite of others—in spite of itself—

takes its own peculiar view. He realized that the greatest work of art is, at most, only a sort of mental arbor to which and over which cling and run the vines of fancy springing from the brain of whomsoever reads or sees. Most of these vines would be dwarfed and flowerless, and not last half the season through; some might live but would not thrive; others still, with exuberance interwoven, would tender to the mating songsters the hospitality of countless leafy bowers, fling to summer dawns blossoms fit for Juliet's breast, while beneath the mellowing skies would hang in clustered spheres and purple the smiles and tears of April days, the amorous kisses of unnumbered suns.

II.

In Ingersoll the orator were blended in matchless harmony nature's rarest and noblest gifts. A fine physique—tall, ample, erect, with broad and massive shoulders supporting a perfectly molded head, with the formidableness of an antique warrior and yet the gentle mien of a child, his was a presence to command the admiration of the Olympian gods. But there is no need at this early day of a description of his presence upon the stage. It should merely be said that in this, as in every other respect, he was incomparable.

Oratory is the noblest stream that flows from the hidden spring of the ideal to the illimitable ocean of expression. Robert G. Ingersoll was acquainted by nature with the course of this stream—knew its every inch, from where it, dallying, sparkles like a silver thread among the rocks and hills of thought to where its mighty current forces back the tides of error in the broad estuary of persuasion. Master of the art-complex of all arts, a great orator is essentially a great man. I say, a great orator. He is scientist and philosopher, logician and rhetorician, poet, painter and sculptor, wit and humorist; and he possesses that divine "something called presence."

Of course, oratory cannot be put upon paper. It cannot even be separated from the times and scenes that produce it, or from the effects that it in turn produces. Just as dead protoplasm is no longer protoplasm, so a printed oration is not an oration. The unprecedented opportunity which has previously been sought in vain, but which now lies within the orator's grasp; the vast assembly waiting only for the magic voice that shall set vibrating in unison with each other and with those of the orator the secret chords of sympathy and emotion; the flashing eye; the poise, the gesture and the thrilling pause—language too eloquent for utterance—these are as much a part of the oration as are the words. But they are not reducible to type. No speech has ever been printed.

Therefore, while it is plain that an examination of the mere printed page is of comparatively little value in judging of the real worth of an orator, a careful study of its literary arrangement and of so much of its rhetoric as is still appreciable, will, nevertheless, enable us to form at least an approximate estimate of its author. These facts must be remembered in comparing the works of one author with those of another.

To attempt any selection from the many gems that fell during a quarter-century from the golden lips of Robert G. Ingersoll seems a vain and thankless task. To choose from most other men of genius would be an easy one. The average product of their minds contains at least enough of the commonplace to distinguish those passages that are really grand. On the contrary, Ingersoll left nothing that is commonplace. There are great lines, thoughts that touch the universal, poems of subtle shade on every page; and many of his sentences are strains of music as sweet as those that fell on Pluto's ears, and will hold their power to charm as long as genius knows its kith and kin. There was no manner or phase of thought, no sentiment or passion, in the expression of which he was not supreme. His satire, born of logic "as clear and unerring as light," was more deadly than the lightning's flash; he had wit and

humor that never failed; sympathy whose warp and woof was woven of the heartstrings of all mankind, and that divine touch called pathos—pathos so perfect as to be cruel—cruel as a dream of devotion in the mad heart of a lover. From the word-gallery of his mind he selected symbols, figures, pictures as easily—as unconsciously—as some rude savage picks from the sand a nameless gem. He was the Phideas of verbal sculpture—the Michael Angelo of words.

For him who should with confidence name the master effort of Robert G. Ingersoll I could entertain feelings akin to pity. The question of which is the greatest production of a given mind is necessarily one that does not admit of an irrevocable answer. It is a matter of individual opinion; and to quote all those productions of an author which are universally admitted to be great is, at least, not practicable. Decision in matters of this nature is, however, not difficult for the casual reader. Ask the average person to name Ingersoll's masterpiece, and he will mention the "Plumed Knight Speech," the "Tribute to Ebon C. Ingersoll," or, possibly, the "Vision of War." Why, I do not know. Probably it is because he has read those three. For, although perfect of their kind, none of them is better entitled to distinction, I think, than are a half dozen other productions of our author.

Take the "Soliloquy" at the grave of Napoleon. It is only a few sentences—a few touches of the brush—and yet it is a complete and perfect picture of that marvellous life, from the insatiable thirst that would grasp and hold the world, to the Stygian midnight of despair and gloom that settled at St. Helena. There, "gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea"—"the only woman that ever loved him pushed from his heart"—stands the great Napoleon. And beside the "poor peasant" in "wooden shoes," but surrounded by a loving wife and happy children, how small and wretched! What a vivid reminder of Gray!—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.

Then there is "The Cemetery"—"that vast cemetery called the past"—wherein he finds "most of the religions of men," and "nearly all their gods"—from India's mystic shrines to the divine fires of the Aztecs—a view of comparative mythology and religion which is universal in its scope, and which is expressed with all the force and charm of consummate art.

And the prose-poem "Life," a laurel for Shakespeare's brow—a priceless gem whose luster praise could only dim.

"Night and Morning"—superstition's hideous nightmare of the past, a dream of the cruel yet hopeful present, and a golden vision of years to be. Only Ingersoll could have written it.

And, lastly, the Shakespearian lecture—a vine of words that twines with subtle delicacy and grace around the mighty oak of Shakespeare's brain. I have often thought that, were I condemned on short notice to perpetual banishment out of hearing of my native tongue, I would try to take with me two books, Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style" and Ingersoll's lecture on Shakespeare: the first, to show why certain words and expressions are used in preference to others; the last, how they are used. This lecture, which is probably Ingersoll's supreme literary achievement, but upon which, nevertheless, there is not space to dwell at length, contains, in my judgment, the noblest metaphor in our language:

"Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain."

Many other selections, taken here and there from his works, are hardly less notable. How many have read the following, and yet what physiologist, psychologist, poet or philosopher has left a truer description of the human brain?—

“The dark continent of motive and desire has never been explored. In the brain, that wondrous world with one inhabitant, there are recesses dim and dark, treacherous sands and dangerous shores, where seeming sirens tempt and fade; streams that rise in unknown lands from hidden springs, strange seas with ebb and flow of tides, resistless billows urged by storms of flame, profound and awful depths hidden by mist of dreams, obscure and phantom realms where vague and fearful things are half revealed, jungles where passion’s tigers crouch, and skies of cloud and blue where fancies fly with painted wings that dazzle and mislead; and the poor sovereign of this pictured world is led by old desires and ancient hates, and stained by crimes of many vanquished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust, until he feels like some bewildered slave that Mockery has throned and crowned.”

Could the student of human nature—could anyone who has climbed unhelped or in spite of opposition the ladder of success—possibly fail to catch the golden thread that runs through this iambic epigram?—

“Obstruction is but virtue’s foil;
From thwarted light leaps color’s flame;
The stream impeded has a song.”

Think of the spirit of liberty that breathes through this sentence:

“Let us go the broad way where science goes—through the open fields, past the daisied slopes, where sunlight, lingering, seems to sleep and dream.”

And here are doubt and hope contrasted so subtly that they almost seem of equal worth:

“And yet we hope and dream. May be the longing for another life is but the the prophecy forever warm from Nature’s lips, that love, disguised as death, alone fulfills. We cannot

tell. And yet perhaps this Hope is but an antic, following the fortunes of an uncrowned king, beguiling grief with jest and satisfying loss with pictured gain. We do not know."

From what other mind might we expect could be called forth by music such an appreciation as this—a description as marvellously beautiful as the miracle of sound it describes?*

"This sound-wrought picture of the fields and woods, of flowering hedge and happy home, where thrushes build and swallows fly, and mothers sing to babes; this echo of the babbled lullaby of brooks that, dallying, wind and fall where meadows bare their daisied bosoms to the sun; this joyous mimicry of summer rain, the laugh of children, and the rhythmic rustle of the whispering leaves; this strophe of peasant life; this perfect poem of content and love."

What other orator that we know, standing at the grave of a friend, has uttered such praise—hyperbole so perfect that it actually does not seem an exaggeration?—

"Her heart was open as the gates of day. She shed kindness as the sun sheds light. If all her deeds were flowers, the air would be faint with perfume. If all her charities could change to melodies, a symphony would fill the sky."

Ingersoll's wonderful ability to find in the words of his very adversaries the weapons of attack—to capture the enemy's ordnance and use it against its owner—is well shown in the following extract from his words on "The Infidel":

"He knew that all the pomp and glitter had been purchased with Liberty—that priceless jewel of the soul. In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of the fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross adorned the hilt of the sword, and so where others worshipped, he wept."

Were he not necessarily aware of the sad depth to which the noxious roots of religious prejudice penetrate the mental soil of the mediocrity, the justly appreciative reader of such se-

*Beethoven's Sixth Symphony.

lections as have here been quoted or mentioned would, despairing, wonder at the comparatively meagre praise bestowed upon their author. And with a reviewer who should utterly ignore the source of so many matchless thoughts he could have but little patience. Suppose that the spirit of an absolutely unprejudiced literary critic, visiting this earth from another sphere, should find in some "Library of the World's Best Literature" liberal selections from America's recognized literati, with no mention of "Life," "The Vision of War," "Shakespeare," or any of the "Tributes." What, in the reader's judgment, would be that angel's opinion of literary editors? Yet this is precisely what would be found. There are in our libraries to-day compilations containing no reference to Ingersoll, but including productions of scores of writers who are all but commonplace, and whose combined efforts could never have resulted in even one of Ingersoll's masterpieces.

III.

Certain to be inadequate, this essay would be sadly incomplete should I fail to dwell somewhat at length upon those qualities of Ingersoll's character and personality which, omitting entirely his purely intellectual gifts and attainments, would entitle him to a place among the truly great. Although subscribing to no creed in the proper and general sense, it may well be said, after all, that he did possess one which he kept inviolate. In that creed, written on his heart by nature, there was but one word, love—love for all mankind. First practised at home before being preached, the doctrines which were the natural fruit of his wondrous creed are inseparably blended with the most cherished memories of the Great Agnostic.

Hear his gospel of the fireside :

"I believe in the fireside. I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty, equality and love."

And elsewhere he says :

"I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. . . . If upon this earth we ever have a glimpse of heaven, it is when we pass a home in winter, at night, and through the windows, the curtain drawn aside, we see the family about the pleasant hearth; the old lady knitting; the cat playing with the yarn; the children wishing they had as many dolls or dollars or knives or somethings as there are sparks going out to join the roaring blast; the father reading and smoking, and the smoke rising like incense from the altar of domestic joy. I never passed such a house without feeling that I had received a benediction."

And again :

"Let me tell you to-day it is far more important to build a home than to erect a church. The holiest temple beneath the stars is a home that love has built. And the holiest altar in all the wide world is the fireside around which gather father and mother and the sweet babes. . . . The home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all the world."

In his noble plea for the home he did not forget the children. "I believe," said he, "that a child should know no more sorrow than a bird or a flower." He spurned the very thought of any limitation to their happiness, as is shown by this matchless rhetoric, aimed at the Puritan Sabbath, a day which he tells us cast a shadow over his boyhood, and helped to sow within his heart the seeds of doubt :

"The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering midst the vine-clad hills; but know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy."

His repugnance to whatever savors of brute force, but especially to the old idea that "to spare the rod" is to "spoil the child," is thus ironically set forth:

"I do not believe in the government of the lash. If any one of you expects ever to whip your children again, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die, I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in tender gold, and the little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth—and sit down upon the grave and look at that photograph, and think of the flesh, now dust, that you beat."

Nor was the spirit which prompted these splendid utterances limited in its range to the sphere of home. It compassed all. It knew no race or color, no creed or station of life. Wherever injustice, cruelty or suffering existed was felt the strong heart-beat of him who said:

"The hands that help are better far
Than lips that pray"

His was the spirit of true philanthropy. His benevolence, without a parallel, so far as I know, has left a fair and fadeless impression. Robert G. Ingersoll, as was so often observed by his detractors, founded no college or asylum. He was too busy with the individual. He never experienced nor cared to experience the haughty, egotistic thrill that comes to one on seeing his own name chiseled amid the embellishments of architecture; but a thousand times he heard the words or saw the tears of those who in need felt the warmth of his heart. With the income of a prince, he died in comparative poverty.

Of those who sought his aid he required no statements of belief or certificates of character. To know their wants was

enough. As he himself said of Whitman, "He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised, and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy."

His pity, in a surprising way, found excuses for the failures of our race. What would be the astonishment of, we will say an orthodox theologian, who, having come almost intuitively to look with mingled pity and disdain upon Ingersoll and his work, should happen to find in that author's writings these sentiments concerning tramps?

"When I see one of these men, poor and friendless, no matter how bad he is, I think that somebody loved him once; that he was held in the arms of a mother; that he slept beneath her loving eyes and wakened in the light of her smiles. I see him in the cradle listening to lullabies sung soft and low, and the little face is dimpled as though touched by the rosy fingers of joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths, the weary roads he has traveled from the mother's arms to misery and want and aimless crime."

These tender words ought to shine in letters of gold before every police justice in our land.

It is too early to form a just estimate of Ingersoll's influence on the religious thought of our day. Mental evolution presents a series of complex phenomena which, to be clearly understood, must be studied wholly in retrospect. The work of an idealistic thinker like Ingersoll is not to be judged as we judge that of a Pasteur or of a Lister. The concrete facts and technical details in which such men deal are immediately productive of definite results. Of them we can say "before and after." But concerning Ingersoll's influence we can, at present, merely conjecture. Nothing certainly indicates his rightful share of credit for the unprecedented change of religious ideas in America during the last thirty years of his life. Harboring little but contempt for those narrow traducers who deny that he was an appreciable factor in this advancement, I would not

credit him with all that has been done. Both reason and justice point to the middle course.

I must here revert, with emphasis, to one fact. It was not as a freethought propagandist that Ingersoll first became generally known. It was as a patriotic American, a hard-headed and trusted political adviser, and, preëminently, as an orator whose silver tongue could "make the worse appear the better reason." Wherever he chose to go, his reputation preceded and assured him of every attention that is due to moral and intellectual worth. In national and social questions he was the guiding-star of great numbers of his fellow citizens; and, consequently, when he decided publicly to break the fetters and the idols of tradition he obtained a far more extensive and honorable hearing than he would have obtained had he first appeared solely as an opponent of revealed religion. Indeed, he commanded even greater prestige than did any evangelist coming primarily before the public as such.

Probably no other "king of the platform" addressed as many people as did Ingersoll during the quarter-century of his crusade. Crediting him with the unsurpassed eloquence which the best critics of oratory admit that he possessed, how are we to avoid the conclusion that the number aroused by him to independent thought was very great?

But it was not alone by resistless eloquence and personal charm that he swayed so many minds. Opponents gave a helping hand. If he published a "Christmas sermon" or a letter on any sociological question, the newspapers were immediately filled with "answers." To some of them he replied. Many thousands who probably would not have otherwise heard of the problems at issue thus learned of their existence. Sometimes, if he arranged to lecture in a "blue-law" state, the good people threatened him with arrest for "blasphemy." An overcrowded house and copious reports of his sayings resulted. And the ministers preached.

Another fact must be considered here—Ingersoll made

science his handmaid. He, of course, was not a scientist, experimentally, but he was wonderfully familiar with other men's discoveries, and he could describe them far better than could the discoverers themselves. He popularized the work of the great masters. It is no exaggeration that many thousands first heard the names of Humboldt, Tyndall, Helmholtz, Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel and others from Ingersoll's lips. And he reached a far more heterogeneous class than those authors could ever reach through their books. Their legitimate audiences are small, at best. Ingersoll went out after the laity, bound them with the golden chain of his eloquence, and threw science in their faces. And they understood; for he was a master in simplification, a man of imagination—a great teacher. The average person got more chemistry and physics, more geology, more biology, from "Why I Am an Agnostic" than he could have derived in a month's time from technical works, had he possessed the inclination to study them. Who will say that this dissemination of scientific and philosophical principles did not have, directly or indirectly, a most potent effect upon the theological mind? Who will deny its causal relation to the "higher criticism?" That such a term was unheard of when Ingersoll began his work must not be forgotten, whereas, at present, scarcely a Sunday paper fails to contain matter which, although from the pen or the lips of a clergyman, might, for all the theological bias it shows, have been extracted from "Some Mistakes of Moses." Marvellous is the change. The principles and sentiments which in 1860 were voiced in Ingersoll's first lecture and received with hisses by a vast majority of the laity, and by all the clergy, were sanctioned and applauded by theologians when the Great Agnostic uttered his last public word.

Beginning his work when ignorance was a virtue—when pandering hypocrisy was wont to place upon the brow of stupidity the wreath of popular sanction—when candid speech was treated as a crime—he lived to see in decay the vast struc-

ture of supernatural religion. They who survey in the future its complete ruins may be able to give to Ingersoll his rightful place. To them I leave the task, offering only a word of prophesy.

Two hundred and eighty-nine years after the world's grandest martyr had crumbled to sacred and heroic ashes at the bigot's stake, the Pope of Rome, with malicious eyes, his own power slowly waning, saw rise within the shadow of the Vatican a monument to Giordano Bruno.

As with the memory of that intrepid soul in the land of sun and blue and mirthful vine, so shall it be with the memory of Ingersoll. A confidant of nature—dowered with all her noblest gifts—he left in turn for all mankind the priceless gems of thought and deed. In naturalness he was supreme. With the unconscious sublimity of mountains and seas—the origin of his genius as little understood as their origin—he lived and wrought and passed away as easily as they exist. He died as serenely, as majestically, as the great river on whose banks he lay, sank that evening into its shroud of mist.

Rest at last, O wondrous and unconquered soul! Upon thy tranquil brow fell full and fair the mellow gleam of humanity's golden hope. In the eternal right beat bravely strong thy noble heart, and to the dim heights where tremulous broods the purpling dawn soared the winged envoys of thy tireless brain. Naught but the dregs of truth could quench thy jeweled lips. But too soon—thou wast not understood; for in the unvalled and limited temple of thy mind dwelt Love and Liberty in perfect unreserve. Yet, trouble not. The obloquy of the present thy fame canst well afford; for thou art the sage of the better years to be. A worshiper of the ideal, thou didst live for posterity. Posterity will live for thee.

HERMAN E. KITTREDGE, M.D.

Washington, D. C.

A POET OF FREEDOM.

“**W**HERE there is no vision the people perish.”

We wage a two-fold struggle: the struggle for bread and the struggle for freedom. We wrestle, on the one hand, with nature, seemingly niggard; and, on the other, with principalities and powers, with laws and systems.

At times the odds appear too great; those who are against us seem stronger than those who are for us. We think of surrender. We are tempted to accept the idler's philosophy and turn over to "Evolution" the task to which we believe God had called us.

At such times it is well to drop the daily round of drudgery, to leave facts, statistics, details and programs to take care of themselves, and turn to the poets.

The true poet is a seer—one who can see. The mists and cobwebs of prejudice, the veil of superstition, the fog of falsehood which hide from common eyes the primal truths of life, are, to his clear vision, transparent. He sees things as they are; and, with noble verse, charms the ear, instructs the mind, inspires the heart and nerves the soul for new and stronger effort.

"Freedom needs all her poets." Of those who have reflected the ancient Saxon hatred of bondage and roused the race to prize the heritage of freedom bequeathed from bleeding sire to son, none has better served his time and all succeeding time than James Russell Lowell.

Lowell's best work was called out by the anti-slavery struggle and the class strife in Europe dating back to the early forties; but the war for an ever-enlarging liberty is endless, and its principles are unchanging. Much of Lowell's best work is as well adapted to our needs to-day as though written for our "Present Crisis."

Note this description of the "practical," "worldly-wise," who, to-day, scorn the "sentimentalism" and "far-fetching follies" of the apostle of a new order, and occupy themselves with the "respectable" task of chasing the dollar and "enjoying life."

THE STREET.

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds,
Wherein their souls were buried long ago.
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
They cast their hope of human kind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove
And conquered—and their spirits turned to clay:
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We, only, truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face.

As long ago as the days of Jeremiah men found it unprofitable to tell the truth, and resolved not to "speak any more in his name." By the Divine imperative has proved "as a burning fire shut up in their bones;" the prophet has become "weary with forbearing" so that he "can not stay." He casts aside fear and prudence, and, in the words of Lowell, exclaims:

We will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.

We speak the truth, so what care we
For hissing and for scorn,
While some faint gleamings we can see,
Of freedom's coming morn?

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
Let traitors turn away:
Whatever we have dared to think
That dare we also say.

Jesus encountered the Pharisees who "had Abraham to their father" and therefore belonged to the elect; but who, at the same time, stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

In the anti-slavery days Lowell saw all about him the Cambridge and Boston Brahmins who boasted their descent from Mayflower pilgrims, Cromwellian regicides, constitution makers who realized, with Franklin, that they "must hang together or separately" and rebels who, at Concord Bridge, "fired the shot heard round the world." But the poet had daily thrust upon him evidence that the sons and grandsons of heroes, patriots and martyrs are, too often, cravens, traitors, and persecutors of the men who have inherited not, indeed, the name and fame but, instead, the spirit and devotion, of those whom earlier ages slew, but to whom the present builds monuments.

It is to these recreant sons and daughters of noble ancestry that Lowell addresses his

STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

* * * *

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose

Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

The hypocrisy of those who "make clean the outside of the cup and platter" while "within they are full of extortion and excess," who "tithe mint and anise and cumin," but omit "judgment, mercy and faith," and who dedicate churches to "the glory of God and the memory of Jay Gould," is brought out in the lines from the poem

ON THE CAPTURE OF CERTAIN FUGITIVE SLAVES NEAR WASHINGTON.

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
 To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,
 While we look coldly on, and see law-shielded ruffians slay
 The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of to-day!

* * * *

Man is more than constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
 Than be true to Church and State, while we are doubly false to God!

* * * *

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
 To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
 That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
 Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

We point to the sordidness of our present commercial age, and applaud when John Ruskin shows us that that for which we must pay the coin of the realm is often the dross, while the truly great goods come "like the gentle rain from Heaven," "without money and without price." How finely is this brought out in the following lines from

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
 The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;
 At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay.
 Bubbles we buy with a whole Soul's tasking:
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
 No price is set on the lavish summer:
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

In his "Present Crisis" the poet sounds a series of trumpet blasts as needful and appropriate to-day as when, in December, 1845, he penned the poem. Following are a few of the most striking:

When a deed is done for freedom,
 Through the broad earth's aching breast
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
 Trembling on from east to west.
 And the slave, where'er he cowers,
 Feels the soul within him climb
 To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
 Of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

* * * *

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
 In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
 blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

* * * *

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
 Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

* * * *

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
 While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
 Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back;
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
 One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet hearts hath burned
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven up-
 turned.

For humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

Those who would make of this world a place worth living
in are subject to two temptations: on the one hand they may
be led to bury themselves in dry-as-dust statistics or lose
themselves in the mazes of economics and philosophy; on the
other hand, they may, at times, feel impelled to abandon the
seemingly endless path of constitutional progress and seek
some dynamic short-cut to the goal. At such times they may
learn wisdom from these stanzas among the memorial verses:

TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD.

Freedom needs all her poets: it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the wiser law of music sway
Her wild imaginings.

The complacent notion that ours is a "free country" receives
a rude shock on reading the following lines from,

FREEDOM.

We are not free: Freedom doth not consist
In musing with our faces toward the past;
While petty cares and crawling interests twist
Their spider-threads about us, which at last
Grow strong as iron chains, to cramp and bind
In formal narrowness heart, soul, and mind.
Freedom is recreated year by year,
In hearts wide open on the Godward side,
In souls calm-cadenced as the whirling sphere,
In minds that sway the future like a tide.
No broadest creeds can hold her, and no codes;
She chooses men for her august abodes,
Building them fair and fronting to the dawn;
Yet, when we seek her, we but find a few
Light footprints, leading morn-ward through the dew:
Before the day had risen, she was gone.

And the smug self-satisfaction that solaces itself with the thought that this is "the best of all possible worlds" may be disturbed at reading this stanza from

HUNGER AND COLD.

God has plans man must not spoil,
Some were made to starve and toil,
Some to share the wine and oil,
We are told.
Devil's theories are these,
Stifling hope and love and peace,
Framed your hideous lusts to please,
Hunger and Cold!

The landed, who hug to themselves their parchments, and try to believe that "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," may feel less secure on reading these stanzas from

THE LANDLORD.

What boot your houses and your lands?
In spite of close-drawn deed and fence,
Like water, 'twixt your cheated hands,
They slip into the graveyard's sands
And mock your ownership's pretence.

* * * *

Fence as you please; this plain poor man,
Whose only fields are in his wit,
Who shapes the world, as best he can,
According to God's higher plan,
Owns you, and fences, as is fit.

* * * *

He takes you from your easy chair,
And what he plans that you must do;
You sleep in down, eat dainty fare,
He mounts his crazy garret-stair
And starves, the landlord over you.

* * * *

Your lands, with force or cunning got,
Shrink to the measure of the grave;
But Death himself abridges not,
The tenures of almighty thought,
The titles of the wise and brave.

To cut the noble poem entitled "A Parable" seems a sacrilege. The reader will remember that the poet conceives Christ as returning to earth "to see how the men, my brethren, believe in me;" how he was dined and wined and entertained by the great ones of earth; but how, not content with surface appearances, he looked beneath and noted that the foundations of society rested on crushed and enslaved human beings. He asks:

"Have you founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think yet that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

The rulers apologize, saying that they are but doing as their fathers have done, and striving with sword and flame to hold the world in *statu quo*.

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he
"The images ye have made of me!"

Lowell's intense radicalism is shown in

THE NEED OF CHANGE.

The time is ripe, and rotten ripe for change;
Then let it come. I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind;
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.

* * * *

I do not fear to follow out the truth,
 Albeit along the precipice's edge.
 Let us speak plain: there is more in names
 Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
 Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
 Behind the shield of some fair-sounding name.

Let us call tyrants, and maintain
 That only freedom comes by grace of God,
 And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
 For men in earnest have no time to waste
 In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

Lowell's Democracy, shown in a thousand ways and places,
 notably in his "Biglow Papers," and his tribute in the "Com-
 memoration Ode to Lincoln, the first American," is reflected
 in the following lines on Burns from

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

All that hath been majestic
 In life or death, since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
 Great deeds and feelings find a home,
 That cast in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece and Rome.

His catholicity is well brought out in the opening lines of

RHOECUS.

God sends his teachers unto every age,
 To every clime, and to every race of men,
 With revelations fitted to their growth
 And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
 Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
 The life of man, and given it to grasp
 The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
 Infolds some germ of goodness and of right;
 Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
 The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
 Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

I close with the following sonnet (VI.) showing the poet's splendid optimism and unwavering faith in the certain victory of freedom:

SONNETS: VI.

Great Truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity;
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
Must goad the soul to be erect and free;
Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung,—
Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause denied.

THOMAS ELMER WILL.

Wichita, Kansas.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

THE SPHINX.

II.

AT the conclusion of our preceding paper on Emerson's poem "The Sphinx," may be seen the last term of a contrast, presented by the sphinx, wherein Nature is declared erect, but man has fallen. The sphinx has given exemplars under the law that "Nature is erect." These are as follows,—the palm tree, the elephant, the thrush, the winds and waves, the journeying atoms, the babe by its mother.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred,—"

And now he adds the obverse of the picture for a description of man. We repeat it in order that we may make clear the cohesion across the break in a continued paper.

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground."

The "Great Mother," which Mr. Emerson refers to below, means Nature. She hears the fearful indictment which the sphinx has recited against the "man-child."

"Out spoke the great mother,
Beholding his fear;—
At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere:—"

"Who has drugged my boy's cup?
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned my child's head?"

Well may the Great Mother express grief and indignation at the treatment accorded the man-child. All her other children are "erect." He only is "fallen." And he is her pride and darling. She has waited for him in unnumbered milleniums. The distant trilobite gave faint hints of him. A little advance was made in many ameliorations; a slow approach in ceaseless homologies; a statue in the saurian of a coming king; and Monadnoc heard his footsteps along the flinty way.

Emerson in his poem "The Song of Nature," published many years after "The Sphinx," gives us some lines expressive of this long waiting on the part of the Great Mother.

"I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is played;
What without him is summer's pomp,
Or winter's frozen shade?

"I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate."

But he comes at last, and is what the sphinx describes him. He lies a neglected bantling upon the rocks.

The poet hears the sphinx and the Great Mother. He answers only the sphinx.

The complaint of the Great Mother presents some incongruities to the captious reader. It implies the old dualism which Emerson did not believe in; so this shows only poetic faith or a provisional belief, the easy attitude of fiction. Nature made all the conditions and their consequences. Man is a part of nature, and that annuls the contrast between man and nature. "Nature is improved by no mean but nature made that mean," said one Shakespeare, who was a man-child after many

improvements had been accomplished. We are slow in shaking ourselves free from corollaries coming out of the delusion of generations, that nature was the victim of malignant, alien forces, and of evils not her own.

Thus the poet begins *his* song and answer. Says some historian of the dialogue:

"I heard a poet answer
Aloud and cheerfully,
"Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me.
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime."

This is what the poet sees beyond all cause for the "dirges" of the sphinx. This is the new and better "seer" the sphinx had "awaited." After rejecting the Miltonic answer—that evil had come from heaven and had originated with an archangel whom God had created, but who yet had enough of the germs of bad to allow a "fall" even in an assumedly perfect habitat—the "seer"—the new poet, does not try to account for evil. He denies its existence; and what we call evil is only a transient appearance, not affecting the real integrity of things. The fearful antinomies involved in the postulates by which our fathers struggled with the great moral sphinx in the case of the man-child, show that faith is given to the false as well as the true. The ingenious casuist, if he cannot carry a hard position by assault, will try to flank it, and much in the philosophy of evil has indeed proceeded by flank movements.

To answer the fact of evil by denying it is certainly heroic treatment. Emerson, sixty years ago, when "The Sphinx" was written, stood quite alone in this attempt. Much argument by others has since been given to his support. We waive this contention for the present.

"Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime."

We were slow to see that "love" lies "under" the dark pictures. But they cannot bear the light. They cannot bear the light which discloses the canvases upon which Time has painted them. When David, the great Hebrew poet and singer, was perplexed with the problem of evil, which seemed to prosper as well as the good, he went into the sanctuary for light, and there he found the "meaning sublime" and the solution. The "sanctuary," let us say, is a symbol of the better vision given the intellect in moods when at its best powers and elevations. Moses saw his model, his ideal, when on the mountain alone with God. And Emerson says, the sphinx must solve her own riddle. The sphinx is a symbol for light and for the intellect whose correlate and representation has always been light. So the sphinx that asks the question answers it. The sphinx and the poet are one. The "pictures" are dark and mysterious until their "meaning" shines through them, and then they fade. We shall, later on, see again that the sphinx must change her name.

The poet now proceeds to give his great argument for a new and strange position as a departure from the old "seers." This, it will be seen, was Emerson's theology and philosophy, for, like the Indian sages in whom he found so much, he made theology and philosophy one and the same. Herein, also, we find a reason for the location of this poem as first in the volume. It expresses the grounds of his faith.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the best."

This is the first proposition beginning the poet's argument. It would seem, at first view, that Emerson was not happy in the choice of this word "fiend." It usually implies a mischievous personification, a power for evil only. There is, however, a

view allowable in the matter of this word "fiend," according to which it is eminently the proper word. Man had, in many centuries, according to the Miltonic theory, been "harried" by a "fiend." Milton did not invent this theory. He took it ready made from the prevailing theology of his time, and wrote it into a great poem, "Paradise Lost." This poem has passed as one of the scriptures with millions of simple, honest believers. Religious literature, so called, has for ages borne the burden of "Enemy," "adversary," "serpent," "devil," and so in gentle irony this poet would say, the "enemy," the "adversary," the "serpent," the "devil," the "fiend" that man harries is "love of the best." And this "fiend" is a beneficent power and is for good and not evil. This "fiend," moreover, has no objective or real existence, but is a name or metaphor for what is subjective—namely, a common and oft-recurring mood—a form of consciousness so distinct and well defined, as against other moods, that it may be called a common mood, shared in some degree by all men; and so it gives rise to the conception of a power or a faculty. We have always been in the habit of hypostasizing such common forms of mental action, and are often misled by the illusion that they are little machines given to turn out a certain kind of work. This we know was a fault, hardly outgrown, of the old psychology, and sometimes called the "faculty doctrine." But the "fiend" is a part of us, just as we shall soon be ready to say the "sphinx" is a part of us.

The sphinx, then, is a function of the mind, the mood by which we say we "know." It is a very different mood from that which enables us to say we "love"; and yet these are states or moods of the same mind. But they vary from each other and in the degree in which they reveal themselves. We have, now, two well defined powers for the elevation of the man-child. We have therein two forces for the construction of a saviour, indigenous to man, born within him and a part of him. How widely this was a departure from old and familiar faiths sixty years ago, I need not say. It would have

called down upon the head of Emerson large vials of wrath, in addition to those evoked by what he had said in prose, but fortunately, or unfortunately, nobody saw it as hidden in the mist of this poem. People laughed at "The Sphinx," not for what it meant, but because it did not mean anything. It has waited sixty years. It is time that we try to read it. The acknowledged master mind in American literature, if not in all literature, did not write without a meaning in this strange poem.

"The sphinx must solve her own riddle," says Emerson in his "Essay on History." "The human mind wrote history, and the human mind must read it." History is the riddle of the sphinx in events. Again he says, that the intellect will ask no question which the intellect cannot answer. The intellect is another name for the sphinx. The intellect stands in a correlation with knowledge. We shall be sufficiently accurate if we call the sphinx by this equivalent, namely, knowledge. These translations give us common terms, and take metaphors out of our exegesis. The "sphinx," which is knowledge, and the "fiend," which is love,—these are the cardinal forces, working together, which will take the man-child out of the degradation in which the sphinx describes him. The poet sees the busy hands of these good angels; and they are within man and are a part of him, as we have said. Well may the poet sing:

"Say on, sweet Sphinx, thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me."

The sphinx alone, knowledge alone, will not save man. The only function of the intellect is to know. It does not care what. It has no care for quality or value; one thing to the intellect is as good as another. It simply sees truth. It does not see, at least it does not seek good as such. But knowledge to see and love to choose,—these united can reform nature and re-create the world.

But some subordinate powers are given. Let us go back into the wonderful "Essay on the Poet" for a fundamental philosophy bearing upon this exposition. The poem and the essay we may suppose are products of the same general cognition. They were written about the same time, as he wandered in Walden and amid his "sacred pine trees."

"Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts. No anchor, no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact." And no sphinx can keep his pictures from fading into the laws which lie beyond them. We must in our own nature see the necessary reason for every fact—see how it could and must be.

Says Emerson in "The Poet":

"In love, in art, in avarice, in politics, in labor, in games, we study to utter our painful secret. The man is only half himself; the other half is his expression.

"Notwithstanding this necessity to be published, adequate expression is rare. I know not how it is we need an interpreter, but the great majority of men seem to be minors, who have not yet come into possession of their own, or mutes who cannot report the conversation they have had with nature. There is no man who does not anticipate a supersensual utility in the sun and stars, earth and water. These stand and wait to render him a peculiar service. But there is some obstruction or some excess of phlegm in our constitution which does not suffer them to yield their due effect. Too feebly fall the impressions of nature on us to make us artists. Every touch should thrill. Every man should be so much an artist that he could report in conversation what had befallen him. Yet in our experiences the rays or appulses have sufficient force to arrive at the senses, but not enough to reach the quick and compel the reproduction of themselves in speech. The poet is the man in whom these powers are in balance, the man without impediment, who sees and handles that which others dream of; traverses the whole scale of experience and is representative of man in virtue of being the largest power to receive and impart.

"The universe has three children, born at one time, which reappear under different names in every system of thought,

whether they be called Cause, Operation and Effect, or, more poetically, Jove, Pluto, Neptune; or theologically, the Father, the Spirit and the Son; but which we will call here the Knower, the Doer and the Sayer. These stand respectively for the love of truth, for the love of good, and for the love of beauty. These three are equal. Each is that which he is essentially, so that he cannot be surmounted or analyzed, and each of these three has the power of the others latent in him and his own patent.

"The poet is the Sayer, the namer, and represents beauty. He is a sovereign and stands on the center; for the world is not painted or adorned, but is from the beginning beautiful. And God has not made some beautiful things, but Beauty is the creator of the universe. Therefore the poet is not any permissive potentate, but is emperor in his own right. The sign and credentials of the poet are that he announces that which no man foretold; he is the true and only doctor; he knows and tells; he is the only teller of news, for he was present and privy to the appearance which he describes. He is a beholder of ideas and an utterer of the necessary and casual.

"All that we call sacred history attests that the birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology. The world being put under the mind for verb and noun, the poet is he who can articulate it.

"The poet is the namer or language maker, naming things sometimes after their appearance, sometimes after their essence, and giving to every one its own name and not another's, thereby rejoicing the intellect, which delights in detachment and boundary. Language is fossil poetry."

I have made these quotations to show Emerson's exalted estimate of the poet.

We are now prepared to add that the third great power in a trinity of powers is language. This is represented by the poet and is thus personified. We have now the Sphinx, the Fiend and the Poet or language. Thus again the universe has three children, answering to the Knower, the Doer and the Sayer, as already given. These combined are to determine the "fate" of the man-child—the "meaning of man."

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the best."

He is harried by a fiend, but the fiend is not bad, but good.

Such a "fiend" is a fit confederate for knowledge or the sphinx, and these two together must work out the solution for the unhappy race of man.

Still another power seems to be needed in the nature of things and to complete the idea of a trinity of powers, as given in the quotation we have made from the "Essay on the Poet." That power is language or speech. This power or principle we may find in the metaphor or personification of the poet in our poem. For by the "poet" as here used is not meant the author of this poem; but he is a character in a dramatic presentation, and stands thus co-ordinate with the sphinx. We shall find them in a direct colloquy in which the sphinx is quite sharp upon the poet. Of course the words of the poet are Emerson's, just as the words of Hamlet are Shakespeare's.

"We fall soft on a thought," says Emerson. This recent experience illustrates the apparently meaningless line, "Ate Dea is gentle,"

"Over men's heads walking aloft,
With tender feet treading so soft."

The goddess Ate has a bad name in Greek mythology, but Emerson sees only good in her, as in the dirges of the sphinx. Her abode seems to be among the dæmons, just above us, with only a "film" between, so they are always close at hand to meddle in our affairs. They bring thoughts good and bad. If thoughts do not come in this way, how do they come? It is always a mystery and a miracle. We say it is by inspiration, but what is inspiration? We do not define things by a change of name.

"God screens us forevermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden, that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.

"To genius must always go two gifts, the thought and the publication. The first is revelation, always a miracle, which no frequency of occurrence or incessant study can ever familiarize, but which must always leave the inquirer stupid with wonder."

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest."

The conceptions, primarily, of poets, philosophers, prophets or priests, are received and believed by simple people to have a real existence in the objective world, and so are not merely phenomena or events in consciousness. But

The race of gods,
Or those we erring own,
Are shadows, flitting up and down
In the still abodes.

What are the "still abodes" but that phase of consciousness we call "thought?" Plato, perhaps, meant this, namely the "still abodes" when he said, "Ideas do not change," in contradistinction to the world of things, wherein there is constant change, giving rise to the predicate of "becoming" as in part a description of nature. It is hard even as "thinkers" armed with metaphysics and logic, to entirely disabuse ourselves of these survivals of a primitive faith. We think of the sphinx, more than we know, as once alive. In throwing the sphinx away, as ever a reality in the world, we do not throw the sphinx away as a symbol of something real in the history and constitution of the soul. It is easy, by good analogy, to retain the name, as a metaphor, for the mental determination we classify under the term Intellect. Bacon expresses this classification in the old "faculty theories;" the intellect, as we have said, being thought of as a separate machine, made to do a certain kind of work, like a loom in a mill, but connected by belts and cogs with the big wheel, namely, the mind in general. We still continue to speak of this kind of mental action. So in this poem

the sphinx or the intellect is one of the powers whose constant action and services the "poet" relies upon to make good his "pleasant songs" as underlying the dirges of the sphinx, this same power. For the sphinx is given a confederate, a power which will work with her, or after her; and by the united action of these two the dark and forbidding "pictures of time" will fade in the light of their meaning and show that deep love was "under them" all the time. But the sphinx alone could not accomplish this happy consummation.

A word more as to the identity of the sphinx and the intellect. Emerson says in "History": "The sphinx must solve her own riddle," as we quoted the saying. The solution, here, is in events of which history is the record. We speak of the "logic of events," a kind of logic which but few men can resist. Emerson quotes the remarkable line, but I have never been able to find where he got it—"Persuasion is in soul, but necessity is in intellect." Interpreting "soul" to mean the emotions or affections, an appeal to these lower authorities might give us a verdict, because they work in colored light; but the "white light" of the intellect might reverse a decision and there could be no appeal. Thus is necessity, not mere persuasion, in the intellect. We believe because we *must* believe. That is how Copernicus won his case. Columbus, Washington, Lincoln and thousands more have made good their arguments as against the victims of mere "persuasion."

We have thus the sphinx, as intellect, in history. In the procession of events "the sphinx must solve her own riddles"—translate her logic into history.

So also in thought as well as in history, "the sphinx must solve her own riddle." Let us not, therefore, look to some extra mundane world for answers. It is now time to say that the question and the answers are by the same power, namely, by the intellect. This was given in the implication of this poem, and it is thus the initial poem in the volume, as against the doctrine of inspiration, which is a technical word as used in sys-

tems of theology, or the ground whence Emerson made his great departures. Emerson's "Essay on Inspiration" tells us his connotation of the word, and he makes it normal and universal as the intellect itself. Emerson would see the world in religion or theology as sufficient to itself, just as in evolution it is sufficient to itself and does not need help from outside of the system of which it is a unit or member. To the intellect one thing is as good as another. Its function is only to know, and not to love and not to choose. So conation is not possible to the intellect alone. What it sees as truth cannot lead to action, unless reinforced by another impulse.

What is the desideratum? It is given in the lines we have quoted above and which may be repeated:

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best."

(To be continued.)

CHARLES MALLOY.

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MAJORITY RULE SYSTEM CONSTITUTIONAL:
DECISION BY OREGON SUPREME COURT.

THE Supreme Court of Oregon has decided that the amendment to the state constitution, wherein the voters have taken to themselves the right to a direct ballot on public questions (majority rule), through the optional referendum and direct initiative, is not in conflict with the provision in the Federal constitution which guarantees to the states "a republican form of government." The court says:

"The initiative and referendum amendment does not abolish or destroy the republican form of government, or substitute another in its place. The representative character of the government still remains. The people have simply reserved to themselves a larger share of legislative power, but they have not overthrown the republican form of government, or substituted another in its place. The government is still divided into the legislative, executive and judicial departments, the duties of which are discharged by representatives selected by the people. Under this amendment, *it is true, the people may exercise a legislative power, and may, in effect, veto or defeat bills passed and approved by the legislature and the Governor;* but the legislative and executive departments are not destroyed, nor are their powers or authority materially curtailed. Laws proposed and enacted by the people under the initiative clause of the amendment are subject to the same constitutional limitations as other statutes, and may be amended or repealed by the legislature at will. The veto power of the Governor is not abridged in any way, except as to such laws as the legislature may refer to the people."

The italicized statement brings out clearly the fact that the people's right to a direct ballot makes them in reality the sovereign power, in place of the party machine boss. Every lover of liberty should get clearly in his mind the fact which the Supreme Court has so plainly stated.

This is the first time that the question as to the republican character of the optional referendum and direct initiative has been actually passed upon by a court of last resort, though there are much dicta by Supreme Court judges that the system is in conflict with the Federal provision. And recently a retired member of the Missouri Supreme Court contributed an article to the *Central Law Journal*, in which he argued that the system is unconstitutional. The question, however, is settled in Oregon unless appeal is made to the United States Supreme Court, which is unlikely, for the state court's verdict is unanimous. But should the amendment be declared in conflict with the Federal constitution it would merely result in the pledging of candidates to the rule-of-procedure system for instructing representatives.

The news that the Oregon Supreme Court had decided in favor of the people and against the monopolists was not sent out into the several states by the Associated Press. It concealed the news, and therefore the great dailies of the country outside of Oregon contained not a word about the Supreme Court's upholding the majority rule system in place of machine rule and boss politics. Proof of this concealment by the Associated Press is the absence of the news from all the great dailies.

Furthermore, THE ARENA is the only one of the great magazines that is publishing the majority rule news—news hurtful to the monopolists. We urge, therefore, that every lover of liberty help push the circulation of this People's Forum.

GEORGE H. SHIBLEY.

Washington, D. C.

CO-OPERATION AMONG WESTERN FARMERS.

THE cause of coöperation has received a great impetus recently through the successful launching of a coöperative company of vast proportions among western farmers. Until now it has been thought impossible to secure coöperation among the farming element, who, as a class, are much more isolated than are the members of other classes of society. Isolation has bred distrust and suspicion until the farmer has become an individualist of the most pronounced type, and it is only since the advent of the daily paper to his home (rendered possible through rural delivery), and the growing use of the telephone (frequently utilizing the wire fences for connecting the 'phones) that the farmer has come in touch with modern business methods. His religious weekly or his farm paper has had no space for noting the progress in the business world, and if by any chance some occasional mention were made in the literature that reached his table of modern co-operation or business combination, it was like a message from Mars—vague or entirely indecipherable, a communication in an unfamiliar language. With the advent of the daily paper, farmers have learned a language hitherto unknown to them—the language of the throbbing business world as it exists in the cities. Continuous reading of the daily doings of the world has brought him in touch therewith. The recital of combinations among capitalists at first bred in him a feeling of anger at what he considered an organized effort to absorb his own hard earnings. In the more enterprising, this feeling was followed by the conviction that combination could be successfully met only by another combination, and it was then that thinkers became conscious of the great fundamental truth that, ALL COMBINATIONS AMONG CAPITALISTS ARE BUT INSTANCES OF COÖPERATION AMONG THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED. The

United States Steel Corporation is but the result of coöperation among those who are interested in the manufacture and sale of steel. The frequent consolidations among railway companies are instances of coöperation among those interested in the building and operating of railroads. The fact that nearly all classes of people were organizing and combining (coöperating) except the farmers, inspired the feeling that somehow they were dropping behind in the race for business supremacy. The daily market reports and the easily ascertained freight rates on their commodities, taught them that middlemen (more especially grain dealers) were realizing an undue proportion of the fruits of their toil. A difficult problem was presented. Before they were aware of it, coöperation, or combination, among grain dealers had gained absolute control of terminal markets, and farmers or shippers other than "regular dealers" were unable to market grain on any terms. The elevator combine had threatened a boycott on any commission firm operating on the Boards of Trade who should receive and sell grain consigned by persons other than "regular" dealers. "Regular" dealers were defined as members of the "Grain Dealers' Association," or such other dealers as made no opposition to their methods, but did business along the lines indicated by them. The closure of the markets of Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City was nearly complete, and farmers began to realize what this meant when several cars of grain were sent to Chicago and others to Kansas City and were permitted to stand on the side-tracks, with no one on the Boards of Trade willing to sell them, until demurrage absorbed a large portion of their value, and owners were compelled to turn over the grain to a "regular" dealer before a commission firm would accept or sell it. When this closure became complete, the country's grain was as entirely in the control of the "regular" dealers as ever was the property of medieval serf at the disposal of the lord or prince. If a fair margin only had been exacted, there would have been little or no protest, for the

farmer is very conservative and not disposed to risk anything in an effort to save, even when the chances are all in his favor. But when the exactions of the "regular" dealers amounted to a confiscation of 20 per cent. or 25 per cent. of his crop, the muttering became deep and significant.

In the early nineties, many independent farmers' elevator associations were formed, but, one by one, they were crowded to the wall until there is in Nebraska but one independent farmers' elevator that has retained its independent standing for a series of years. The rest are all sold out to the "regular" dealers or have been forced into the "combine."

Such was the condition when the new movement began. It commenced in Kansas and was imported into Nebraska through the influence of *The Central Farmer*, of Omaha, whose editor was born and reared on an Iowa farm and whose sympathies were always with those of his class. In December, 1901, *The Central Farmer* began publishing a series of letters by James Butler, Secretary of the Farmers' Coöperative Grain and Live Stock Association of Kansas. These letters attracted widespread interest, and caused a revival of the effort to reach terminal markets independent of the "regular" dealers. It was found, however, that the combination among commission men, "combine" elevator owners and railway officials was so complete and effective that no substantial headway was possible under any of the methods hitherto known to farmers. Driven to this extremity, Mr. Butler evolved the plan of establishing a "line system" of farmers' elevators, modeled after the plans in use by the great and successful grain companies of the wheat belt. In order to secure equal advantages with those companies in the market, it was necessary to capitalize a company financially as strong as others, and one that would adopt modern methods and adapt them to existing conditions. It was a tremendous undertaking to capitalize a company with \$200,000 stock among farmers, many of whom hesitated to invest even \$10 in any business not immediately under their

own personal supervision. Mr. Butler had his plan before the directors of the old association and they approved it and recommended it to the stockholders, who at the annual meeting in December, 1902, unanimously endorsed the plan and resolved to capitalize such a company. It was undertaken by correspondence, which utterly failed—not a dollar of stock being subscribed in response to the literature sent out, explaining the plans and prospectus of the company. *The Central Farmer*, of Omaha, in this crisis threw its whole influence and energy into the contest for the farmers' right to reach the world's market, untrammelled by restrictions imposed by the elevator combine and its allies among the railway officials. A mass meeting was held in Lincoln, in January, 1903, during the session of the legislature. It was composed of hundreds of the leading farmers of Nebraska, and was addressed by Messrs. James Butler and C. B. Hoffman, of Kansas. The result was a division of sentiment. Some desired to capitalize a company to operate in all the "hard wheat belt," embracing Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma. Others there were, apparently influenced by geographical boundaries, who expressed a desire to organize in Nebraska alone. This hindered the movement for several months, until it became evident that the latter class would not be able to perfect an organization in time to care for the crop of 1903, and then Nebraska farmers began to join with farmers in Kansas and Oklahoma. Meantime, Mr. Butler took the field in person and was assisted in Kansas by H. N. Gains, then editor and now business manager of *The Farmers' Advocate*, and in Nebraska by the editor of *The Central Farmer* (which was consolidated August 1st, with *The Farmers' Advocate*). It was a Herculean task. Progress was made slowly, but Mr. Butler never wavered nor faltered. He had the unswerving support of *The Central Farmer*, in Nebraska, and *The Farmers' Advocate*, in Kansas, and after months of effort, amidst difficulties that would have discouraged men with less faith in the final triumph of sensible busi-

ness methods, the required subscriptions were obtained to capitalize the company. On May 21, 1903, the subscribers from the entire "hard wheat belt" met in Topeka, Kansas, and elected a Board of Directors. These organized by choosing Mr. Butler as President and C. B. Hoffman as Business Manager, who has been for many years an advocate of coöperation. A short time since he was one of the Regents of the celebrated Agricultural College of Kansas, and stands high, morally, financially and socially wherever he is known.

In forming efforts at local coöperation, the farmers made the mistake of bidding up for grain to the limit of the market, thus giving full advantage to the "leech" who stood aloof, refusing to share in building or operating the elevator. Their policy was a virtual premium to the man who remained out of the association, for he received full benefits without investment. In the present coöperative company, this policy will be reversed. Grain will be bought at a price that will yield a profit to the stockholders or owners. The "line" of elevators will be operated on much the same plans as those adopted by all the successful "line elevator" systems, with this distinguishing difference—and herein consists its "coöperative" feature. Other line systems are owned by a few men who live in cities and whose profits absorb the wealth of the grain fields. This coöperative company is "owned" by the "farmers" who capitalized it, and, after meeting the expenses and apportioning a per cent. of the earnings to a surplus account, the stock will draw an eight per cent. dividend, and all the "profit fund" remaining (which may be characterized as "net" profit) is "rebated" back to the shareholders *in proportion to the amount of grain sold to the company*, and not in proportion to the stock held. A stockholder who resides in town, and has no grain, and sells none to the company, receives eight per cent. on his investment, but does not share in the "rebate dividend." The stockholder who produces and sells to the company 10,000 bushels of grain, has contributed ten times as much to the

"profit fund" as has the one who produces and sells to the company 1,000 bushels, and he will receive ten times as much of the rebate dividend as the producer of 1,000 bushels. It will thus be seen that the same degree of justice is secured between stockholders as if the price had been raised on day of sale and full value realized at that time, leaving no dividends to be paid, and in addition thereto, the "leech" is deprived of benefits sought to be secured at the expense of the more public spirited and enterprising men who put the capital in the business. He is compelled to contribute to the expense of marketing in the lower price he realizes on his produce, for he receives no share in the "rebate dividend." His only realization on his crop is the same price that is paid to stockholders at the time of selling.

An important advantage to be secured by the coöperative company, is the ability to sell in large quantities in the world's market. Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma—the hard wheat belt—have a grade of grain much desired by millers of the east and of Europe. Under present conditions little, if any, of it reaches distant mills in its original purity. It passes through terminal elevators in numerous eastern cities and is frequently mixed with inferior grades, and when it reaches the eastern mills it is by no means the "No. 2 hard wheat" that started from Nebraska and Kansas fields, but is an inferior grade masking under the "No. 2" name and injuring the reputation of western wheat. The farmers' company, with capital of \$200,000, operating fifty or more elevators (present appearances indicate that the company will control over a hundred elevators before the end of their first year's business), will be able to sell direct in large quantities to eastern milling companies or to foreign buyers who are seeking for the pure western wheat for English and German mills. The farmers' company has its offices in the Board of Trade Building, at Kansas City; has its own salesmen in the world's market where they are in touch with the world's buyers, and, therefore, can

sell to better advantage than can fifty or a hundred local managers who have to buy grain and attend to the details of the local trade and cannot be as familiar with the markets as a salesman located on the Board of Trade. The farmers' corporation will own its own terminal facilities for cleaning, scouring and properly mixing the grain and thus raising the grade and the value of the lower grades. All the profits thus realized will find their way back into the pockets of the farmers through the "rebate dividend."

It may be of interest to some to know what are the actual results of this capitalizing of a "farmers' corporation." The association filed its articles of incorporation on May 28, 1903, and bought its first carload of grain on or about July 8, beginning business with three grain elevators in northern Oklahoma. As the threshing season advanced northward, additional branches were organized, until by December 1 there were over thirty stations in operation in Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska. Considerably over a million bushels of grain had been marketed, at a saving of over \$50,000, including the higher prices received at time of sale, which it would be highly improper to exclude from the "profits" gained through the association. New branches are being added weekly, so energetically is the work of organizing being pushed by one or more field men in each of the states named. Arrangements are making for the association to have its own membership on the Omaha Grain Exchange, and it is freely predicted that at no distant day its representative will be found on the Chicago Board of Trade. When the grain business is well in hand, it is believed that the extension of coöperative effort will be easy, and other lines will be included until from ultra "individualism," the farmers of the west will at no distant day be in the vanguard of "coöperation."

C. VINCENT.

Omaha, Neb.

THE NEW YEAR'S WATCH.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

The rapidly rising river was eating into the yielding bank, constantly bringing the little house nearer the line that would see it drop into the flood below.

To the woman in the cabin doorway, watching the approaching danger from the shadows of the room, the scene presented sombre suggestions.

"Look lak hit's teef," said she to someone seated in the deeper gloom behind her. "Look lak hit am dog's teef ez hev done tuk en bit whole mou'fulls out o' de bank. En dey'll bite cl'ar inter de do', bimeby, en drap we-all inter Stone's Ribber. Seem lak all de oberflows comes at onc't: de oberflow o' water, en de oberflow o' trouble."

A voice from the shadowy little room replied to the complaint; a voice old and thin, but sweet with the musical dialect of the aged Southern negro:

"Nemmine now, don't you fret no mo', Mandy. Maybe de good Lawd ain't gwine let de ribber rise no higher; en maybe de New Year gwine see better times fur we-all anyhow. De han' o' de Lawd kin lif' dis cabin out o' danger, sholy."

The watcher in the doorway answered only in a low, incredulous sigh that was half moan. She was watching the river still rising. The yellow tide was heaping up great barriers of drift against the bridge above the ford by the deluged cornfields and the roads, somewhere under that wild waste of water, leading through them.

Suddenly the great mass piled against the gray piers began to sway and swing like a cradle; there was a creak and crack that ended in a resounding boom, as the bridge parted and the yellow flood bearing the blockade in its grasp tore through the opening it had made.

The watcher in the door drew back with a cry of terror: "Mammy," she shouted, "Oh, Mammy, de bridge done gone! de drif' done busted thoo hit, en hit's comin' right down here, a passel o' trees en truck. Oh, my Lawd! Can't yer git out'n de cheer, Mammy, befo' de cabin goes? Whar's de Han' retched out ter lif' de cabin?"

The great mass moved swiftly, steadily on down stream, until suddenly, striking the hole of a giant cypress that had been uprooted and its naked white trunk flung midstream, the erstwhile blockade of wood and stone and massive masonry went spinning about in the swirl of the water for an instant, then was lifted and hurled squarely against the crumbling bank before the cabin door, a barricade against the fiercest foe. Then the baffled water turned, with a beaten hiss, to find another outlet. The cabin was safe. To the responsive soul of the negress it was a direct reply to faith. She turned from the door to the shadowy, close room, and her voice when she spoke to the paralytic old mother was quiet, as though the storm within her had, like that of the elements, spent itself:

"Mammy," said she, her anxious, care-worn face bent above the stricken form in the chair, "de hand o' de Lawd es lifted fur we-all. De bridge en a whole passel o' trees en things es done come down ter stiddy de bank en save de cabin fum washin' off."

"Now den!" The old woman clasped her knotted hand upon the hand that disease had withered. "Trus' Him fur de res'. Trus' Him fur Ben en all."

The tension broke before the wonderful consummation of faith. The tears, so long frozen, leaped to the eyes that were weary with watching, and with her face on her mother's arm, like a troubled child, Mandy sobbed unrestrainedly:

"Oh, I can't, I can't. I done try, en I can't. Po' Ben! He am nothin' but a keerless boy, but he am black, en his keerlessness counts fur crime. I know, I know dem pranks gwine ruin him yit. Po' Ben! fus in dis scrape, den in dat. Jus'

missin' de jail ter-day; maybe hit 'ell be de halter ter-morrow, or de fiah, lak de boy dat uz bu'nt las' week. Oh, my God! Mammy, whar's my poor boy at? Whar's my Ben at, Mammy?"

The old mother sat dumb before the magnitude of fear and apprehension. The day was drawing to its close, and the year was dying too. Only sorrow and fear and the struggle for bread, that never die, were fain to linger, ay! to grow and multiply as days and years and hopes and dreams perished. It had been a hard winter, and much want had fostered crime, that had met swift and often terrible punishment. The little negro settlement on the edge of the old Stone River battlefield had never suffered such terror as during the closing months of this year. Guilty and innocent suffered alike. Punishment had passed beyond judgment, and suspicion was sufficient to rouse a mob. True, houses had been entered; poultry, stock and other valuables had disappeared; houses burned that were sworn fire-proof, and burning, were found to have been sacked. Two men had been killed while defending their households. Nobody's house was safe, and nobody's life.

Ben, Mandy's big, half-educated, fun-loving boy, who picked up a job here and there, playing the violin or banjo, carrying a valise to the station, or riding a horse to water at the town creek, earning just enough to keep him in tailor-cut old clothes and tobacco, was likewise becoming notorious in the town as an idler, with some faint suspicion—mere suspicion—of small thievings clinging to his account. On the other hand, he was known to be good-natured, obliging, and to the last degree brave; and while ready to spend his last breath for others, on his own account lazy and good for nothing. He was, indeed, a sorrow to his mother, who verily had long ago learned what sorrow meant; for somewhere in the world of unpublished crimes, Ben had a white father. He likewise had a peculiar record. Many a good deed had been placed to his credit in more than one white mother's heart, for he

was fond of white children and of doing pleasant little kindnesses for them. The police knew him, too. He had answered to more than one charge of stealing watermelons from truck wagons on the street, but the charges had never amounted to much. Either he had proved the theft a joke, or some white man, remembering some old kindness, had come to his relief and sent him home a happier but no whit wiser Ben. But he simply would not, or could not, stay at home. He was a born vagabond, and only some tremendous lesson would ever cure him.

He had been hanging about the town nights, seldom going home to the cabin beyond the river. There had been several disastrous fires in the town lately, the first of which Ben had discovered, and had rung the court-house bell and given the alarm in time to save the bank and the best row of business houses on the public square. For this reason the citizens had made up a purse of forty dollars, and for a few weeks Ben lived like a lord. Then he went to bed hungry again. And then came another fire; and then came another alarm. But no purse followed this alarm; and when a week later the same thing happened again, Ben was quietly notified that a certain lamp-post in the court-house yard would be decorated with a suspected incendiary found out of his mother's cabin on the occasion of another fire in the town. This had stung him to the quick. It was as natural for him to prowl at night as it was for the owl or the fox, and giving the alarm had been a real joy to him. He was not only saving white men's property; he was able to boast of his deed among his friends.

The winter had set in early, and bitter from the first. By December some of Ben's comrades had gone to jail, some to the penitentiary, and one had been hung by a mob and the body burned, for the murder of a woman and her child. There was consternation among the negroes. Again Ben had been warned, and the threat even carried to his mother. She kept him in one night, and then he fled, disappeared. Nobody had

seen him for a week, and the distracted mother was wild with apprehension.

"Whar yer reckon Ben's at, Mammy?" She had asked that question many times. The old woman shook her head slowly:

"He ain't been home sence las' Sadday," the mother continued. "He mended de mink trap, en set hit, en den got kotched in hit his own se'f. I wonder ef his laig's got well yit. Dat uz a right smart bite he got. I put turkentime on hit, en some fat meat."

"Yis, en hes gwine come back for mo' jest ez quick ez he needs some," declared the old woman. "Now we-alls got ter stir ourse'ves en hope fur de bes'. Ter-morrer hit's de New Year, en hit's a bad sign ter begin hit with complainin's,—a mighty bad sign. We-all just gwine do de bes' we kin, en den trus' de good Lawd fur de res'. Dat's what my old Miss useter say, en hit's a mighty good sayin'. Now git de skillet ready, honey, en gimme de basket o' peas. I kin shell dese dry peas with one han', thank de Lawd. En you git de meat on en make de bread. Hit's been a mighty hard year, I know," continued the old woman. "Fus' de rain in de young cotton in de spring; de drouf in de summer time; den de worm in de cotton-boll, en den de oberflow in de fall, fo' hit could be picked. But nemmine. De han' dat lifted dat stone bridge en fotched hit here ter stay de crumlin' earth am sholy strong 'nuf ter hol' dat po' misguided boy. Hit's been a hard year, but dis de las' ob hit. Let hit go. Dey say dey's gwine hol' a watch meet'n' in town ter-night, en all de chu'ch bells gwine ring ez de New Year comes in. We-all kin hol' one, too, en we kin hear de bells plain fum here. We kin pray en watch, en lis'n ter de joy bells, ennyhow, en hab our New Year's des de same ez de res'."

The mother of the missing boy returned wearily to her position in the doorway. "I'se gwine watch fur Ben," said she. "Dat's de watch I'se gwine keep. Mammy, dey's some'un callin' et de fo'd. My lan'! don't dey know dar ain' no fo'd lef'

dar? Hit's a man on a horse,—wait! yessum, hit's a yeller boy, en he's callin'—be still Mammy. Hit's Rufe Jinkins, en he's sayin'—I can't mek out de words—hush! stop de cheer creak-in', Mammy."

She put her hand to her ear, and stepped outside. Running along down to the bank of the river, she mounted the pile of drift and called a response to the hallo of the horseman on the other bank. Then she bent her head to catch his message. But two words of it reached her strained and anxious ears; but enough to send the blood leaping like fire through her brain:

"Ben——, lynch——"

"Oh, my God!"

It was her only outcry; her one sharp demand for help, for mercy, for strength; the summoning of the reserve force that slumbers in every human soul. And with it she had started down to the water to take the ford and to get to him, her perishing one, or die trying.

The horseman on the other side recognized her peril and shouted "Wait! Don't!" as he thrust his heels into the pony's flanks and drove him down into the turbulent stream. The yellow face above the yellow flood caught the sun's glow as the horse swam bravely through the foam and floating débris. She hailed him yet a long way off:

"What dat you say, Rufe? Whar's my Ben at?"

The boy was gasping. Surely no mother need speed a message such as his. The horse had scrambled to a landing before the rider spoke.

"De mob done after Ben, Aunt Mandy. Dar uz a white gal found wid her throat done cut, out at Square Hardy's place. Hit uz his daughter, en she uz all by herse'f; en when dey-all come home dey foun' her layin' in de yard by de chicken coop, whar she been ter git de chickens up, en she uz daid. En de dog chased de man ez done hit, en bit him; dar uz blood on his mouf. En dey foun' Ben hid out in de bush wid a piece

o' ham en a tater en some col' biscuits; en dey uz a bite on Ben's laig. Ben, he say he been up ter de house, en dat he axed fur somethin' ter eat, en dat Miss Ruth, she give him all dis, en he chop de wood fur her, en tied up her calf in de milkin' pen, lak she ax him. En den she tell him ter git 'way off, 'ca'se de folks all gone en she want tu'n de dog loose. En he done hit. En he say dat ain' none o' his blood on de dog's mouf, en dat de sore on his laig's whar de mink trap slap him, en his Mammy'll say so. He say he des hidin' out 'ca'se he feared ter go home, dey talk so much 'bout hangin' uv him. But dey ain' lis'nin' ter none o' dat. De mob gwine fotch him ter-night out ter Colonel Hardy's place on de ribber, en hang him. He's in de jail now, but de jailer see me en sont me ter tell you 'bout hit. He says he'll do all he kin ter save Ben, but dat ain' much. En he say I better keep my mouf shet, en not tell nobody but des you dat he sont me. I see Ben, too; en Ben say tell you-all he want yer ter know he ain' hurt nobody, en dat Colonel Hardy hisse'f say so. En he say tell you dat you know he ain' hurt po' little Miss Ruth, dat he tote on his back many's de time. Don't, Aunt Mandy; don't do dat way; en don't, don't look dat way. What yer tryin' ter say? Oh, my Lawd! she's chokin'. De fiah? Dey say dey gwine put de blood houn's on de track; dey done sont ter de prison fur 'em, en Ben say ef dey git here 'fore de trail am col' he don't ax no better. Ma'm? De fiah? I bleegeed ter tel yer de troof; yessum, dey gwine bu'n him. But he say he ain't feared——"

"Heish! Oh, my God! de fiah! Mammy, oh, Mammy, dey gwine bu'n my po' boy; dey gwine bu'n my chil'. Good-bye, Rufe. Good-bye, Mammy."

A voice, full of anxious affection came from the cabin:

"Whar yer goin', Mandy? Trus' de Lawd; can't yer hear, honey? Trus' de Lawd."

"Yessum, I hear dat; but I gwine trus' de white man dis time. Git me ober ter Marse Will Jordan's, Rufe. He's all

de he'p dar is fur Ben. Dey calls him de Marster o' men. I gwine see what he am."

Rufe's yellow face offered no ray of hope.

"De bridges am all down, Aunt Mandy; en de roads all under water, wais' deep, en mo'."

"I ain' pendin' on no bridges," said she. "But I gwine work for my chil', not till de bridges go, but till de bref go. You go back ter jail en tell him so, Rufe. Tell his mammy'll go thoo de water fur him, en de fiah. Good-bye, Mammy."

The old woman had hobbled to the door on a crutch; the anxious old face was bathed in tears.

"Come back, honey; yer cain't do nothin'."

She was moving on, not looking behind her once:

"I cain't come back, ennyhow," she replied, "en I ain' afeard o' no water. Lemme 'lone, Mammy. Hit's de fiah, de fiah I'm feared on."

"Ef yer go yer git drowned, en den yo' ole Mammy starve ter def."

She stopped, as though the words had dealt her a wound. Stopped, threw up her hands, hesitated, and went on:

"Trus' in de Lawd, Mammy; de road am hid, but de duty am plain. I mus' go ter my chil'."

She struck off across the soggy, soft cotton field, taking the longer route that would lead her across the old battlefield, with the hope in her heart that the upper bridge near the Master's house might be standing. For she could not swim, and her only hope lay in the chance of the bridge being unharmed. Toilsomely but resolutely she dragged herself through the mud and water toward the wooded bend in the river.

Gone! The bridge was but a gaping ruin, with heaps of stone and drifting timbers caught here and there among the trees and strong, rank undergrowth.

She panted, ready to die, as the road brought her face to face with the wreck. Yet she plunged on, feeling the water at her knees, biting like steel.

"Lawd, gimme strenk," she prayed, "gimme de strenk ter git dar in time."

But even as she prayed, the ground beneath her feet seemed to give way, and she plunged into water that reached her waist. Reckless of danger, she moved on toward the deeper current, the real channel of the river. She had no hope of crossing, but she *would* not turn back; she would go on while life lasted. A step, and the froth broke against her throat and ran screaming out to gather itself for another attack. This time it lapped her lips, close shut and parched. She heard it in her ears, whispering strange terrors; the one fatal word that, of all words, could fire her dying strength:

"L-y-n-c-h-h-h——"

With a shriek she flung out her arms and leaped; out into the tossing swirl that took her off her feet, and bore her, fighting like a wild beast, down toward the drifted heaps of débris that had once proudly spanned the stream. Like a wild beast she fought, and the muddy flood, a wild beast too, fought as madly—fought and roared and hissed and laughed at touch of the poor brave body that it had well-nigh stripped, and which had dared its fury for sweet love's sake; love and motherhood.

"L-y-n-c-h-h-h——"

The hissing flood passed over her with the dreaded taunt, and once more, with a death struggle, she leaped, and rose to clutch a drifting black beam against which the merciless flood had hurled her.

"God!" That was all; and it *meant* all. He must have heard, for the slender brown fingers held; held, and then slowly drew up the tawny body until at last the feet were planted on the heap of drift.

Safe! Over, spent. But no time for tarrying here. She dragged herself through the low ground and doggedly set out for the great white house upon the hill. Drenched to the skin and chilled to the bone, but with heart and brain on fire, she

reached the great farm gate that shut off the house on the rear. It seemed like the gate to Paradise. A man of her own race met her there and held the gate ajar for her to enter. The old black face broke, like a golden vessel, into tears of sympathy. All the country-side knew her sorrow and her son's shame. The old man led her to a side door, and said :

"Go in dar, des lak yer is ; en de Lawd go wid yer dis day."

She laid her small, dark hand upon the polished brass, turned the knob, and without knocking entered into the Master's presence.

What spirit of pain, what ghost of grief unbearable had escaped the grave to find an abiding place in this slight, broken thing that motherhood had dignified and love had glorified? What chord of minor melody had escaped the harp of some poor, wandering spirit to make its dwelling in her voice as she stepped into that warm, well-furnished room and proffered her plea?

"Marster! Marse Willium, I hev come——" The voice broke away in a wail, as the old man lifted his head from the heap of paper lying before him on the desk ; a gray head, large ; and a face with quiet kindly features. At sight of the woman and sound of the voice, he thrust the papers off and sat up, straight and attentive, in his deep leathern chair.

"Why, Mandy, poor child ; poor girl," said he. "Oh, this is distressing. I have just heard it, Mandy, and I am sorry, sorry for you, my girl. Come up to the fire ; you must be frozen."

Without stirring, she plunged into her mission :

"Marse Will, I's mos' daid. I ain' got no time ter tell yer 'bout de trap bitin' Ben on de laig, but he didn't kill Miss Ruth. I kin prove hit. Yer mus' go, Marster, quick, en sabe my chil'."

He did not stir, save to twirl his spectacles, which he had removed from his eyes when she entered the room. He was a cautious man, a leader of men ; there were those who swore that he deserved the name he had won,—a "master of men."

But he was a candidate now for the state senate. He particularly did *not* wish to jeopardize his popularity at that moment. Moreover—but that was enough.

"I am powerless. I can do nothing to interfere with the law, Mandy," he said; and the lie was as cold as the half-frozen creature hanging upon its utterance.

"Dis ain' no law, Marster. You git him de law, en dat's all I ax. Marse Will, dey gwine bu'n my boy at eight o'clock dis night. Yer mus' go, en yer mus' go quick. Marster, fur de love ob God——"

"Come, come, don't do that Mandy. Don't kneel to me; you *shall* not. I'll do anything I can to help you and your old mother to live. But this is a fearful crime laid to Ben's charge, and he must abide by his own acts. I can't make one of a mob, Mandy."

She had no time to barter words with any man. She drew herself up and dealt him one stinging blow before leaving his presence. There was something awesome, sublime in her appearance as, drenched, shivering, hopeless, and half-naked, the yellow breast and shoulder and the bare uplifted arm as shapely as a bronze statue, she hurled her anathema at him:

"He drug yo' younges' boy out o' Stone's Ribber, five year ago come ter-morrer, en lak ter a-died fum de col' en fever hit gib him. He sated yer boy en fotched him ter his mammy. En his own mammy, dat's me, Marster, nussed yo' en yo'n thoo de yellor fever when nair white frien' come a-nigh yer. En when two o' de gals died, hit uz Ben made 'em de coffins out o' pine boxes, en kivered 'em in en out wid white linen, en laid de little boxes in de grabes his own han's done dig in de gyarden, at midnight, wid his mammy's he'p. En onc't, when de robbers come en put a halter roun' yo' neck ter make yer tell whar yer money uz hid, en yer wouldn't, t'war my Ben fit fur yo' till he drapped in his tracks, but not till he druv de robbers off. De scar's on his face dis minit. *His* neck's got de halter roun' hit ter-night, Marster, en fur all he done

fur you en yo'n, I ax yer ter hurry ter his he'p dis night. En ef in de presence o' God A'mighty en dem deeds o' kin'ness yer kin say, 'I won't,' den yer ain' *no* man, aldo dey call yer de 'marster o' men.' Yo' ain' *nobody's* marster; yo's dest a *dog*. En may dis night ha'nt yer furebber en ebber; en may hit foller you en yo'n lak de curse o' God A'mighty, till yer own grave won't hol' yer; en all dat knew yer ull hate yer livin', en hate yer daid. Dat's all; you *en* yo'n; furebber *en* ebber."

Having hurled her curses upon his house, she turned to go, when he leaped to his feet, and called to her:

"Come back!" he shouted. "Woman, come back, I say."

She gave him her defiance from the threshold to which she had retreated. Her voice was as cold as her own naked, frozen breast, and her eyes shone like fire:

"I *won't* come back. I hev said my say, en now hit lays twixt you en yo' God."

Was it superstition, or was it the wrench to his slumbering conscience, waking to throbbing life the gratitude in his soul? He reached for his boots with one hand, while the other grasped a dangling bell cord.

"Silas," as the old negro's face appeared at the door, "harness the little brown mare to the light buggy and don't lose a minute about it, you black rascal, you. And tell them to look after Mandy. She's about frozen. Feed her, clothe her, and send her home. And do you get me to Hardy's plantation by eight o'clock if the mare drops dead in her tracks, and you at the lines. Do you hear me, you staring fool, you?"

"Marster, de bridge am down."

"Damn the bridge. Go build one, make one, conjure one; but you get me there by eight if you value your black skin."

"All right, Marster."

The little brown mare took the muddy lane with all the strength of her Morgan ancestry, with old Silas slipping the reins coaxingly along her polished flanks and shapely shoulders. She would make it if beast could do the journey.

The Master spoke but once; he could trust both man and mare.

"Where are you going?"

"Roun' by Randolph's Mill."

It was three miles out of the way, but it was the one crossing left by the flood. The town clock struck seven as the driver turned the mare's head to the south, into the road leading to the Hardy plantation. It was half past when she took the bridge four miles beyond the town, and Silas rose in the seat to listen, the little mare going right on toward a dark lane leading off the white turnpike into a grove where a mass of surging human life was moving. A grim, dark, silent house stood in the center of the grove, and about it the great human mass was surging. The moon shone bright as day into the clearing where the mob was gathered, and in the very center of it a ghostly white horse stood waiting with something astride its back that looked like a block of stone, erect, straight, immovable, but which was a defiant human being, pinioned arm and leg, doomed for the torch when the mass being eagerly heaped up near by should be deemed sufficient.

Silas dropped back to his seat.

"Marster, he's dar. I see——"

"Hush! drive on. Go around to the rear and get me to the house door."

Once there, the Master leaped to the ground, the light buggy passed on into the shadow nearby, just as the house door opened and a man stepped out upon the veranda. The Master swung over the low railing and stood at his side as Colonel Hardy made his plea for law and order.

"You cannot give me back my dead." The Colonel's voice, broken with tears, rose on the night.

The mob answered as with one throat:

"But we can roast her murderer, Colonel."

"You must not do that. I beg of you, let the law——"

"We're the law; and the nigger's the nigger. Git out Colonel."

"No, get in," cried a shrill voice, and the joke met the laugh it sought. Already they had lost sight of their supposed reason for being a mob.

"I have known this boy all his life," the Colonel went on with his plea. "He didn't hurt my child, and he must not be punished. There are blood-hounds on the track of the murderer. You must wait at least——"

"We'll wait jes' two minutes for you to let up and git in that door," came the reply.

"Else we'll put you there, Colonel. Take you in and put you to bed."

Something, a ball of mud, flew through the air, just missing the man's head, and clung with a soft thump to the wall behind him. And then a woman, pale and wild-eyed, rushed out of the door and dragged him in and shut the door fast behind him.

Then the mob turned to its victim, a cowed, trembling, terrified thing, bound fast and bleeding with many wounds, crouching like a dog.

The old man who had come to save had cast a keen quick eye upon the throng while they were chaffing with the dead girl's father. He had sized them well, recognized many of them, and profiting by the Colonel's failure, took his cue. They had not noticed him until some one struck a match and stooped to touch it to the tinder, and he had spoken—spoken calmly, with that authoritative voice that had mastered men. Would it master beasts, he wondered.

"Stop!"

And then they saw him.

"Oh, say now, Judge Jenkins, you come out o' there. This ain't none o' your fight."

"Fighting cowards is always my work," he replied, and plunged headlong into his errand. "Aren't you ashamed of

yourself, Jed Thompson, murdering negros at your time of life? You didn't used to be a sneak. And you, Jo Lower, you fool, to be running your own neck into a noose for a trifling nigger's. And you, Tom Sykes, a pretty name to leave your children: 'hung for burning a negro,' and the negro that broke his collar bone once dragging on the bit of a horse that was running away with your own babies. Tell them so, when the hangman has his noose about your neck. And you, Jo Tyne and Sam Tompkins, Luke Myers, Ben Armstrong, oh, I know you all, you sneaking blackguards. Untie that boy, and get to your homes, if you value your worthless necks."

They stood as a man, spell-bound. He had rattled off their names like so many letters of the alphabet; and yet—well, the beast had tasted blood.

"See here, Judge," a man bloated and blear-eyed called from the crowd, "you ought not be here. We're your neighbors."

"You are not. I never neighbor with curs. Loose that boy."

The voice came back, hot with wrath.

"Hi God, if you don't get out o' this, we'll shoot you down where you stand, jedge or no jedge."

The old Judge turned face front to meet the threat.

"Shoot! you damned coward, but it won't be my back, I can tell you. Shoot! but you can't kill your crime and its punishment; for I know you by the dozens, and I'll scribble your names off and send them back to the grand jury if I have to do it in my grave, you dogs!"

Across the brown cornfields, up from the woods beyond the meadow, a cry rose and fell upon the night;—a long, deep, billowy bay of blood-hounds hot on a clear, warm trail: A cry to curdle the blood and chill the marrow in the bone, and coming straight at them. The Judge drew in his breath like a race horse hard pressed on the home run. The mob stood fascinated, expectant, frightened, too. From the silent house behind them a woman's wild cry rang out upon the night.

In the momentary confusion the Judge stooped and deftly cut the cords that bound the prisoner's hands and feet. He had no time to untie the knot about his neck, and the rope hung dangling on his breast.

"Quick, Ben! Hop into my buggy and get, and if you are guilty, go drown yourself in Stone River, before those dogs can overtake you, boy."

But Ben never stirred, save to stand upright, straight in the path of the braying hounds. They came at him like a tornado; at him, over him, like so much rubbish, and passed on, leaving the rubbish behind them.

Saved!

In the cabin on Stone River the night wore on to its noon. No word was spoken. Prayers were done with; hope was dead, like the year that was passing. Suddenly upon the stillness came the quick, sharp clang of a bell. Another, and another, until the world seemed full of new-born music. The New Year was born. The younger woman lifted her head.

"What's dat?"

"Dat's de New Year bells, honey."

"Dat ain' no bell." She was scrambling to her feet, where she had been crouching upon the floor. "Dat ain' no bell, I tell yer. You, Ben? Chunk up de blaze, Mammy."

The thud of a broad flat foot, bare and heavy, had caught her ear. None but a mother could have heard it as Ben crossed the little shed floor outside; a foot she had taught its first faltering steps. She would have heard it to-night above all the bells of Heaven. As she scrambled to her feet, the door opened; and drenched, bloody, weary unto death, with a coarse grass rope knotted about his neck, the frayed ends dangling upon his bare black breast, his hand extended like a pleading child, he tottered to her.

"Mammy, take hit off," he said; and with his shaking fingers pointed to the rope he had so narrowly escaped, he sank exhausted to the floor.

The New Year's watch was over. With the daylight, rest and food, Ben found the strength to tell the story of his escape. The hounds had passed right over him, hot upon their trail, where a man—a tramp—was hiding fast asleep down by the river. He had awakened to make a wild dash for a canoe hidden there among the reeds; but the dogs had been too quick for him. Before the pursuers overtook them, the man was dead.

"Eh—heh! Den I reckon dey-all feels deir meanness," said the mother, looking up from a tray of batter she was beating for his breakfast.

"Dat dey didn'," said Ben. "Marse Will, he say, 'Git inter dat buggy, Ben, en tell Si ter take yer out o' here fas' as de mar's laigs kin trabul. Dis crowd's done tas' blood,' sez he, 'en hit boun' ter hab *somewin* ter eat.' En ez I clom up he sez, sez he: 'Take dat piece o' rope wid yer, Ben, en keep hit; en when yer tempted ter shirk yer work, en play de fool gin'lly, des look at dat piece o' hemp, en say ter yo'se'f, "de fool-killer ain' daid yit." En now,' sez he, 'damn yer, go home ter yer mammy, en tell her I hopes de curse done lifted.' I wonder what Marse Will meant by dat?"

"Eh—heh!" she replied. "Nemmine; I knows. Hit's all right now."

THE RESURRECTION OF THE TOILER.

(WRITTEN AFTER READING "THE MAN WITH THE HOE" BY
EDWIN MARKHAM.)

Behold upon yon hillock's rounded crest,
In silhouette against the garish sky,
The weary ploughman's bent and blacken'd frame,
Whose ox-like, dull and vacant gaze reveals
His sullen spirit's sinister response
To time's oppression and earth's agèd curse.

His blood have despots drank in golden cups,
And worn, congeal'd in dazzling pendants, round
Their amorous throats and passion-poison'd breasts,
Whilst trampling, neath their jewell'd feet, his frame,
Earth-bound and crawling like a cringing cur,
Through age-inherited and ingrain'd fear.

His sphinx-like gaze is answerless as fate
In yon Egyptian eyes, sand-swept and grim.
Unconscious giant, knowing not, one blow
Of his stout arm would quake the world, he squirms,—
This Titan-slave of fear, whose doom is writ
In annals, crimson with his lavish blood.

Why is the soil encumber'd with his weight,
The stolid pulses of whose heart are dead?
What quench'd the light of life in his dim eyes,
Till now, like Caliban to Hercules,
He grovels, lost to his own god-like self—
Earth's blind creator of her godless wealth!

Who doom'd him to unending toil; to build,
Like ants upon the desert sands, rare homes
For art and civic pride, and gilded marts
Of gold-encoffer'd commerce, whilst a-fear'd
He trembl'd at the word of masters, who
Have robb'd him of the wealth his skill hath wrought?

What made him coward, who is wont, at call
Of country's need, when honor speaks, and floats
The tatter'd flag above his head, red-drench'd
With brother's blood, to front the murderous mouths
Of belching guns, and bare his naked breast
To slashing swords and Death's red-finger'd grasp?

What taught him how to cringe—this king of earth—
As if some wriggling beggar at a feast
Of Barmecide's, and weeping for a crust
Of bread, the pamper'd thief hath robb'd him of;
Whilst he—creator—owner—master—slave—
Anhungered—dies—all ignorant of his right?

Age-customs, Ossa pil'd on Pelion high,
'Gainst which the voice of Love long cried—
Have press'd upon the bleeding brow of man
This crown of curses, since from Eden's hope
He fled, and learn'd that Pelf and Penury,
Like rampant lions, guard the gates of life.

Some day shall not those ashen eyes again
Be lit with hope's enkindling fire; shall not,
Once more, that bruise'd and batter'd breast swell large
With freedom's breath, and from yon blazon'd height
Discern the flaming feet of One, who comes
To cure mankind's "immedicable woes?"

Shall he forever be a sodden beast—
A burden bearer, yok'd to irksome toil,
Whence profit, ease, nor comfort come withal;
Shall not the lamp again be lit within
That darken'd brain to guide mankind, till earth
Become the Paradise of human dreams?

Shall he, like Vulcan sleeping at his forge,
Or Mercury enchain'd beneath an Alp,
Despair of those far reaches of the race
That search'd beyond the pillars of the day,
And strode the current of the surging stars,
To learn the secrets of Eternity?

Nay, *now* he smells the piney breath of morn;
He asks no favors; hurls no curses back
On brutes, whose iron heels have scarr'd his throat.
The majesty and glory of a god
Possess him; in his hand the scepter grasps,
That sways authority o'er earth and time!

Once more the music of the stars is his,
The sombre solace of the waves, the rhythm
Of the winds, the rapture and the pain
Of passion, the intoxicants of hope,
The fathomless infinities of love.
To ages yet unborn he sings—"I COME!"

HENRY FRANK.

New York, N. Y.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. FLOWER.

THE DAY-STAR OF PEACE IN THE NIGHT-TIME OF WAR.

Amid world-wide military activity and imperialistic aggression; amid wars and rumors of wars, such as have marked the past six years, it would seem to the casual observer that we were little nearer the realization of Isaiah's sublime vision than was humanity when it was uttered.

And yet, as a matter of fact, the past decade has witnessed more substantial and practical strides toward the establishment of world-wide permanent peace than has been made in any previous period of our history. Not that this "war against war," that has culminated in the Hague tribunal and so many treaties and other results that make for peace, is the fruit of the materialistic reaction in which we find ourselves to-day; for it is rather the expression of the real progress of civilization made upon the conscience of the world during that most splendid idealistic epoch which described its circle during the meridian period of the nineteenth century.

Civilization has its moments of exaltation and of depression; of idealism and moral advance, and of materialistic stagnation or of reactionary movement. We to-day are in the midst of one of these eras of positivism, but the Godward impulses that permeated the democratic idealistic era still form a mighty undercurrent that is making for the return of idealism.

The upward sweep of a civilization is not unlike the rising of the incoming tide. It advances and recedes, but each advance carries humanity to a higher altitude than it had reached before.

The democratic revolution gave to humanity a period of practical idealism in which the concepts of Justice, Freedom and Fraternity—the ideal of the Golden Rule, assumed larger

and clearer proportions in the world of thinkers, and exerted a more compelling influence over the imagination of the multitude than at any previous period in the history of the rise of man.

But it was succeeded by an era of constantly increasing positivism. The reactionary and materialistic currents that set in were singularly enough temporarily stimulated and reinforced by the wonderful discoveries in the world of physical science. The evolutionary theory shattered and destroyed age-long religious beliefs. It overthrew dogmas that had been unquestioned for centuries; while the important fact that it was preparing the way for a broader, juster and more rational conception of Divinity and the fundamental spiritual verities was hidden from the general view, and the immediate effect upon the popular imagination was such as to produce widespread skepticism or agnosticism.

Rapidly but subtly, materialism increased throughout Christendom. Not that it was so remarkably apparent on the surface; not that men admitted it, even to themselves; but it nevertheless struck the brain and heart, and in a large way paralyzed life's activities on the higher plane. For millions of people who had never been accustomed to think for themselves, and who had unquestioningly accepted theological dogmas that might well have taxed the credulity of a child, the new revelations in God's volume of Nature seemed to sweep away the very foundations of morality and spirituality. They had neither the courage nor the disposition to investigate the new revelations which had wrought such a wreck in the childhood beliefs they had been taught to revere, else they would have beheld the grander, statelier and higher concept of Nature, Deity and Man replacing the old.

Now in this time of unparalleled activity in physical science, and of revolution in religious theories—this hey-day of positiveness—manufacture, invention and discovery lent new wings to commercial life. The acquisitions of great fortunes were rendered possible as never before; and these various changes and innovations, many of them very complex in nature, served to foster egotism, which rapidly and arrogantly asserted its claims and steadily gained the attention and held the imagination of a large proportion of the more aggressive and powerful spirits throughout civilization.

In the preceding age philosophical idealism had led men and nations up the heights of practical altruism, from which vantage ground was visible the Promised Land of Freedom. She had spelled large and broad the word Democracy. She had sung the anthem of Justice and Fraternity. But now the greed for gain, the lust for personal power, and the pretensions of privilege drowned the evangel of peace and progress with loud and strident calls to arms. Cut-throat competition and the struggle of great commercial interests to absorb their weaker adversaries produced a passion for the possession of other lands through forcible aggression. The war spirit became dominant, and men of thought and conscience stood aghast at the spectacle of nations which had yesterday shouted Hosanna to the Prince of Peace! now clamoring for war. They did not realize that their countrymen had been drifting into an era of positivism, of materialism and egoistic supremacy, and that the multitudes were merely responding to the dominant note of the hour. And yet how much the larger idealism of the earlier period had taken hold upon the better natures throughout civilization was visible in the extraordinary strides taken for the practical establishment of international peace which paralleled this era of war.

Indeed, in view of the facts which have recently taken place we believe it is safe to predict that the present epoch of strife is one of the last, if not the last war era that civilization will tolerate.

From the morning days of authentic history, the prophets and idealists have beheld visions of peace and brotherhood; but the nations of earth—and in this the Christian world has been no exception—have until recently persisted in regarding all such visions as iridescent and impossible dreams. It remained for the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth to establish the practicability of preserving international peace through tribunals, treaties and the persistent education of the conscience of the people.

Victor Hugo, writing from his isle of exile, beheld the vision of the coming day, and with the prescience of a seer declared as an accomplished fact that which he beheld as soon to be manifest. Thus he wrote:

"It is now certain that what has hitherto been the light of the human race begins to pale its ineffectual fire, and that the

ancient beacons are flickering out. From the beginning of human tradition men of force alone have glittered in the empyrean of history; theirs was the sole supremacy. Under the various names of king, emperor, chief, captain, prince,—epitomized in the word 'Hero,'—this apocalyptic group shone resplendent. Terror raised acclamations to salute them, dripping with the blood of victories. They were followed by a train of tumultuous flame; their dishevelled light gleamed portentous upon the children of men. If they lit the sky, it was with flames. Their light suggested the face of Cain. Such is the tragic glare that fills the past; to-day it is rapidly waning. There is a decline in war, decline in despotism, decline in theocracy, decline in slavery, decline in the scaffold. The cannon's prey has begun to think, and thinking twice loses its admiration for being made a target.

"It is time to change all this. It is time that the men of action should step back, and that the men of thought should take the lead. The summit is the head. Where thought is, there power exists.

"The diminution of the men of war, of violence, of prey, the indefinite and superb expansion of the men of thought and of peace; the entrance of the real giants upon the scene of action,—this is one of the greatest facts of our era. There is no more sublime spectacle—mankind's deliverance from above, the potentates put to flight by the dreamers, the prophets crushing the hero, the sweeping away of violence by thought. Lift up your eyes, the supreme drama is enacting. The legions of light are in full pursuit of the hordes of flame. The masters are going out, and the liberators are coming in."

It was from one of the Pisgahs of prophecy that the great Frenchman beheld this incoming age of peace, rendered possible by the advent of democracy, by the diffusion of knowledge through popular education, and by the presence and activity of those apostles of God and humanity who dare to persistently appeal to the Higher Law, to educate, agitate and organize.

And this "war against war" is the battle of the dawn against the darkness. It is instinct with spiritual virility, and in a universe where the moral order obtains it must of necessity ultimately triumph.

A CORRUPT PARTY CANNOT REFORM A GOVERNMENT IT HAS CORRUPTED.

It is a truism that any party long in power becomes corrupt, and this corruption is especially rapid in progress and brazen in character when the party in power is the creature of privilege and feels that it has behind it vast funds from corporations dependent upon it for the power to extort unjust exactions from the people. These facts have been very impressively emphasized of late, despite the desperate effort of the Republican machine to stifle the odor of corruption that is escaping from almost every department of government; despite the convenient delays on the part of the responsible government officials in their investigations, by which leading Republicans high up in the councils of the party were able to escape the penitentiary through the expiration of the legal time limit; despite the recent success of a republican United States Senator in his efforts to escape from criminal prosecution on the charge of bribery by a technicality based on the claim that because the prisoner had not taken the oath of office when the crimes were alleged to have been perpetrated, he could not be prosecuted, even though the offences were committed after his election to the office; and despite the frantic efforts to turn the attention of the people from the glove scandal, in which one of the most intimate personal friends and advisers of the President was implicated, and the scandals in the Land Office and Treasury Department. The party of the trusts and of privilege is so thoroughly corrupt and so hopelessly pledged to corporate interests that it is idle to hope for any better conditions so long as those most interested in hiding the general corruption are retained in office, where they are enabled to screen the guilty and prevent anything like thorough investigations of the corruption rampant throughout the nation. Even the Republican *New York Sun* is moved to utter the following solemn editorial warning to its own party, which appeared in the issue of January 10:

A Republican Senator in Nebraska escapes conviction for bribery on a time allowance. Republican Senators in Washington resist an investigation by Congress of the frauds and irregularities in the Post Office Department.

Is there a paralysis of Republican common sense?

The old cry of "Turn the rascals out!" seems to have some chance of being heard once more.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

NOTABLE RECENT FICTION.

FREE NOT BOUND. By Katrina Trask. Cloth. Pp. 268.
Price \$1.10 net. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

I.

A work of fiction that is destined to inspire and ennoble the reader and live in the realm of the imagination, a perennial spring sustaining life on its higher plane of expression, must be far more than a technically perfect creation. Nor is it enough that it be absorbingly interesting; that its portrayals are vivid and in a limited sense true to life. It may be all these and yet lack that spiritual virility that speaks to the higher self and subtly exalts life by ministering to the cravings of the higher nature.

To-day we have a constantly increasing out-flow of works of fiction, scintillating with beautiful nothings. Some are thoroughly artificial. The majority are reactionary, often riveting the mental vision on a bloody and cruel past, which, however, is so treated that all the witching charm of romance is employed to make inviting periods in which despotism, class rule, war, ignorance and superstition were rife. Much of the present reactionary and imperialistic temper of our times is unquestionably due to the popularity of these novels, which are false at once to the fundamental verities of ethics, history and life. Other popular novels are concerned with the butterfly existence of to-day. Some are morbid; many are materialistic, and not a few lead the reader into the under-world of sensuous life, unattended by a moral uplift. All these works fall short of fulfilling the higher functions of romance. No novel is full-orbed or distinctly great that does not minister to the cravings of the soul while satisfying the artistic taste and intellectual faculties.

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II.

Among the recent novels which meet the exacting requirements of our new age is a simple romance of New England life, entitled "Free not Bound." It is from the gifted pen of Katrina Trask, a lady of culture and wealth, who recognizes the fact that life is something august and sublime; that, in a word, to use the expressive phrase of Mazzini, "Life is a mission." And the recognition of this fact is seen in her fine work, at once artistic and instinct with high purpose.

This novel is above all else a story of love—the love of a high-minded English girl, the wife of an austere and sturdy New England Puritan—big-souled, potentially great, but bound by the limitations of a narrow religious outlook. It is a story of pure love which conquers all—love which dignifies, glorifies and ennobles life; which is at once the true philosopher's stone, transmuting the base material of egoism into the pure gold of altruism; love that is the heart of true religion and the key to unalloyed happiness. In explaining that the romance is the story of Elizabeth Dearford's love, and that "it is not the story of her times, her heresy or her trial," the author observes:

"Times, events, are merest incidents. Love has no chronology, is not confined to localities. New England, old England, Rome and Greece, Yesterday and To-day, are but the setting for the drama of the soul. Nor is love dependent upon events. Events are but asides in that great drama."

In these words we find the keynote of the romance. It is the great love-drama of a high-minded wife who is tested and tried as are few women; who passes through the fiery furnace; and from one great test is swiftly called to meet another, and then still another; and finally—but let us not anticipate.

III.

As a story the romance is simple rather than complex. It is realistic in the sense that it is true to the life and times it portrays; yet it is nobly idealistic in that it is pitched upon a high ethical key. The springs of its life flow from the eternal moral verities. Love, Truth and Duty—these are the main-springs of action. Though vibrant with moral truth and

purposeful in character it is in no sense pedantic, and the interest is so well sustained throughout that at no time—not even when the heroine is bravely and with sweet reasonableness defending herself against the charge of heresy—does the moralist or teacher overshadow the novelist. From first to last it is a deeply interesting story in which the heroine, being overmastered by that love that maketh free, reflects in thought, word and life the larger, truer concept of being which has been the luminous ideal—the pillar of fire—before the noblest men and women of all ages. Elizabeth Dearing's love for her husband is the love of a great nature that in giving itself gave what only a large and fine soul could give—the wealth of deathless affection, and, indeed, all—all save the right of freedom for her convictions; the right to be loyal to the larger truth. It is chiefly through this love and loyalty that the husband is at last freed from the thralldom of a narrow, harsh and soul-dwarfing faith born of the medieval concept of religion.

Ethically considered, this work shows special merit in that the author evinces a clear conception of the fundamental spiritual verities. She discriminates intelligently between the wheat and the chaff in religion, in national ideals, and in individual life. The book rings true and faces the morning, and thus possesses points of excellence that are as rare in present-day fiction as they are inspiring.

IV.

This story of a soul's travail and victory, this drama of life and love, opens in a small New England town. The heroine, Elizabeth Dearford, a daughter of Sir George Harcott, had recently wedded David Dearford, a New England Puritan, a Harvard graduate and a man of property, who had fared forth to the old country, where he had won his bride. Only a deep, compelling love and the consciousness that her strong affection was returned could have induced the cultured girl to leave a home of luxury, comfort and refinement for the hardships of the rugged New World. The husband's affection, though deep, was bound by narrow, New England Puritanism—harsh, gloomy, austere and essentially abnormal because based on false conceptions of religion, Deity and life. He was dominated

by the old New England conscience which concerned itself so largely with the letter of the law, and which regarded duty as not only something never to be evaded, but as being at all times at variance with delight.

The early chapters in the story concern the estrangement of the young husband and wife on account of his religious austerity. The meddling of the congregation of the saints results in Elizabeth's being charged with heresy and excommunicated. Both husband and wife suffer as only two high-minded, conscientious souls, who have loved and joyed in life together, can suffer when different concepts of right and duty come between them—when the law of Moses clashes with the law of love. In the midst of their night-time of suffering, the husband is summoned to the battlefield to war against the English. The withholding of the two first letters, one written by the husband and one by the wife, and a series of misunderstandings, render the separation of the lovers far more bitter than it otherwise would have been. At last the wife sets out in quest of her husband; and the last half of the story deals with her adventures, many of which are intensely interesting and highly dramatic, especially the terrifying experience in a lonely country house in the night time; her capture by the British and forcible detention, accompanied by the insulting conduct of an English officer; the timely arrival of General Burgoyne and her release; the arrival in the American camp, only to find that her husband, having been desperately wounded, has been sent home. The story ends with the reconciliation of the lovers.

The romance is worthy of a place in every library. It will hold the reader's interest from cover to cover, and all the while it will be subtly raising the ideals of life, broadening the intellectual vision and riveting the imagination on those fundamentals which make life richly worth the living and which make for social righteousness and permanent national greatness.

THE LAW OF LIFE. By Anna McClure Sholl. Cloth. Pp. 572. Price \$1.50. New York, D. Appleton Company.

This novel unquestionably gives us the best picture of present-day university life in the republic that has enriched

American literature. Every phase of existence that marks the life of this miniature world is here luminously portrayed by one who is a master in picturing both the superficial phenomena of life and its deeper motives and wellsprings. But admirable as is this unequalled portrayal of college life, it is incidental to the story, which chiefly concerns one Barbara Dale, afterwards the wife of Prof. Penfold, and Richard Warren, Dr. Penfold's associate instructor in mathematics and editor of the university magazine, "College and State." It is an essentially gloomy book, dealing as it does with one of the supreme tragedies of life, in which we find the beautiful and unawakened heroine, richly endowed with wonderful intellectual powers that are only surpassed by the strength and depth of her emotional nature, beguiled, through her sympathy for the lonely condition of her guardian, into marrying him, in spite of the fact that he is in every way unsuited to her. Barbara had been left an orphan and had been tenderly reared by a devoted uncle, a great scholar and author, but a recluse who dwelt with his books and his niece in a small New England village. The child grew to early womanhood a stranger to the world, but familiar with book lore. Her uncle and the great writers of the ages were her principal companions. She became at an early age a fine Greek scholar and was broadly cultured in book learning, but was little more than an infant in her knowledge of the real perils and promise of life and the ways of the world. At length her uncle died and confided her to the guardianship of Professor Penfold, an old class-mate, now a professor in mathematics at Hollworth University. Penfold's life is absorbed in his favorite study of mathematics. What time is not given to his classes and to writing books, is spent in calculating. But owing to a slippery walk he breaks his wrist and is laid up. Barbara becomes his amanuensis and his nurse. In these capacities she is very useful and companionable to the Professor during his hours of enforced absence from his real mistress—mathematics; and he conceives the idea that it would be well for him to marry his ward. He would be able to give her a good home and an excellent position in the university social circles, while she would be able to relieve a certain sense of loneliness which he experiences at rare intervals, and would also be useful in the house and companionable at the table. He proposes to her.

The poor girl is taken by surprise. She does not love although she admires and respects him. But the vivid picture of a lonely life which he draws and his insistent pleading end in her accepting him. She makes the fatal mistake that thousands of young women and men are yearly making: She marries a man entirely unsuited to her nature and one who is already wedded to his profession to such a degree that did he better understand her nature than he does, he would still be entirely unable to give her enough of his life to measurably answer the cravings of her nature.

On the other hand, in Richard Warren there is the ideal man who could and would have made Barbara's life supremely happy, while she would have complemented and rounded out his potentially great existence so that he might, and in all probability would have risen to noble heights which he would never reach without the stimulus of such a life companionship.

All these things are discovered when it is too late. The ending of the story reveals the departure of Richard Warren from Hallworth. Barbara is left alone with her companionless husband whom she does not love and whom she could not bear to separate from, because of the pain that such separation would entail to him.

This fatal marriage—fatal to the happiness of two high-minded and noble young persons, is the supreme tragedy with which the book deals, and it is by no means the only sombre feature of the story. Indeed, mismating and death work sad havoc in Miss Scholl's volume, so that the general influence of this distinctly powerful story is decidedly depressing.

RED-HEAD. By John Uri Lloyd. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 208. Price \$1.60 net. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.

In "Red-Head" Professor John Uri Lloyd has given us a powerful dramatic romance possessing strong points of excellence quite apart from its merit as a work of the imagination. In this novel we believe we have the first attempt by a prominent writer to give a vivid and faithful picture of one of the strangest and most inexplicable phenomena in the life of certain mountain regions in districts which are happily chiefly restricted to eastern Kentucky and Western Virginia—the hereditary feud that makes all members of certain families

and all who marry into them the sworn and deadly enemies of certain other family or families. The members of each party shoot to kill whenever they see a person of either sex belonging to the other faction.

In "Red-Head" we have a most striking and vivid picture of this melancholy and tragic phase of lawless and savage life, drawn with the fidelity of a careful writer who is thoroughly acquainted with the facts involved. The story itself has a special value for the historian and all who would be acquainted with the various phases in the life of our people as civilization toilsomely moves toward the light.

There is, however, another excellence possessed by this novel, of greater value than its historic interest, and that is the striking and impressive manner in which Professor Lloyd emphasizes the empirical character of medical expert testimony when physicians and chemists in poison cases assume to be dogmatic, especially when the toxic drugs belong to the vegetable kingdom. The dogmatic assertions of many of these professional gentlemen, who are regarded by the jurors as veritable apostles of science, have undoubtedly been the determining factor in the conviction of many accused of murder. The chemist is liable to regard the authorities in toxicology as infallible, and when he finds certain results following certain tests, assumes that the results must have followed from the presence of certain poisons, when as a matter of fact other combinations may be wholly responsible for the results following the chemical tests. The fact that the author of this work is one of the greatest living chemists has enabled him to make the demonstration of the fallibility of expert testimony relating to vegetable poisons strikingly impressive.

The story concerns a little red-headed boy, the sole survivor of a numerous family. All his relatives have fallen at the hands of another family, which incidentally had been decimated by the red-headed faction until but one remained. The little boy who occupies the leading place in Professor Lloyd's story, not being large enough to wield a Springfield rifle, leaves the mountain country and flees to an uncle in Stringtown-on-the-Pike, where he grows to youth and falls in love with a little girl who is also the object of the affection of another boy, who later becomes the chemist whose testimony convicts Red-Head in the thrillingly dramatic trial scene with which the

novel closes. Around these characters is woven the romance.

The volume is gotten up in a sumptuous manner, richly illustrated with full-page half-tone pictures, while the pages carry highly ornamental borders depicting striking scenes in the story.

BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JEFFERSON. By Thomas E. Watson. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 534. Price \$2.50 net. New York, D. Appleton Company.

At last we have a fair, authoritative and just life of America's greatest apostle of Democracy, and with it we have also the first historical presentation of the north and south during the Revolutionary War in which the relative services of the south have been justly presented. All, or almost all, of the more ambitious works hitherto published dealing with Revolutionary times and characters, have been conspicuously lacking in historical proportions. The authors have for the most part been northern writers whose home environment, prejudice and education all naturally led them to magnify the importance of events and personalities of their section. The earlier writers lived at a time when the details of events that happened at a distance were little known or but partially reported. Hence it was quite natural that they should place undue or exaggerated emphasis on the local or home happenings when they came to survey a field in which the known and the little-known entered into the general narrative; while later writers, especially the more superficial biographers, have drawn unquestioningly from these older volumes without exercising much if any of the modern spirit of scientific and critical research. For this reason the great influence exerted by the southern states in the early days of our national struggle and the splendid services of her most illustrious sons, excepting the few who were conspicuous Federalists, have signally failed to receive the fair and just treatment merited. Hence Mr. Watson's glowing yet eminently judicial and authentic portrayal of the glorious deeds of daring, wisdom and self-sacrifice that marked the southern colonies during the struggle for independence, and the extremely interesting pages in which he presents the claim of Virginia to be considered the mother

of the democratic spirit in America, form a distinctly valuable addition to our national history.

No life of Jefferson has appeared that bears such unmistakable evidence of exhaustive research, of careful and candid weighing of claims and facts, and of comprehensive grasp of the subject in hand as does this latest and incomparably best biography of the great statesman. It is, moreover, the most brilliant, interesting and picturesque life of Jefferson that has appeared. Here one searches in vain for a single prosy page or the dry handling of any series of facts which under the pen of the ordinary biographer would prove dull and unattractive. Mr. Watson is nothing if not breezy and unconventional. At times his phrasing is more forcible than smooth or elegant; yet it is never dull, and the picturesque treatment and highly dramatic characterizations are never allowed to interfere with the crowning excellence of a biography,—the strict adherence to facts.

If the author had done nothing more than point out the amazing blunders, mistakes, misrepresentations and inaccuracies that abound in the pages of that astounding biography by Mr. Curtis, entitled "The True Thomas Jefferson," he would have performed a great service to democracy and to biographical literature. But Mr. Curtis is by no means the only writer whose loose statements and misrepresentations of facts are pointed out with convincing clearness. Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt, Professor Channing, of Harvard, and President Woodrow Wilson, are among the chief offenders whose inaccuracies, loose statements and inability to see excellence beyond narrow bounds and whose pitiful prejudice have vitiated their work so as to render it often very unreliable, as will be fully appreciated by the readers of Mr. Watson, who, while pointing out some of the more glaring misrepresentations and omissions on the part of these northern writers, sets a fine example of intellectual hospitality and broad, statesmanlike range of vision in his remarkable volume. The student of history wants facts rather than theories or superficial opinions based on partisan prejudice.

But above the interest and value of the work as a just and fair life of Jefferson; above the interest that attaches to the glowing descriptions of great scenes, battles and episodes of the Revolution; above the brilliant pen pictures of men and

measures, by which he invests history with the witching charm of romance, rise the interest and value of Mr. Watson's unequalled summary of great fundamental factors involved in the titanic battle of the forces of privilege, class rulership, reaction and imperialism, of which Hamilton was the earliest distinguished representative, and the forces of democracy that marched under the banner of Freedom and Justice and which insisted upon "equality of opportunities for all and special privileges for none." Hamilton epitomized the spirit of his class when he characterized the people as "a great beast," while Jefferson believed with all his heart in the people, and insisted on being not only governed by them, but in letting them be the arbiters of all questions in every way possible. Had he lived in our time he would have been foremost in his championship of the initiative and referendum as effective and practical measures for enabling the people to rule in fact as well as theory, and as being the surest measures for peacefully destroying the baleful power of class domination, of bribery, corruption and the ruthless rule of an irresponsible plutocracy. The relative attitude of the friends of freedom and the foes of class rule, on the one hand, and of the champions of privilege on the other, as exhibited a century ago, has never been better presented than in this volume. And inasmuch as the battle in Jefferson's day was fundamentally the same as is the struggle that confronts us of the present and upon the issue of which the life of republican institutions depends, this work must prove indispensable to all true friends of democracy.

Mr. Watson's pictures of Jefferson the man are very engaging, revealing the foremost apostle of freedom as one of the most lovable, sincere, genial and gentle men of his time,—a ripe scholar who was ever as simple and unaffected as the humblest and most unlettered. No man of the revolutionary period or of the early years of the republic worshipped so continuously with his face toward the morning as did Thomas Jefferson. He was above all a man of faith—faith in the people, faith in Liberty, faith in Progress, and faith in the future, just as Hamilton was a man who worshipped at the altar of the past—a man who insisted on going to other lands and times for precedents, a man who found his ideal of government in the limited monarchy of Great Britain and who distrusted the people; a man who wanted to have a privileged class as the real

rulers, and who effectively laid the foundations for the present plutocracy. These two men were the true types of democracy and aristocracy,—the progressive apostle of justice and freedom, and the champion of class rulership, of privilege and of the spirit of monarchy, in a larger way than any other of the Revolutionary fathers. Thomas Jefferson was a great philosophical statesman with twentieth century ideals, and he was a man of the highest moral courage.

There have been few things in American literature of recent decades so inexcusable or discreditable—few things that have exhibited such ignorance and superficiality or such blind partisan prejudice, as the utterances of certain modern reactionaries in regard to Thomas Jefferson. Seldom have historians or biographers writing long after the passage of events that have occasioned strong feeling, been guilty of such misrepresentation or calumny as marks several of the writings of President Roosevelt, when he refers to Thomas Jefferson. The fair-minded student of history experiences feelings of mingled regret and amazement when he finds the author of the Declaration of Independence referred to as a politician of “an infamous stripe,” or as “timid, weak and vacillating.” No statesman known to American history more resolutely and persistently exhibited superb moral courage than did Thomas Jefferson. He was not a man of blood. He did not joy in taking the life of bird, beast or man. He was not strenuous in the sense that President Roosevelt is strenuous, that is, either in the direction of shooting men or animals, or in the exhibition of that thrift which has enabled Mr. Roosevelt to obtain tens of thousands of dollars worth of courtesies for himself and family from the public service corporations of America. But in that noble strenuosity that exalts man and advances civilization, in moral courage wherein we find the true statesman opposing the combined and powerful forces of privilege, class interests and ancient injustice, in fidelity to the cause of freedom, enlightenment and popular government, no statesman in the history of the republic stands more pre-eminent than does Mr. Jefferson; and these facts are splendidly set forth by Mr. Watson.

No biography has appeared in recent years so important to the friends of free institutions as this latest biography of the noblest exponent of enlightened democracy.

There are some surprising slips in proof reading, which we trust will be remedied in future editions.

THE CITY OF THE KING. By Mrs. Lew Wallace. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 100. Price \$1.00. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

This volume is divided into two sections, the first treating of the boyhood of Jesus as the author conceives it, and in which the reader finds pictured the journey of Jesus, Mary and Joseph to the Temple, when the child was twelve years old. Here the personal knowledge of the topography of the land on the part of the author, and the possession of all the illuminating facts that can be gleaned from exhaustive research, combined with the rich fancy of a poetic mind kindled with enthusiasm and love for the subject in hand, enable the writer to present a convincing picture of rare charm and power. The author is strictly orthodox and therefore accepts the idea that Jesus, even in his early childhood, conceived the idea, or was conscious that he was *the* Son of God in an entirely different sense from any other child of the Infinite. Our author even follows traditional ideas in regard to Biblical compositions so closely as to attribute the Song of Solomon to the king, although modern scholarship, led by such master Hebraic scholars as Renan, would seem to have clearly established the fact that the authorship of this work belonged to some one inhabiting northern Judea and living after the death of the king.

The last half of the volume is devoted to Jerusalem and its environs as seen to-day. Here, in a graphic manner, Mrs. Wallace describes the parched and dry land, swarming with beggars, wrapped in splendid memories, but presenting on all sides the aspect of an ancient ruin. Striking, indeed, is the contrast presented by the City of the Temple as seen by the modern traveler, who is conveyed by railway to Jerusalem, and our author's description of it as it appeared when Jesus taught in its streets. Nor is there any less contrast between the general aspects of the country. In the old days it was highly cultivated and supported a vast multitude of people. Then Jericho was a city of comparative wealth, boasting of royal palaces; but to-day barren stretches, arid plains and desolate ruins rise on every hand.

Mrs. Wallace's descriptions are vivid and clothed in beautiful language. The publishers have presented the title volume in a thoroughly worthy manner. The illustrations are excellent, and the book would make a very appropriate Easter remembrance.

THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT REGION.

By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 268.

Price \$2 net. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

In this volume the author describes several of the most remarkable Indian tribes of North America, about whom comparatively little is known. They dwell in the famous painted desert, that wonderful region where the barrenness of nature is only equalled by the splendor of the scenery, and where the traveler often takes his life in his hands, owing to scarcity of water, the scorching heat, the terrible sand storms, and the absence of shelter. The life, habits and views, customs, rites and superstitions of the Hopis, Navahoes, Wallapais and the Havasupais differ in many respects from those of our other Indians; and this work, the fruit of the most intimate knowledge gained at great risks and after many privations, is an extremely valuable contribution to our literature. Unlike many similar books, it does not contain a dull or a dry page. The author is full of his subject. The facts with which he deals, being gathered at first hand, are presented with a wealth of vivid imagery only possible when a writer has come under the personal spell of the subject he discusses. As a writer, also Mr. James possesses a charm and grace of style that would render the driest subject interesting; and with so fascinating a theme as this the work becomes as engaging as romance under the pen of a master.

The volume contains sixteen chapters. There are over seventy half-tone illustrations, most of them reproductions of photographs taken by the author. It is a work that should be found in the libraries of all thoughtful people.

WASHINGTON: A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY. No. 1 Head-light Series. By. Rev. A. M. Bullock, Ph.D. Illustrated. Bound in boards. Pp. 100. Price 80 cents. Chicago, The Methodist Book Concern.

The Rev. A. M. Bullock, a well known Methodist clergyman and author, has given us in this volume a brief biography of

George Washington which is from first to last a glowing tribute born of a mind aflame with genuine enthusiasm for one of the noblest characters in the history of civilizations. The sketch is on the whole excellent and worthy of wide circulation. It is especially important that at the present time the lives of the great founders of the republic—the master spirits of democracy who wrote Freedom large and plain across the face of government and who strove to destroy class rule, class distinction, injustice and oppression, should be studied by the American youth; for the strong tide of reaction, concentration, imperialism, privilege and class rule fostered by predatory wealth is in a hundred ways subtly and effectively deadening the conscience side of American life and lowering the old-time ideals of the fathers, while corrupting government in all its ramifications. If the American republic is to nobly fulfil her mission, she must be rescued from the hands of those who owe their position to privilege and predatory wealth, and who reflect reaction and imperialistic ideals rather than the pure democracy whose spirit was voiced in the Declaration of Independence. The more well-written lives of such men as Jefferson, Franklin and Washington that are published, the better for the cause of free government.

VITAL ESSAYS ON INDIVIDUAL AND NATURAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE LIFE RADIANT. By Lillian Whiting. Cloth. Pp. 375. Price \$1.00 net. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.

We think Miss Whiting has written no more beautiful or helpful work than her latest volume, "The Life Radiant." It possesses that rare charm of style and felicity of expression that mark all her "World Beautiful" books—a style that is rhythmic, musical and often highly poetic, while it never sacrifices sense to sound. In this volume, as in the other "World Beautiful" books, the author writes out of a full heart, and her message flows forth as the rich melody of a rare songster that peals forth the splendid lay given it by the Master Musician. But as the temple may be empty if the shrine of Truth is not found within, so the "flowing robe of words" may clothe that which possesses little potential value to the aspiring mind

of the reader. In "The Life Radiant" the beauty of expression is its least excellence. The book from first to last is instinct with that moral vitality which cannot fail to quicken, invigorate and strengthen every spiritual impulse and aspiration. It will tend to bring the reader *en rapport* with the mighty ocean of Infinite Love that encompasses and upholds life; and the author's clear conception and strong conviction of the survival of personality after the crisis of death stand out in bold and pleasing relief from the nebulous and vague concepts in regard to a future life which mark most Oriental philosophy and the Occidental thought that is rooted in the East Indian concepts.

The work is divided into five parts in which the following subjects are discussed: "The Golden Age Lies Onward;" "Discerning the Future;" "The Ethereal Realm;" "The Power of the Exalted Moment;" and "The Nectar of the Hour."

To the thousands of religious minds who are hungering and thirsting for spiritual truth that shall meet the needs of the present, to those who while holding to the great religious truths enunciated in the Bible still reach out for something that will meet the larger concepts of our wonderful age and time, this book will be as the palm-shaded spring in a distant land.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE FOUNDERS. By. Edwin D. Mead. Cloth. Pp. 74. Price by mail 60 cents. Boston, American Unitarian Association.

In this little work the broad-visioned and conscience-guided American Citizen will find one of the most virile and vital treatises of recent years. Mr. Mead is far more than a profound student of social and political history, and a careful and authoritative writer. He is a passionate servant of Democracy in her largest and truest aspects—a man who at all times places the right and justice of a cause above all thought of expediency or sordid gain. In this he differs from the popular opportunists of present-day political life. In the present work he brings together in a striking and effective manner the views of the great founders of our government, such as Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington; and their opinions, when placed in juxtaposition with the utterances and acts of the present administration and

its predecessor, reveal in a truly startling manner the nature and extent of the apostasy that has marked this imperialistic and plutocratic regime. This little volume deserves the widest possible circulation at the present time.

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY. By John R. Dunlap. Cloth. Pp. 480. Price \$1.50. New York, The Jefferson Society, 120 Liberty St.

In this work the author has marshalled together in a strong and effective manner a vast array of impressive facts illustrating in a most convincing way how the republic of the fathers has given place to a government in which machine rule, controlled in turn by corporations and predatory wealth, is the absolute master and governing power throughout the body politic. The author in his preface apologizes for some lack in the literary finish of the work, owing to haste in preparation rendered necessary by the pressure of other duties. While regretting the absence of the finish which is so pleasing in Mr. Mead's little volume, we appreciate the value of the work, owing to the vast amount of important data, the strong marshalling of vital facts, accuracy in general statements, and soundness in conclusions which mark this volume and are well calculated to arouse the reader to the importance of acting in concert with all who would swing the republic back to its old-time moorings. The most important chapters of this work are those devoted to "The Rule of the Millionaires," "The Political Machine at Work," "Outline of the Problems that Confront Us," "The Seamy Side of our Prosperity," "Andrew Jackson, Nullification and Bank Monopoly," "Abraham Lincoln and Forgotten History," "Some Causes of Panics," "The Tariff as Related to Trusts," "Mine Monopoly and Land Speculation," and "From Julius Cæsar to Thomas Jefferson."

The work is a compendium of basic facts of the greatest importance at the present time, lucidly presented and accompanied by cogent arguments.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A REMEDY FOR TELEPHONE OPPRESSION:—Mr. John Brooks Leavitt, one of the ablest members of the New York Bar, has contributed a thoughtful paper on the telephone question. The recent rulings of Postmaster-General Payne favoring the Bell corporation, have further augmented the indignation of the people against this giant monopoly. Excellent as are Mr. Leavitt's suggestions, we think, however, that when the electorate becomes wise and sane enough to place the rights of man above reverence for wealth gained by extortion, indirection and injustice; when the interests of the people as a whole are as tenderly considered as the property interests that have become a menace to free institutions and an engine of extortion and oppression to the public, and when the people become tired of being shamelessly plundered, as they have been for years by private corporations operating public utilities, they will be able to do as New Zealand and various other civilized nations have done, that have taken over their natural monopolies and are operating them effectively and efficiently for the benefit of all the people.

THE OREGON VICTORY AND THE SILENCE OF THE PLUTOCRATIC PRESS:—We call special attention to Mr. Shibley's citations from the recent rulings of the Supreme Court of Oregon, upholding the constitutionality of the Initiative and Referendum, and also the sinister fact that while the Associated Press heralded far and wide the decision of the little man—the local judge, who held that this vitally republican act was unconstitutional, the great news gatherer was strangely silent touching the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the state upholding the constitutionality of the act. This is another striking illustration of the way the foes of free government—the new plutocracy based on privilege—strive to prevent the people from being correctly informed on vital facts relating to popular rule.

MR. MALLOY'S PAPER:—"The Sphinx" is further elucidated by Mr. Malloy in this issue. As we have had oc-

casian to remark before, "The Sphinx" is in our judgment Mr. Emerson's greatest poem and one of the most profoundly thoughtful and philosophical creations in the literature of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The papers which we are giving our readers are the most complete, exhaustive and luminous exposition of this great master's verse that has ever appeared. For the space of fifty-eight years Mr. Malloy has been a close student of Emerson. It is doubtful whether any other thinker in America has so complete a grasp of the philosophical concepts of Emerson as has Mr. Malloy. Certainly no scholar has so luminously expounded his poems.

THE IDEALISM OF INGERSOLL:—This month we publish the concluding half of Dr. Herman E. Kittredge's eloquent tribute to the genius, idealism and humanity of Colonel Ingersoll. As this paper is in no sense controversial and does not concern itself with theological views, it will interest and delight all readers who appreciate prose poetry, rhythmic phrasing and eloquence of utterance. We call to mind few things, even among Mr. Ingersoll's noblest tributes, that surpass or even equal this estimate of the foremost orator in the ranks of liberalism of the nineteenth century.

CO-OPERATION IN AMERICA:—Voluntary coöperation is making gigantic strides in various nations. It is one of the most significant world-movements of the incoming age. In America it is beginning to appeal with irresistible force to the wealth-creators, especially the agrarian population; and the strides which it has made during the past year promise great things within the coming decade. In this issue we open a series of papers on practical coöperation, all of which will be written by experts thoroughly conversant with the phase of the work which they will treat. Our opening paper is from the thoughtful pen of the talented editor and prominent progressive thinker, C. Vincent. Mr. Vincent is the senior editor of *The Farmers Advocate* and is intimately acquainted with the subject he discusses in this issue.

THE MOST POWERFULLY DRAMATIC SHORT STORY OF RECENT MONTHS:—We know of no short story that has appeared in recent months, or years for that mat-

ter, that is more powerfully dramatic than Miss Dromgoole's "The New Year's Watch," which is published in this issue of *THE ARENA*; while beyond and above its thrilling interest as a vivid and realistic pen picture is its worth as an indirect but effective plea for law and justice. It is also an unsurpassed illustration of the noblest heroism known to human history—the heroism of motherhood—a heroism that even in the most humble and unlettered mother, as in this story, blossoms forth in unequalled glory when the life of the child is imperilled.

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE:—Very timely and thoughtful is the discriminating paper by Professor Edwin Maxey on "The Balance of Power in Europe." Professor Maxey is making a close study of contemporaneous political history throughout the world, and his contributions, therefore, are the work of a specialist, based on a thorough knowledge of conditions.

MR. FRANK'S POEM:—Though we publish a poem by the well-known and scholarly liberal clergyman and author, Henry Frank, in this issue, the insertion of this composition is an exception to the rule not to admit poetry to the columns of *THE ARENA* that for the past two years has been carried out by our magazine. It is not the purpose of the management to deviate from this rule in the future.

OUR BOOK NUMBER:—This month we give up a large part of our Editorial space to studies, estimates and reviews of recent important works which have been crowded out of recent issues. This is largely in deference to the expressed wishes of friends who depend mainly on *THE ARENA* for the books they buy.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Upon the publication of this issue of *THE ARENA* I withdraw from the business management of The Alliance Publishing Company.

CHARLES A. MONTGOMERY.

New York, Feb. 20, 1904.

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

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MUNICIPAL CONSTRUCTION *VERSUS* THE CONTRACT SYSTEM.

IN undertaking to point out the advantages of the municipal construction of all public works, over the commonly accepted practice of letting these works to the lowest responsible bidder, I am well aware that I am advocating a policy directly in conflict with the actual practice of the great majority of American cities. I am also aware that, while the theory of municipal construction, as opposed to the contract system, is unanswered and unanswerable, the actual results of its attempted application have not in every instance sustained the correctness of the theory. But the failure and final overthrow of every Republic, which is recorded in the history of the world, did not deter our illustrious ancestors from again attempting to found a government which derives "all its just powers from the consent of the governed," or rob them of the belief that a government can be successfully maintained and operated in the interest of the whole people and not for the benefit of a favored few.

When the proposition is finally accepted that municipal governments are incapable of doing every class of public work cheaper and better than it can be done by letting the work to private contractors, then the failure of municipal government is conceded, and the inability of the people to govern themselves finally established.

An intelligent discussion of this question cannot be had without first determining, in a measure at least, what are the proper functions of municipal government.

As our federal government was originally organized, sovereignty

was assumed to reside in the several states—counties and municipalities were considered as mere branches or arms of the state government, with no power or authority to do anything except what they are expressly authorized, or permitted to do by the state; and the federal government, itself a government of delegated powers, was limited and restricted in its functions by the federal constitution.

The absolute, unequivocal and unrestricted power of the state government over counties and municipalities is everywhere admitted.

When our Federal and State Governments were organized, the existence of a modern city was unthought of, and consequently all its proper functions were unknown. Who could have imagined, at the time of the adoption of the federal constitution, that within a little more than one hundred years the city of New York would have within its corporate limits more human beings than were then in all of the thirteen Colonies? Can it be possible, if such a condition could have been foreseen, that no provision would have been made for the self-government of this great city; that is, in all matters of purely a local nature?

The city of New York has a population of a little less than the remainder of the state, and yet its local affairs are largely controlled by men who do not live within its limits, and laws are made for their government which a majority of the people do not approve and do not want. The conditions existing in that city represent, in a greater or less degree, the condition of almost every city in the United States of more than 100,000 inhabitants.

It will not do to assume that all the duties of government have been discharged when life, liberty and property have been protected from the predatory depredations of the midnight prowler, the highway bandit, or the hereditary monarch. There are other menaces to the property, life, liberty and happiness of the people which it is as much the duty of government to provide against, as those of a more open and flagrant character.

Suppose, for instance, that in the early history of a great city, an individual or corporation obtained control of the only possible

supply of water for the inhabitants of that city, and that when the city grew to several times its former population, for some cause—satisfactory to themselves—the owners of the water supply should refuse to allow the inhabitants of the city to have water at any price, or should fix such a rate as would compel the people to pay four and five times as much as was reasonable, or that the water supply should become contaminated with typhoid-fever germs and no effort should be made to purify the supply, can there be any doubt as to the proper functions of government in such a case? And yet, under our municipal system of government, the inhabitants of that city would be compelled to do without water, or pay the price asked, or suffer from the typhoid contamination, until the legislature of the state could meet and authorize the city to issue the bonds to pay for, and then have conferred upon it the power to own and operate, a water plant to supply its citizens with water.

Suppose, again, certain combinations of men and capital should band themselves together, not for the purpose of playing the part of ordinary highwaymen, but for the purpose of owning and controlling the supply and means of transportation for the coal that is necessary to keep the people of one or more of the great cities of our country from freezing to death, and should either refuse to allow any coal to be mined, or brought to those cities in the dead of winter, or should exact the payment of bankrupt prices for this coal; can there be any doubt as to the proper functions of government under conditions of that kind? And yet, in the opinion of many great and good (?) men, neither the federal, state nor municipal governments have any power or authority in any way to protect the people against the depredations of these public enemies, not to call them by any harsher term.

Suppose, again, that certain combinations or unions of individuals should be formed, whereby they agree neither to labor themselves nor allow anyone else to labor, unless they unite themselves with the organization to which they themselves belong; can there be any doubt as to the duties of the government in all such cases to protect every individual in his right to contract and be contracted with in all legitimate matters affecting his individual actions and conduct?

These instances are cited merely for the purpose of calling attention to what are, and what are not, the legitimate and proper functions of government; they are purely questions of fact, about which no hard and fast rule of law can be laid down; as they are dependent in every case, upon the peculiar conditions surrounding the city, the state or the nation at the time. In other words, it is a question of economy, or expediency, rather than a question of law, as to what are the proper functions of government under given conditions.

Municipal, or private ownership of public utilities, and municipal construction, or the letting of public works by contract, is, in every instance, a question of expediency, dependent upon the peculiar conditions which present themselves at the time the question is to be settled.

In other words, if the municipal or state government is, itself, under the domination and control of political bosses; and is not in fact, as well as in name, a government of, for and by the people, then municipal ownership or municipal construction, if attempted, is foreordained to failure; but if the government is itself in honest and fairly competent hands, it then becomes a question purely of extraneous conditions as to the advisability of undertaking the work.

If water, gas and electricity are being supplied to a city at a reasonable price, sufficient to pay a good dividend upon the actual cost of the plant and no more, which is rarely, if ever, the case; and if the managers of these quasi-public corporations understand the relation which they sustain to the public and their duties thereto, which is even more seldom the case; and if, when public improvements are to be made and contracts let, there is, in fact, as well as in name, competitive bidding, and not an agreement in advance amongst bidders to divide the public work to be done, which is usually the case; then, under such conditions, there is no necessity for public ownership of these utilities or municipal construction of public works. As none of these latter conditions exist, however, except in rare and exceptional cases, public ownership of all quasi-public corporations, and the municipal construction of all public improvements, offers the only possible solution of troubles arising from the private ownership of public utilities, and the combinations

which are almost invariably formed to prevent the free, honest and open competition necessary to secure the best results from the contract system of letting public works.

I have referred to the municipal ownership of public utilities in connection with municipal construction of public works for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that governments are instituted for the purpose of securing the greatest good to the greatest number, and for showing that the rights of the whole people are always paramount to those of the individual.

Whenever, therefore, it becomes apparent that the parties engaged in street paving, for instance, have combined, or formed a trust, to practically control the paving industry, and fix a price that forces the several cities of the country to pay exorbitant and unreasonable prices for paving their streets, the time has come for municipalities to organize their own forces and build their own streets, even though it be temporarily at a greater cost than it could be done by private contract.

When, however, conditions arise, which make it necessary, or advisable, for a municipality to abandon the contract system and commence the construction of sewers or the building of streets, it should proceed upon well recognized lines, and prepare itself to do the work economically. The necessary plant should be acquired, a competent superintendent employed and placed in charge of the mechanical construction of the work under the carefully prepared plans and specifications of a competent engineering department, entirely separate and distinct from the construction department. In this way, responsibility for failures could be fixed and the highest efficiency obtained.

The, to my mind, insuperable objection against the contract system lies in the fact that, in most states, the law expressly requires that all contracts shall be let to the lowest responsible bidder, and then the law proceeds to define "the lowest responsible bidder" as any one who can give bond for the faithful performance of his contract.

That bonds, however carefully drawn, are wholly inadequate to secure the prompt, faithful and satisfactory compliance with con-

tracts, is a proposition too well understood and appreciated by all men who have ever had any experience in the enforcement of contracts to require any elucidation at my hands.

Even in states, or in the charters of cities where this is not the express law, there exists a public sentiment almost as inexorable in its demands as a specific statute, that contracts shall be let "to the lowest bidder" and the public official who dares to apply the same business rules in the letting of contracts for public business that he would unhesitatingly apply in his own private matters, knows when he does so that he takes his political life in his hands and subjects himself to the slanders and vituperation of every ward politician whom he may have in any way offended, and every sensational newspaper scribbler who may be in need of copy for unoccupied space. For some unaccountable reason, immediately upon his induction into office, the people seem to lose all confidence in a public official, become suspicious of his every act, and upon the slightest provocation, without investigation, are willing to join in the hue and cry of fraud and corruption in office, no matter by whom started. It is this lack of confidence, on the part of the public, that forces many good officials to do that which their better judgment does not approve; and especially is this true in the matter of letting contracts for public work.

There are, in the very nature of things, but three classes of contractors who can bid upon the public works.

The first, and unfortunately the most limited class, is the "honest contractor" who bids upon public work just as he does upon work to be let by the private individual, trusting upon his well-known and well-earned reputation for honesty, integrity and promptness, to enable him to secure a reasonable amount of work at a fairly remunerative profit, after allowing for the usual and unknown contingencies which must necessarily enter into every class of contract work, no matter how thoroughly the contracts may have been studied and estimates made.

The second class may be designated as the "adventurer" or irresponsible bidder, who bids largely at haphazard, but always low enough to secure the business, trusting to good fortune and the

inattention of city officials to let him get through with the contract in some form, and if loss must come, fully conscious of the fact that someone other than himself—either the public or his bondsman—will be the sufferer.

And the third class is known as the “boodler,” who secures his contracts through “political pull” and inside information as to how the specifications will be construed, and inspections made when the contract comes to be executed, and whose bid is always low enough to take the contract from the “honest contractor,” and at the same time provide for city officials and their clerks through whom valuable information is supposed to leak.

With only these three classes of bidders, how is it possible for the city to obtain value received for the work let under the contract system where the contract must be awarded to “the lowest responsible bidder”?

And how many public officials can you find who are willing to bear the storm of newspaper criticism, and trumped-up public indignation in order to follow his own judgment and award the contract to a higher bidder, even if he has the legal right to do so?

The result is that the public work under “the lowest bidder” rule must be let either to the “adventurer” or the “crook” while “the taxpayer pays the freight.”

To such an extent has this gone, and so well understood is it that the honest contractor has little or no chance when it comes to bidding upon public work, that a man or firm which is known to be engaged in the business of securing public contracts soon comes to be looked upon as little short of a criminal, and his methods of doing business regarded with suspicion by all classes of business men.

The contract system has done more to corrupt public officials, and lower the standard of official integrity, than any other one cause, save the granting of franchises to quasi-public corporations, which leads all other inducements to official crookedness.

The whole theory of letting contracts to the lowest bidder is founded upon the assumption that the public official is either incompetent or corrupt, and the average official if not incompetent

or corrupt, is often only too willing to shift the responsibility of properly informing himself as to what is really best for the city, and accepting that character of work which the "adventurer" or the "crook" may give under the lowest bid.

The only possible remedy for this condition of affairs under the contract system is to do away altogether with the rule requiring the acceptance of the "lowest bidder," and placing public officials upon their honor, and imposing upon them the responsibility of doing what is best for the city, and then holding them to a strict accountability for the results accomplished.

If this be too radical and dangerous a step to take, the only other possible escape from the dangers and absurdities of the contract system is to require the municipality itself to do all work of a public character and have a responsible head or superintendent for each department of public work whose position is given to him during good behavior, or so long as the results of his management show him to be entitled to public confidence.

Of course, mistakes will be made. No government ever has been, or ever will be, found perfect or free from defects; but if the responsibility is placed upon public officials, and they are made to understand that their administration of public affairs will be judged by the results actually accomplished, the chances are that the best possible results will be accomplished, and the most efficient administration possible of public affairs obtained.

Such a system will educate the masses of the people in governmental affairs, will make them take and feel an interest in the administration of their local governments, and in the end do more to prevent corruption in office and elevate the tone of official life than anything that can be done.

I respectfully submit, and most earnestly insist that the municipal construction of all works of purely a public character, that are in and of themselves necessary monopolies, is not "socialism," nor is it "municipal trading" as those terms are used and understood in modern sociological discussions. This country is not yet ready for the advent of socialism, nor is municipal trading yet necessary for the protection of the poorer classes. I sincerely trust that such

expedients may never become necessary in this land. And if the masses of the people but remain true to themselves and the institutions under which they live these conditions never can arise.

It must not be forgotten, however, that municipal governments are largely business organizations in which the people are stockholders and city officials directors, chosen for the time being to look after and manage their affairs for the best interest of all; that the only real necessity for the organization of a municipal government at all, is to enable the people as a whole and in their aggregate capacity to do that which as individuals they could not accomplish, and which is necessary and best for the public welfare. And whenever a municipal government ceases or fails to perform these functions the real reason for its existence is gone, it soon becomes an engine of oppression, and a mere machine for the distribution of public plunder.

As a practical illustration of what can and has been done by a city which does all of its public work in the way of street sprinkling, cleaning and repairing, building new streets, lighting its streets, parks, and all public buildings, and furnishing its citizens with water; I desire to give a brief summary of what has been accomplished by the city of Nashville, Tennessee, along these lines during the past twenty years.

In 1883, the letting of contracts under the old system by city officials to relatives, friends, and confederates, and the appointment to public offices of ward politicians, had reached such proportions and had become so objectionable that a popular uprising of the people demanded a change in the city charter taking away from the mayor and members of the City Council these powers and vesting in a Board of Public Works the power to make all contracts, inaugurate and supervise all public improvements, and making them generally responsible for the city's finances and the control of the public business. The duties of the City Council were confined almost exclusively to legislative functions, and the mayor given general supervision over all, with his actual power very much limited and restricted. In this latter respect, however, the power and duty of the mayor have since been largely increased, but the practical



administration of the business of the city still remains with the Board of Public Works composed of three members elected by the people for six years, one member being elected every two years.

Under this system of municipal government the city of Nashville owns, operates and maintains its water-works system, furnishes the city free of cost to the general taxpayers all water used for sprinkling 196 miles of streets twelve months in the year whenever needed; all water used by public buildings and charitable institutions; all water used for extinguishing fires; pays the interest on that portion of the bonded indebtedness of the city created for constructing the water works plant; provides all necessary funds for extending the system, and then leaves a neat surplus every year to be turned into the general fund of the city. This department of the city government has never become seriously involved in politics, one superintendent remaining in charge for nineteen years and then retiring to accept a similar position with a privately-owned water company in a neighboring city, at a salary under a contract for three years at double what the city of Nashville had been paying him. His successor has been in charge of the city plant for four years, and I feel sure that I cast no reflection on our former superintendent when I say that the present management of the water-works plant has shown more gratifying results than were ever achieved by any former superintendent.

The water works were first built by the city of Nashville in 1834, and there has never been a time when any respectable portion of the people would have seriously considered for a moment the sale of this plant to a private corporation. The rates charged by the city for water to private consumers are:

Minimum rate, for 1,350 cubic feet or less, \$2.00 per quarter.

From 1,350 to 960,000 cubic feet, from fifteen to six cents per 100 cubic feet per quarter, according to quantity used.

Comparing the rates charged for water in Nashville with the cities of Memphis, Louisville, San Francisco, Indianapolis and New Orleans, in all of which cities the water-works plants are owned by private companies, the minimum rates charged metered consumers are as follows:

Memph

Memphis, per month.....	\$2.00
Louisville, per month.....	3.00
San Francisco, per month.....	1.90
Indianapolis, per month.....	1.35
New Orleans, per month.....	1.05
Nashville, per month.....	.66½

STREET DEPARTMENT.

The next largest, most important, and possibly most difficult department of municipal work to successfully manage free from the partisan control and manipulation of ward politics is the Street Department.

This department of our municipal work has been under the supervision and control of the same man for the past twenty-four years. I refer to this fact as an evidence of the possibility, and at the same time the necessity, of keeping ward politics out of every department of the city government where efficient results are expected to be accomplished.

The engineering work for this department is entirely separate and distinct, and the parties in charge of this branch of the city's work are directly responsible to the Board of Public Works, as is the superintendent of the street department.

The city maintains such a plant of steam crushers, steam rollers, carts, wagons, teams, tools, and men as can be kept constantly employed at some public work all the year, whenever any work can be done, and during the busy season hires such additional teams and men as may be deemed advisable. In this way the city is placed in a perfectly independent position, and can practically dictate the price it will pay for teams and labor. The city authorities, however, have never hesitated and at nearly all times have actually paid more for labor than was being paid by private contractors for the same character of labor, and in this way the very best labor is secured and the best results accomplished. The city always pays promptly and in cash, and can always obtain the very best service.

BITULITHIC PAVING.

Two years ago the city authorities decided to try the construction of bitulithic pavement, under the Warren Brothers Company patents. When the first contract was made, it included an option to purchase a plant and continue the laying of this pavement under municipal control. When that trial contract was completed the city authorities and the public generally were so well pleased with this pavement, that the purchase of the plant at a cost of about \$10,000 was immediately made and the construction of this pavement has been proceeded with under municipal control, and at very much less cost to the city than any contract I have heard of being made by any city where the work is being done under contract with the company which lays this patent pavement. While this pavement is being laid under the supervision of the expert representatives of the Warren Brothers Company, and in accordance with instructions furnished from its laboratory from the daily samples sent them for analysis and tests, the guarantee which the contractor is always required to make and for which the city must pay, is saved in addition to the profit which the contractor must make and the unexpected contingencies which he must provide for if he continues in business. All this is saved for the benefit of the whole public instead of going into the pockets of the private contractor.

STREET SPRINKLING DEPARTMENT.

In no department of our municipal work has its advantages over the contract system been so strikingly demonstrated as in the sprinkling of our streets.

During the year 1893, the sprinkling of the streets was done by contract at a cost of \$24,269.90 for sprinkling fifty miles of streets, some of which were sprinkled once, some twice, and some three times per day, or a total of 130 sprinkling miles. This work was very unsatisfactory to the public, especially during the first five months of the year.

For the year 1894, this work was again done by contract, there

being no competitive bidding, and the contract was awarded for \$18,042.50.

For the year 1895, the contract was again awarded to the same firm for the sum of \$12,287.76 with a small increase in the number of sprinkling miles. For this year's contract there were competitive bidders which accounts for decrease in price to some extent.

During this year the city authorities decided to do this work under municipal authority instead of by contract, but were unable to secure the equipment until about March 1, 1896, the old contractors continuing to do the work during January and February of that year.

The total cost to the city for sprinkling its streets for the year 1896, was \$18,745.12, including the purchase of thirteen new sprinkling wagons, five old ones purchased from the former contractors, and all the teams, harness and other equipment necessary for this work.

For 1897, the superintendent now in charge of this department of municipal work was selected and the cost to the city was \$10,235.82.

For the year 1898, the total cost of this department to the city was \$9,059.37, and included about ten miles of additional territory.

For the year 1899, the total cost was \$13,044.45, and included a further ten-mile increase in sprinkling territory.

For the year 1900, the total cost was \$13,060, which included the purchase of six new wagons.

For the year 1901, the total expenditures were \$12,059.15.

For the year 1902, this department cost the city \$14,098.78, including the purchase of ten mules.

At different times the amount of territory sprinkled has been increased from 130 miles in 1893, to 197½ miles in 1903, while for the year 1893, it cost \$24,269.90, and for the year 1902, \$14,098.78, and the city owns wagons and mules and harness, all of which have been paid for out of the expenses of the department since the city took charge. The greatest amount expended in any one year by the city was the first year that the city undertook the work, which was \$18,745.12, or \$5,524.78 less than the cost the first year under the contract system.

The average annual cost to the city for sprinkling 130 miles of street under the contract system for three years was \$16,200.06, while the average annual cost under the present plan for seven years has been \$12,900.38, out of which the city has paid for and now owns its entire sprinkling equipment necessary for the operation of this department.

During the years 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896, when the contract system was in force, the wages paid day laborers was \$1.00 per day; while from 1897 to 1902, inclusive, the time covered by municipal work in this department, the rate paid was \$1.25 per day.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

I desire to notice the result of the first year's operation of the Municipal Electric Light Plant built by the city, in contrast with the last year's cost of lighting the city by contract.

The total cost for lighting the city under the contract system had for several years been about \$49,000 per annum, which did not include the lighting of the State Capitol and grounds or the parks; and the actual cash paid by the city for lighting its streets and public buildings for the year 1901, was \$47,302.75. This gave to the city 382 arc electric lights of an estimated capacity of 2,000 candle-power, the outages and inefficiencies upon which kept the city officials in a constant broil with the company on the one hand, and the citizens on the other. It gave to the city 539 gas lights with common tip burners, operated on a moonlight schedule, and furnished all necessary lights for the public buildings.

On October 1, 1902, the city accepted from the contractors its newly-constructed electric-light plant at a cost of \$140,063.73, which included the cost of the building-site and of the building, and took charge of lighting the streets and public buildings, commencing with 527 arc and 1,271 incandescent lights, and continuing the use of the gas lights in some sections of the city where the electric wires had not been extended, but cutting off all contract electric lights the first night. From the date of acceptance until January 1, 1903, additions to this plant were made at a cost of

\$13,916.93, making the total cost up to the latter date \$153,980.66.

The successful operation of this plant has continued without accident or interruption from the day it was accepted by the municipal authorities, and we now have in operation 630 arc and 1,961 incandescent lights, 330 of the latter being of 60 candle-power, and the total load carried being equal to 822 arc lamps.

The actual cost of operating this plant for twelve months has been \$35,162.96, which includes interest on bonds, betterment, repairs, etc., and everything properly chargeable to operating expenses except depreciation, for which an allowance should, of course, be made. These figures include the lighting of the State Capitol building and grounds and the parks.

This plant does no commercial business, and is confined strictly to public lighting, but after the city had finally decided to construct this plant, the private company, which was then charging its customers eighteen cents per kilowatt, before the foundations for the city's plant were completed voluntarily reduced its price to private consumers from eighteen to twelve cents per kilowatt, and contracts are now being made with the private company for a term of years at five cents per kilowatt.

The total expense of operating the municipal plant from October 1, 1902, to October 1, 1903, was \$35,162.96. Had the light now being furnished to the city been supplied by the private company under the contract in force at the time the city took charge of its own lighting it would have cost the city, on a basis of the present load equal to 822 arc lights, \$69,870, or \$22,567.25 per year more than the city was paying in 1901, before it built its plant, and \$34,707.04 more than it now costs.

The city of Nashville can well afford to supply all users of light and power at not exceeding six cents per kilowatt and provide for all expenses and contingencies, the extension and improvement of the plant to meet the growing demands of the city, and a sinking fund for the retirement of the indebtedness created for the construction of the plant. The actual cost to the city for producing electricity during the past twelve months has been 2.65 cents per kilowatt.

In the face of such highly satisfactory and practical results as these, I can see no good reason why every city should not, just as fast as circumstances and conditions will permit, take charge of the building, cleaning and repairing of its streets and sewers, so essential to the preservation of the public health. And why this should not be followed by the municipality furnishing to its citizens at the lowest price and upon the most satisfactory terms possible water, light, telephone, telegraph and street-car service. These utilities are now practical necessities and natural monopolies in every well-regulated up-to-date city, and while I would not even suggest the effort to acquire all of these utilities at any one time, their gradual acquisition and ultimate control should be commenced by every municipal organization which has the welfare of the public at heart. Through a properly organized and well managed system of municipal construction wherever it can be used all these results can ultimately be accomplished, the public welfare served, and the municipal government improved.

The conflict between the contract system and the private ownership of public utilities on the one side, and municipal construction and governmental ownership of all natural monopolies on the other, is irrepressible and must be fought to a finish with but one result possible in the end,—a complete vindication of the right, the duty and the ability of the people to govern themselves.

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THE WAR IN THE EAST AND ITS POSSIBLE COMPLICATIONS.

THE war between Japan and Russia makes it pertinent to inquire how far the conflagration will be likely to spread. And in order that our inquiry may have practical value we must not give free rein to the imagination, but must rather confine ourselves to those relations which rest upon a substantial basis and to those motives which usually control international action.

There has been much speculation as to the attitude which China will assume. The conclusion reached depends upon what facts the emphasis is thrown. It is undoubtedly true that a certain bitterness was engendered by the China-Japanese war, and that had hostilities broken out between Japan and Russia immediately after the close of said war China would no doubt have been strongly impelled to unite with the latter nation for purposes of revenge. The assistance which Russia rendered to China at the close of said war would have formed a sufficient basis for an alliance between them.

But it is equally true that a series of important events during the period of almost a decade which has elapsed since the close of the China-Japanese war furnish ample basis for the conclusion that Chinese sympathy for Russia and hatred of Japan have undergone a very marked modification. The action of Russia in demanding a lease of Port Arthur and *adjacent territory* as a reward for championing the doctrine of the territorial integrity of China could not fail to produce a deep impression upon the Chinese mind. This impression was deepened by the action of Russia's allies in her "labor of love." Following close upon the heels of this came the *temporary* occupation of the whole of Manchuria by Russia, the treaty providing for the evacuation, and the dishonorable breach of said treaty by Russia.

These events have forced upon China the conviction that Russian love for her is not so disinterested as it once seemed and that if

Russia is ever induced to release her hold upon Manchuria it will only be by the application of force. She is also convinced that acting alone she cannot apply a sufficient amount of force. She is furthermore convinced that if Russia is permitted to steal Manchuria with impunity there is no adequate guarantee that Russian advance will halt at the Southern boundary of Manchuria. A desire for self-preservation, which, with nations as with individuals, is no mean force in determining conduct, must therefore impel China to look with disfavor upon the triumph of Russia in the struggle with Japan.

The recent ratification by China of her treaty with the United States, opening Mukden and Antung to the trade of the world, is excellent evidence of her changed attitude towards Russia. For, as Russia strongly opposed the ratification of this treaty, it is evident that neither the love nor the fear of Russia is as great at Peking as it once was. Hence, it is fair to conclude that China now feels at liberty to act along the line of greatest advantage, even though such action should displease Russia.

As it is clear that the Japanese policy is far less injurious to China than is the Russian, both in its territorial and commercial aspects, it is practically certain that China will not ally herself with Russia but will either remain neutral or cast her lot with Japan. Her attitude during the early part of the war will be one of neutrality. To use a familiar figure of speech, she will wait until she sees which way the "cat is going to jump." And should Japan prove to be no match for Russia, Chinese neutrality will continue to the end. But this is not likely to occur. Japan may be safely counted upon to win important victories at the start, both on sea and land. The opportunity then offered will be one which it will be difficult, if not impossible, for China to resist.

Nor would the assistance of China be a negligible quantity. There are a number of Chinese regiments organized and drilled by Japanese officers which would give a very good account of themselves upon the field of battle. What the Chinese warrior lacks is not endurance or amenability to discipline, but organizing ability. With this deficiency supplied by Japanese officers he will no doubt

become an effective fighting machine. The Chinese position, flanking as it does the Russian line of communications for thousands of miles, will enable her to cut that line at will, unless Russia uses a considerable portion of her entire fighting force in protecting it. There is another way in which China could render very effective aid to Japan, viz: by furnishing provisions for the Japanese fighting force. This would not be a heavy burden upon China and would be of inestimable assistance to Japan, particularly if her navy does not succeed in forcing the Russian navy into a general engagement so as to make itself master of the sea.

But should China ally herself with Japan as her interests would undoubtedly impel her to do, would that force other nations into the struggle? In other words, would it precipitate a general war? This question must be considered from two standpoints: (1) that of treaty obligations and (2) that of friendship and interests.

The treaty of alliance between Russia and France binds each of them to come to the assistance of the other provided either of them is attacked by two powers. But is China a power within the provision of this treaty? This depends upon whether we interpret the treaty according to the letter thereof or in accordance with its spirit.

There is little room for doubt but that the parties to the treaty had in mind first-class powers in the European sense of the term; and that by them China was not considered a first-class power any more than is Corea. Hence, if France should not see fit to join Russia as an offset to Chinese assistance to Japan, Russia could not rightfully charge her with bad faith or a breach of treaty obligations any more than Japan could hold England obligated to take part if perchance Corea should cast her lot with Russia. Treaties, like other contracts, must be interpreted in accordance with the reasonable intention of the parties thereto. And it is most unlikely that Russia would insist upon a literal interpretation of the treaty, and ask France to join her as that would bring England into the conflict and thus leave Russia in a worse position than before. For, certain it is that England with her superior navy would be a more powerful factor in the struggle than would France.

If, then, France is not bound by treaty obligations to interfere, is

she so bound by ties of friendship and interest? This question also must be answered in the negative. The ardor of French affection for Russia has dampened very perceptibly within the past few years. Since the Fashoda incident the French have been rapidly coming to see that Russian affection for France is bounded by the line of Russian interests; that the advantages accruing to France from the alliance with Russia have by no means been equal to the disadvantages. A striking evidence of this fact is the recent treaty between France and England, and her rapprochement with Italy. Cordial relations with these two, together with the fact that the Triple Alliance is moribund, render a continuance of the Dual Alliance no longer indispensable to France. She is therefore free to follow the line of greatest advantage in the present crisis in the Far East. That neutrality would be this line of greatest advantage, as surely as it is the line of the least resistance, is evident when we consider that the opposite course would subject her navy to a clash with that of England which would mean almost certain defeat and would place her again at the mercy of Germany. Such a risk is out of all proportion to what France could reasonably hope to gain.

With France remaining neutral there is almost no likelihood that either England, Germany or the United States would become parties to the struggle; because, in common with France they have far more to gain by simply watching the proceedings. It is therefore unlikely that the war will become general, unless Russia should crush Japan and then, elated by her victory, so trample under foot the treaty rights of other nations that their self-respect would compel them to resort to force.

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SHOULD MR. ROOSEVELT BE NOMINATED?

THE question whether Mr. Roosevelt should be nominated for President by the Republican National Convention next summer is not entirely clear, and it is proposed to make a few suggestions upon the subject.

The Presidency of the United States is the greatest elective office in the world, and the proper execution of its duties requires a great deal of ability, much experience in public affairs, and rare discretion. Deliberation, reason and conscience should control the opinions, and direct the action of the incumbent of that office. In such a position hasty and inconsiderate measures and personal and political idiosyncracies are entirely out of place.

For several years past Mr. Roosevelt has been acting in the role of lecturer, adviser and exhorter of the people of the United States upon various questions of education, politics and morals. In this peculiar role he has manifested a disposition to indulge in strictures more or less severe upon those who do not agree with him. This fact has perhaps increased the disposition, and it certainly has not diminished the right to inquire by what warrant he adds the function of a national censor to the duties of the office of President. And perhaps it has led to a closer scrutiny of his acts and sayings and a fuller investigation of his fitness for the great office for which he so strenuously seeks a nomination. It is the declaration of Divine wisdom that "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." And the humblest citizen of the republic is the equal of the highest officer in the right to form and express his opinion,—a right which Mr. Roosevelt has at times seemed to deny.

Another peculiarity of Mr. Roosevelt is his method of dealing with historical facts. The Duke of Wellington said of Sir Robert Peel: "Of all men I ever knew he had the greatest regard for truth." This was one of the highest compliments that could be paid to a statesman. For truth is not only one of the cardinal virtues, but

in its most comprehensive sense is essential to the existence and preservation of the family, of society and of government. Mr. Roosevelt in his public addresses last year sometimes took occasion to impress upon his countrymen the value of this primal virtue, and he did it well. But, unfortunately, like Ophelia's "ungodly pastors," he sometimes "recks not his own reed."

In his speech in San Francisco, last May, he informed the people that Mr. McKinley was opposed to the war with Spain till it became "inevitable." The inevitable is something that cannot be avoided. It is as uncontrollable as fate, to which, according to ancient ideas, even the gods must submit. It is very convenient for politicians and others to cover up the crimes of rulers and nations with the word *inevitable*, or *fate*, or *destiny*, by which they mean the same thing. Mr. Roosevelt's excuse for Mr. McKinley's change of front in the eleventh hour on the Spanish war question is not unusual even with good speakers and writers. We give below some extracts from one of these writers who candidly avows what is really covered up in Mr. Roosevelt's word "inevitable."

This writer says: "True, our own nation was founded on a protest against the insolence of established power. The fathers sought asylum at barren Plymouth Rock that they might reverse the relation of Might and Right. But the same old seed was in them. The instant that they found that killing Indians and taking their lands was easy and profitable they went at it. We have made short shrift of the removal of a once mighty race. And our appetite for blood is whetted keen. Now it is being sated in the Philippines. But that feast cannot last forever. When the fate of poor Lo has been duplicated in the fate of the last intractable Philippine progress will turn elsewhere; its Juggernaut will find more bones to crush. The weaker races of the American continent may look out indeed. Yes, all world-history is a warning to them to prepare for the inevitable. It is hard, but it is fate."

The foregoing extract is an elucidation of Mr. Roosevelt's word "inevitable." It is the doctrine of the filibuster, the pirate, the robber and the murderer. It has been repeatedly shown in THE ARENA and elsewhere that our war upon Spain was wrong, and

might easily have been avoided. Mr. McKinley weakly yielded to politicians and speculators, and to the ignorant and foolish popular clamor for war, and became in the end, as some recent writer truly says, "The responsible author" of that war.

Mr. Roosevelt's *inevitable* as a justification of the war with Spain is utterly worthless. It was inevitable as any great crime which individuals or the rulers of a nation deliberately commit is inevitable, and not otherwise, and the nature of this crime is made plain by the above quotation. In a speech at Junction City, Kansas, on May 2, 1903, Mr. Roosevelt called the Philippine war "One of the most difficult and one of the most righteous contests ever waged by any civilized nation." He had previously held that that war was "The aftermath of the Spanish war." Necessarily, the aftermath, or second crop, is of the same nature as the first, and the Spanish war being *unrighteous* the Philippine war could not be righteous; and as a matter of fact was exactly the contrary.

On the third day of April, 1903, at Waukesha, Wis., Mr. Roosevelt said that "If we are to be true to our past, we must steadfastly keep these two positions: To submit to no injury by the strong nor inflict any injury on the weak." In order "to be true to our past," we are not "*to inflict any injury on the weak.*" Now the fact is that we have been inflicting injuries on the weak in nearly all our wars for ninety years. We have had no foreign war since the last one with Great Britain in which we were not the aggressors on the rights of the weak. The first one, our war upon Mexico, was always held by nearly all the great leaders of the Whig, and the Republican parties, and by many Democrats to be unjust, and the opinion of General Grant, in his *Memoirs*, that it was "One of the most unjust wars ever waged by a strong nation against a weak one," far outweighs the opinion of Col. Roosevelt.

Enough has been said above about our last two foreign wars, the Spanish and the Philippine. As to our Indian wars since the last British war: A commission of nine competent men who were appointed by President Grant in 1869 to examine all matters pertaining to Indian affairs, reported that: "The history of the Government connections with the Indians is a shameful record of

broken treaties and unfulfilled promises. The history of the border white man's connection with the Indians is a sickening record of murder, outrage, robbery and wrongs committed by the former as the rule, and of occasional savage outbreaks and unspeakably barbarous deeds of retaliation by the latter as the exception." The testimony of some of our highest and most reliable civil and military officers confirms this report.

Other instances of the President's peculiar way of dealing with historical facts might be given, but the subject is not a pleasant one to dwell upon and may be dismissed with a brief quotation from a very high authority: "Thou therefore which teachest another teachest thou not thyself?"

Another peculiarity of Mr. Roosevelt is his low estimate of the value of life. He has been a killer from his youth. Some of his admirers claim for him some wonderful exploits in that line among beasts and birds. And in his book, *Louisiana and the North-west*, he boasts that, while ranching in what he calls "The happy hunting grounds of the Little Missouri," "I myself killed every kind of game encountered by Lewis and Clarke." This indiscriminate slaughter of God's creatures for sport, and as an exhibition of deadly skill naturally hardens the heart, and develops the instinct for blood till human life itself is esteemed of little worth by the habitual killer. The author of *The Century of Sir Thomas More* says truly that "Man is not sufficiently civilized to gaze upon blood; in him, as in the lion, it awakens a sanguinary thirst"; and General Lew. Wallace, in the *Prince of India*, says that "The delight in killing, more than anything else, proves man to be the most ferocious of brutes." So strongly was this taste for destruction developed in Mr. Roosevelt that while we were still at peace with Spain, according to the repeated statement of Ex-Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Long, this gentleman, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, wanted to hunt up and destroy the Spanish fleet.

It was perfectly natural that such a man should rush with hot haste into the war with Spain, ignoring all questions of right or wrong, and that he should claim great glory for his exploits therein. His boasting of his exploits in killing brings to mind an inscription

of Tiglath Pileser, the organizer of the Assyrian empire: "In the country of the Hittites he boasts of having slain four wild bulls, strong and fierce . . . on the banks of the Khabour he had killed ten large wild buffaloes, and taken four alive. . . . The lions which he had destroyed in various journeys he estimated at 920. All these successes he ascribes to the powerful protection of Nin and Neigal [his gods]. . . . This religious spirit pervades the whole inscription." He also boasts of his barbarity in killing human beings. Both the Assyrian and the American seem to have been animated in their killing exploits by the same "religious spirit." The former was a good prototype of the latter.

In his speech at San Francisco, on the thirteenth of May last, Mr. Roosevelt had considerable to say in favor of establishing a "Peaceful Domination" of the Pacific ocean.

Among other things, he said: "We must keep on building and maintaining a thoroughly efficient navy, with plenty of the best and most formidable ships, with an ample supply of officers and men trained in the most thorough way to the best possible performance of their duty. Only thus can we assume our position in the world at large and in particular our position here on the Pacific."

Domination means dominion, rule, control, mastery, lordship, sovereignty. In the light of the two sentences above quoted the speaker evidently means to "*assume*" control of that great ocean by a great and "thoroughly efficient navy," against the world. For it is a long and well settled rule of international law that "The ocean is common to all mankind and may be successively used by all as they have occasion."* And "A state which should openly violate, or permit its subjects to violate, the well-established and generally-received maxims of law would not only lose its standing among nations, but would provoke universal reprobation and hostility."† Nearly all of the great powers of the world have important commercial interests on and around the Pacific ocean, and no one of them will ever be permitted by the others to control it. *Peaceful* domination by any of them is an impossibility. Any serious attempt to "*assume*" domination, by any of them, would be

* Sir Sherston Baker.

† *Ibid.*

almost sure to lead to a destructive war, and to the defeat of the nation that provoked it.

Considering the history of Mr. Roosevelt for the last six years, his unfortunate speeches, and his jingoish proclivities it does not seem prudent to nominate him for another term. The command of the army and navy for four years more might tempt him to abuse his power, and to involve his country in the misery and guilt of an aggressive and destructive war.

There are other men both in the East and in the West whose nomination would be better for the country and better for the party. In the West, Senator Warren, of Wyoming, has been suggested. Mr. Warren is an able man, of long and successful experience in the affairs of his state, and of remarkable facility in acquiring information upon any business or political question. He understands, better than Mr. Roosevelt, at least two of the greatest interests of the country, irrigation and finance. He is not at all "faddy," and has too much practical common sense to get the country into any more foolish and wasteful wars. Most of the states west of the Mississippi river are deeply interested in the early irrigation of their arid lands. To them it means an addition of millions to their population, and untold wealth. If it be true, as is stated, that the dissatisfaction with Roosevelt in the East and Middle West is increasing, and the States that are so deeply interested in irrigation would unite upon Warren he might be nominated.

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THE DIVINE FOREHEAD-MARK.

"Go set a mark on the forehead of the men who sigh and cry on account of the abominations done."—*Ezekiel*.

AS A matter of literary and historic fact, most scholars are aware that in the evolution of human intelligence, conscience, ethical vision, and the slowly perfected powers of national eloquence and expression, no greater height of marvelous poetic beauty and apparently miraculous intuition has ever been attained than in several of the Hebraic prophets and poets. The able and penetrant critic, Francis Grierson, says:

"Some words have souls, some have spirit, and some only form. The Hebrew prophets possessed the *soul* of language. This language was, and still is, a medium for the invocation of the untold and inscrutable Forces of Time and Eternity. The character and tone of the seers agree, from the greatest to the smallest. Things described, laws laid down, might have been rendered by a seer or a philosopher of yesterday, so modern is the applicability of the visions, examples, maxims."

Among these great mystics, whose vivid picturesqueness, ethical passion, and suggestive intellectual powers "make Greek and Roman seem like attenuated imitation," and forever astound humanity by their vital wisdom and sublimity, Ezekiel takes front rank. He opens his impassioned and eloquent appeal for higher national conscience and nobler political and social purity by words and figures that have rung with thrilling power through ages, and excited the widest interest and conjecture among metaphysicians and ethicists as to the exact bearing of some of the allegoric metaphors he employs to prefigure and retain his inspirations till evolving centuries should unfold the meaning. Some of these grow easier to divine in the light of modern scientific discovery and social experience.

At the outset of his invocation to the audience of ages, he declares that in his sad exile among alien captors of his body the Divine

Creator of his "unconquerable soul" came to him by the river of his captivity and unrolled a vision of Heaven, a system of celestial cosmic order.

Long before our modern science had discovered the nebular system and the mechanism of a heaven revolving upon centripetal gravity, Ezekiel declared how the Creator parted the skies before his vision and revealed a system of "wheels within wheels." In this far-back antiquity of abstract intuition and spiritual vision, the author of life and light seems to have unfolded to him, in a pictorial figure, the grand progression, balance and distribution of forces and forms in their astronomical and industrial bearings.

By aid of luminous artistic symbols we are introduced into the very principles of dynamics and correlated celestial motion; principles which, as I have tried to show in my book, *The Gate Beautiful*, are alike present and pregnant not merely in physics and ethics, but in all esthetic form-reasoning and composition. The progression of force and form from mathematical concepts of Unity, Duality and Multiplicity; or metaphysical concepts of Centrality, Balance and Variety; or dynamic concepts of Cohesion, Rhythm and Diffusion; and (as in the opening human hand) artistic distribution of lines from right, round, to radiate relation, reveals a progress from the angular tension of "straight" lines to the graceful curvature of "circular," and then the "starry" correlation or co-ordination of many—as implied in the prophet's vision. For he describes how etheric impulse appeared to him first in the form of a "strong wind" with movements that were "*straight forward*, turning neither to right or left"; the nebulous heat as a cloud "of fire," spirally "folding upon itself" (as the "vortex" concept of atomic movement of to-day suggests); then (ideal biological beauty appearing in "the likeness of a man," and cosmic intellect and observation in the likeness of "four faces" addressed to the four winds, fanned by "four wings" of inspiration and progression) lo! the last grand adjustment of "wheels within wheels" appears to him, as correlated Revolution and Radiation. This is the solar system as we now know it to be, and the whole seems to prefigure the scientific axiom of nebular motion, that, if one body be impelled through space, it goes straight

till deflected by a second; then of the two associate movements or divisions of a body, the tendency of the stronger is to establish orbital movement over the second, as our earth over our moon; and, finally, of several fragments or multiplied bodies, the "wheel within wheel" arrangement for harmonic adjustment arrives, such as has arrived evidently for our sun and planets and associate satellites.

Now, it is interesting and impressive to see, through the prophet's eyes, some of the latter forecasts and implications of his vision, as equally maturing to-day. He suggests the Creator's direct sympathy and identity with His human children by "the spirit" that appeared to him assuming the "likeness of a man," which yet implied to man his intellectual unity with all intelligence and life, above and below, by putting beside the human faces, the faces (intelligences) of beasts of the field, birds of the air, and cherubim of heaven. And he expressly emphasizes that Immanence of Deity in all creation by repeating the assurance that the divine "Spirit was in the living creatures" and "in the wheels" (or mechanics of motion); yet that the machine did not dominate the living creatures nor the creative "Spirit"; but *per contra*, "whither the Spirit went, they went, and the wheels were lifted up beside them. When those went, these went, and when those stood, these stood." And this should seem to us very significant, that it is not the "machinery" of life that should dominate life, but life should dominate and dictate to its machinery. To-day men are crushing out themselves, their lives, and best interests by worshiping "the machine" and making it ride down humanity and the soul's destiny like a diabolical Juggernaut.

He shows us that over all were the twice-double "wings" of Inspiration, and beneath were the human "hands" of artistic execution, while above was the pure "firmament" or divine birth-chamber, "like a terrible crystal"; and the richly-colored rainbow of esthetic feeling was there ("a bow as in a day of rain"); and they all went forward together "as a burning fire like the appearance of torches" or agents of illumination. Surely a sublime and brilliant picture-poem of the march onward of Life, Light, Form, Color, Feeling, Inspiration, Education and the Executive Arts!

As we read we find the prophet (as a typical human soul) was then not merely illuminated and overwhelmed by the Divine Spirit, but enabled to "stand" upon his "feet" and "go forward fearlessly" to his mission, though "thorns and briers and scorpions" beset his path. And he was empowered by the Spirit of God to "eat the rolled book" of the revelation (or absorb it into his life) proving "in my mouth sweet as honey." And he was assured that though the world's corrupt heart was hard, yet "the forehead" of God's servant should be made harder ("as adamant harder than flint") to overcome the world, that it might know at last a true "prophet was among them" and they might "repent and hear." He confesses he went forth, "in bitterness and heat of spirit" (as "the hand of the Lord was strong upon me") and with the dread words of responsibility ringing in his ears for the souls he was to warn of vengeance coming, which should make their "gold an unclean thing, unable to deliver them; their soul also unsatisfied and their beauty a prey to strangers."

And now the scene changes. He is lifted by the Spirit to mid-air to the "gates" of the great "Temple of God," and shown how the elders and priests have "portrayed a secret" on the sacred wall, "every form of creeping thing and beast, and worship the sun toward the east, saying, 'The Lord sees us not, He has forsaken the earth.'"

Here we seem to have clearly premonitioned the late pathetic tendency of agnosticism in church and school, which Tolstoi excoriates as "the scientific scientists," "science for science's self," for mere private mental gymnastics and cerebral iridescence, without their heart being vitally touched and without essential reverence or faith in the Divine Life. By them every biological insect and reptile and animal is portrayed, and the lower natural light from Eastern classics revered, but the actual presence and sympathy of God in human affairs is ignored. Their cry has been, "We do n't know anything about Him. If he exists, He does n't practically enter this planet nor concern Himself with our affairs. We do as we please, and each must fight for himself. We therefore worship

ourselves, our knowledge, our ownings, and our blest forebears, and put them in His place."

This materialistic idolatry, still so prevalent and impiously degrading, and which is the fertile father of so much gross selfishness and cruel commercialism, has evidently no kinship (either in the divine or the prophetic mind) with that higher, truer power and more devout evolution figured in the preceding picture, where, through unfolding and resplendent orders of progressive Life and Force and Form, the prophet was shown the *included* lives of bird, beast, man and angel, up to and under the shadowing wings of all-pervading Deity.

Hence Ezekiel speaks of these misled and misleading materialists as "Every one dark in the chambers of imagery" (that is, spiritually sightless in those wonderful inner halls of the temple of life, Adoration and Imagination, where the realest realities should dwell, and not the chimeras).

But now once more the Vision and Divine Voice calls up "executioners" (the sacred "hands") of his will; and among them true Literature, an inspired "writer with an inkhorn," who is commanded to go forth and "mark upon the forehead (of intellect) the men that sigh and cry for all the abominations done," (the ethical, philosophical, social, industrial and political crimes committed) "because the land is full of blood and wresting of judgment"; and the divine executioners of vengeance shall spare the men who have the divine "forehead-mark"; but the reverential "writer" is seen to enter the holy circle of the "wheels within wheels," and the divine "hand" to extend to him coals of sacred inspiration and persuasion. He is told that the essential "law shall perish from the priest (the nominal church), and wisdom's "counsel shall perish from the ancients" (the legislative leaders), and "the king" (or civil executive center) "shall mourn and be desolate," and "the worst heathen possess the cities"; for his own personal brethren have said, "Get you far from the Lord," while "the leaders have filled the city with slain, have gotten dishonest gain, exercised robbery, and vexed the poor and needy." These victims of social misleadership are they who might have lived and labored mercifully

and righteously, but have been misled, prevented and destroyed.

Have we here no ringing warning against our similar mercenary and cruel misleaders in modern law and industry? Do we not hear daily the same brutal and accursed orations for blood and rapine; for wars of aggression, oppression and speculation? Do not the nominal social or industrial "king," legal "counselor" or sycophantish "priest" together plot, with callous unconcern, over the starved, frozen, overworked, dying women and little children, in mines, sweat-shops and factories? And are we not eye witnesses of their shooting down and of the fierce lynchings of child-like national wards, and of atrocious murders done on the children of Israel in Europe?

Therefore Ezekiel heard (as we must hear) "the word of the Lord against the false prophets" and misleaders, "who have built with untempered mortar, vain walls that shall fall" in the day of test and material strain. What a modern touch of grim satire he gives the picture where he tells how the church-going citizens chatter idly about proper attendance on their dilettante clergy, saying, "Let us hear, but do not" what they say, because they speak "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant [esthetic] voice, and can play well on an instrument" (a machine), "but they hear and do not, for the heart goeth after gain." Therefore saith the Lord: "I am against the shepherds that do feed themselves but not the sheep which wander upon the mountains, a prey to every wild beast, and which eat what ye have trodden down and drink what ye have fouled. I will judge between the fat cattle and lean [the rich and poor] and will bind the broken and strengthen the sick, but the fat and strong I will destroy."

Lastly, he shows clearly that the Almighty is neither cruel ("I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that he should repent and turn"), nor against pure science, pure beauty or true prosperity. For he hears the divine monitor first warn the luxurious, idle, pleasure-seeking women (Ezekiel, 13: 18—22), and then just as strikingly declare the mystery of Cosmic Beauty and the principle that God loves the elements but will not have them loved for themselves. No science for science's sake; no art for

art's sake; no wealth for wealth's sake; but only science, art, beauty, prosperity, for Divine Life's sake, and for nobly developed Humanity and personal character.

"You, my people, were a child, cast among the thorns of life, and I picked you up and washed you, and loved you when the season of love came, and clothed you with embroidery, sealskin, fine linen, silk, bracelets and a chain, earrings and a crown. Thou wast exceeding beautiful. Thy renown went forth for thy beauty, and it was perfect through my might which I had put upon thee. But thou didst trust in thy beauty and didst play the harlot, and sacrifice thy sons and daughters to thy idolatry, and didst pass them through the fire. Thou hast made thy beauty an abomination."

A famous historian of Cæsarism and the fall of Rome says: "No physical force can long replace the indispensable internal requirements for the growth of a social body; while on the other hand the right inner conditions inevitably beget the necessary physical strength.

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THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

THE SPHINX.

III.

“The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best.”

I HAD thought until a few days ago that Emerson was not apt and happy in the choice of this word “fiend,” as I have said. The name is given to a mental principle which is good, and not bad. Why this bad name? I had thought a “fiend” significant in one element of a conception, namely, in persistency. The saints may not always persevere, but the devils always do. They never leave the trail. This virtue in a bad spirit is worthy of imitation. Perhaps this is the only one. This is hardly analogy enough to support the metaphor. Certainly a good spirit and not a bad one is wanted by the context and as a co-worker with the sphinx in proving the new version of the poet in regard to things thought to be evil. My recent light, if it be such, would call the line a paradox, a creature which must be handled kindly and with a good deal of allowance, because it does not mean just what it says. The reader is expected to help out a little.

What had been the faith for centuries of the whole Christian world up to the time when Emerson wrote this poem? Was it not that man had been harried by a fiend? Not called by this name, indeed, but by names which are synonyms, or which are convertible into this name. Satan is Milton’s favorite name, and a pretty smart fiend as he paints him.

The “devil” is a name now hardly allowed in polite society, and so rarely heard in cultivated pulpits.

So the maker of this poetry would say by implication, Man has truly been pursued from the first by a “fiend,” but a good fiend.

How could “love of the Best” do anything for man without knowledge, and how could knowledge do anything unless wanted by

some principle other than itself? Knowledge of the bad and of something better, then a desire for that better,—these were fatal to contentment in the old situation. The illustrations in the history of man are innumerable. We need only one or two.

Man at first lives upon the spontaneous products of the earth. He learns that by adding his labor these products are increased ten-fold. Does he want the ten-fold enough to pay the price of his labor? That is, has he enough of "love of the Best"? Men differ. Some have more of this power than others. In some nations or peoples the power is small, notably in the North American Indians. In the Irish race it is large. Their "love of the Best" is fast giving them the best. The grandchildren of men who came to America out of wretched hovels in Ireland, have many of them attained to positions of wealth and honor. The negro race has a good endowment of this beneficent "fiend," and it is marching toward the best, or to great ameliorations.

Typhoid prevails in a particular location. What is the cause? The intellect—the sphinx—has asked and answered the question. Bad drainage is the cause, and lo! this "fiend," as "love of the Best," has straightway removed the evil. If, unfortunately, these two powers are inert, then the evil continues. Life in all its forms feels the application or the want of these forces.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest."

What of these two last lines? Consciousness proceeds very largely by the contrast of more and less. This primary and fundamental antithesis appears in all mental phenomena. Its climax is seen in the good and bad conditions in which man is leading his life here in nature. The bad is seen to be bad, the good is seen to be good by the spectacle of one set over against the other. Man is often in low and pitiful circumstances, but does not know it. He has not seen anything else. Give him the vision of something better, and, if he has enough "love of the Best," he will seek it. An

amelioration or improvement in some form or several forms will often extend over large areas. One sees while in "the pit of the Dragon," which is the metaphor for the bad condition, that there is something better; and this is the spur to effort for the attainment of that something better in the appearance given by what is here called "rays from the Blest." The terms of the comparison reveal each other, and the effect is often irresistible. Men have gone on in some cases age after age, never feeling this contrast.

"The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain."

The splendid meanings in these lines we must consider slowly.

"The Lethe of Nature."

Emerson says in the "Essay on Experience":

"Where do we find ourselves? In a series of which we do not know the extremes, and believe that it has none. We wake and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us, which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight. But the Genius which according to the old belief stands at the door by which we enter, and gives us the lethe to drink, that we may tell no tales, mixed the cup too strongly, and we cannot shake off the lethargy now at noonday."

This word "lethe" or its equivalent occurs again in the poem "Bacchus":

"Haste to cure the old despair,—
Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched."

"The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect."

And yet the "perfect" is a mirage which leads us on and on, and we never reach it. Emerson says, in the "Essay on Circles":

"The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world. St. Augustine described the nature of God as a circle whose center was everywhere and its circumference nowhere. We are all our lifetime reading the copious sense of this first of forms. One moral we have already deduced in considering the circular or compensatory character of every human action. Another analogy we shall now trace, that every action admits of being outdone. Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on mid-noon, and under every deep a lower deep opens.

"This fact, as far as it symbolizes the moral fact of the Unattainable, the flying Perfect, around which the hands of man can never meet, at once the inspirer and condemner of every success, may conveniently serve us to connect many illustrations of human power in every department."

I have made this quotation from Emerson himself as given in another writing, in order that we may reset the gem contained in the lines above, which, perhaps, it is well to repeat. We would set it well, and so surround it with this collection of pertinent thoughts.

"The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect."

It is no failure of the law that the "perfect" is a "flying perfect" and is unattainable. The awakening power of the vision is the same. If the "perfect" flies, we follow it. That insures the soul movement, up and onward forevermore. This is another law of the soul. This law is native to the soul. It is a part of it. It is not an importation; it does not come from without. It makes a good instrument for the "fiend," and the virtue of persistency in the old and literal fiend is well borrowed for the new conception. The vision awakens us and keeps us awake, as against the stupefying draught, the "Lethe of Nature," the "lotus" in the other poem, "Bacchus." The awakening power in "Bacchus" is given under

the metaphor of wine, but "celestial" wine, not natural wine, and it means something for the mind, and not a physical stimulant.

It is now time to say that we are in esthetic rather than intellectual phenomena. We have reached emotion, something quite different from thought. This is where we find beauty and love. They are not in the intellect. The sphinx cannot give them, and so cannot give the contingent needed in the complex forces for amelioration as against "these pictures of time" described without remedy by the sphinx. The intellect—the sphinx—lights up the ground, shows conditions and contrasts. But the intellect does not care for either good or bad. Its function is only to see and know. The "fiend," however, let us say the good fiend, does care. "Things come to value," says Lotze, "only in feeling."

The phrase "love of the Best," must be expanded so as to take in much more meaning than strict construction will allow these words. And yet the expansion is legitimate. What an army of thoughts come with "the Best"! There is no end to the constituent elements entering into this vast but somewhat vague generalization. A world of emotional determinations stand over against it as a complex correspondent or correlative. Certainly beauty as well as good is in the "best"—even thought also.

The fiend has swallowed the sphinx and now unites the two estates. It is the first example of consolidation. The economies and the added momentum all enure to the benefit of the man-child.

By "love" in the above lines we may mean man's whole emotional esthetic nature as it stands in relation to the good, to the beautiful, and to truth, which is more particularly the contribution of the sphinx or the intellect. So the plot thickens. Man has now a subjective savior, born in him and of him. The vast departure suggested by this view shows how far away Emerson had shot and flown from all his fellows as to the great problem of man's "redemption." The problem lay alike in philosophy and in theology. It was fit that this poem should be first in his volume. No imported saviors, Emerson would say. In every soul is a Garden of Eden, and amid abundant fruits and flowers is that precious plant called "self-heal," and it is given freely to all, and their limitations as to its

reception lie with themselves. This last clause, of course, is subject to a metaphysics so large and fine that it cannot be given in full in this paper.

We now come to another line in our verse:

“The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.”

The other line is this last line. The soul sees a great deal more than the eyes see. The soul sees the perfect—what for the time is the perfect. Where do we get our models? Everything made was once a thought, was a pattern seen by the soul. Then art builds it, or paints it, or carves it according to the pattern. The story of the pattern on the Mount, given to Moses for the building of the tabernacle, is a very beautiful allegory, if we may use it as such, and has good analogies bringing it into our common experiences. If by “on the Mount” we may mean periods of great and blessed exaltation when as it were, we are alone with God and the intellect and the heart are at *their best*, then come bright and fair ideals or patterns and these are for art, for thought, for character, for life, in short. We cannot enumerate all the applications of the figure. These ideals are “the perfect” seen by the soul before ever they are seen by the eyes. Poets, artists, prophets, dwell a great deal amid these ideals. What an inspiration they are to the struggle for excellence, for their counterparts in real, concrete forms! Poor, indeed, is the soul which sees nothing of its own. “Where there is no vision, the people perish.” What but death is a body without a soul, and what but partial death is the extinction of all spiritual life, and in the degree of this extinction?

We speak of this inward seeing and of its objects as the ideal world or the world of the imagination. The organ or organization for such seeing we sometimes call the eye of the mind. Its objects are often only pictures of things we have seen, but with some constructive power we are given combinations of old elements into new forms, and these are what “never was on sea or land” and answer

to "the poet's dream." Life wants a little of this, even in its most prosy details. It softens labor into play. It paints rough things with the glamor of romance. "Man is one world and hath another to attend him." This comes to people in common and frequently hard conditions. This was the consolation of Hermione and of the Arab lover. The south wind,

"River and rose and crag and bird,
Frost and sun and eldest night,"

said to them,

"The chains of kind
The distant bind."

They were far apart; they would never meet again; and yet in "beautiful castles" they were together. They could build themselves a world of their own and defy space and time. The homesickness attendant on conditions far away from these ideal residences often prompts the subject to efforts and striving for a home in good, in love, in beauty, with the dim perception that they belong to him. They are felicities and beatitudes from which he is in exile. Emerson touches this phase of experience in his "Ode on Beauty":

"Say, when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old?
Or what was the service
For which I was sold?
When first my eyes saw thee,
I found me thy thrall,
By magical drawings,
Sweet tyrant of all!
I drank at thy fountain
False waters of thirst;
Thou intimate stranger,
Thou latest and first!"

Music has the magic power to give this experience. "Away! Away!" said Richter to music. "Thou speakest of things which in all my endless life I have not found and shall not find." What did

Richter mean but beautiful ideals, seen in the mind but nowhere in the objective world—those forms of the “flying Perfect,” always the beckonings, the promises, gleaming and glancing afar off, the subjects of forever “unanswered yearnings”?

But these delicate phenomena are of use. Many a man and woman owe their impulse to seek the best in life to a motif so obscure that they can hardly tell what it is, but they know it is strong and even imperative.

But when we behold the best, as given in the vision, in the pattern on the Mount, why does the fiend still pursue us? Because the best will not remain the best. Another ideal has arisen; a larger circle has formed itself around what just before was the largest circle. The Perfect has winged itself away into new horizons. The mirage is still on. The best is not here. This is not heaven, and away hastens the exorbitant dreamer after the new and the last attraction. Why does the soul yield itself up to this “divine discontent”? Let us say because it *is* a “divine discontent.” It is a call to come up higher, because the soul is infinite, and no ascension will ever remain the best, but only a better leading up to a best which retreats like the physical horizon. How could either hold its place, since both alike are a part of us?

And so we come to another verse in the same line of thought:

“To vision profounder,
 Man’s spirit must dive;
 His aye-rolling orb
 At no goal will arrive;
 The heavens that now draw him
 With sweetness untold,
 Once found,—for new heavens
 He spurneth the old.”

This verse, it will easily be seen, is in the interest of the same conception celebrated in the previous verse, namely, the “flying Perfect” or “love of the Best.”

“To vision profounder,
 Man’s spirit must dive,”

would indicate the demand for a constantly retreating intellectual boundary, a larger intuition and observation, new knowledge forever added to the old, and never enough, and a movement upward in character also. This was never so true as to-day. What a wonderful legacy the century now closed has bequeathed to the century just begun! Knowledge is cumulative for man, from a principle we shall soon consider. Like a falling body, each increment gained brings momentum to intellectual forces. The gain of the past enlarges the gaining power of the present and of the future. It is not extravagant to say that the total of the twentieth century will be ten times as great as that of the nineteenth century, and we are bewildered when we think of the wonders in amelioration along a hundred lines which a hundred years more will accomplish for us. This awful "fiend" of "love of the Best" will increase its hunger upon new food and lash man on and on from a best which soon is discovered to be only a better, only an improvement upon its predecessor. Indeed, there is no best, no final circle. "What is this immortal demand for more which belongs to our constitution, this enormous ideal? There is no such critic and beggar as this terrible soul."

"To vision profounder,
Man's spirit must dive."

In the poem as published in the edition of 1847 these lines were read:

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive."

One might ask, *Profounder* in what? In love or in thought? The present formula confines the quality to thought by means of the word "vision," and improves the line in elegance by leaving out a redundant "*profounder*."

"His aye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive."

In the above-mentioned first edition a grave inadvertency was committed thus:

"To his aye-rolling *orbit*
No goal will arrive."

Now it is not the orbit that rolls. The orbit is only the track in which some object moves along. The orb is literally the physical eye, but is a metaphor for the intellect. The circle, which is an implied figure in these words, has no end and so no goal. The figure is more emphatic if we pull the circle into a spiral. That would give the possibility of a sweep outward, and an ascension also, and thus a movement in two directions. "Profounder" would imply a downward movement—a gain in depth. All this is only another expression in the poem,—

"Lifting better up to best."

"The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old."

Emerson generally uses the word "heaven" as denoting a happy condition and not a place. It has no place in science and especially in the cosmos. It is a conception in what religion would call "faith." It has always held a great position as such. Emerson uses it as a metaphor. It is in this way an ideal having supreme attraction. It is a combination of ideas in which the "best" is realized always, and thus is the last objective and correlative to "love of the Best." But the "best" in this exalted conception of the best is a circle which admits of a larger circle. The fiend is hard to please, and flits from best to best, sipping only a transient sweetness. Like the bee, it exhausts the honey of no flower, but takes a little and is again on the wing for another flower. This is the law, the advancing history of the soul of man. His circle, when attained, is no longer the best if a larger circle is seen around it; because the soul of man is endowed with that dreadful gift of infinity in its capacities and wants, and so the law is "up and onward forevermore." Hence ideals are only ideals for a time, and heavens are only provisional heavens, or resting places for a new

flight. How irksome, indeed, would any goal soon prove to this restless voyager, the soul of man. New heavens soon become old heavens and are left behind. The Delectable Mountains are a sufficient goal and objective until attained, and then these become worthless, because gleams are then given of the Celestial City in the distance. Another heaven, another circle is to be gained; and this does not give sorrow, but joy instead, and we learn at last the meaning of the paradox, that rest is only in motion. We need not say more to locate the meaning of this verse logically under the dominion of the fiend. It illustrates that indefinite, flowing quantity, a "love of the Best." Its unspeakable power to annul what seems bad in those "pictures of time" is another example of good logic in the "answer" of the poet.

A word more in regard to this phrase "new heavens," by which we can express happy conditions not yet attained, but which yet are given in vision as ideals, and often in anticipation neutralize a present good. The "heaven" soon loses the lustre of surprise and becomes tame and commonplace. Hence "divine discontent" and a cry for the future. This is the experience of the boy, glad of the kindergarten but longing for another "grade," then another, and thence another—the high school, the academy, college, a profession, marriage, a house paid for and well furnished, some money in the bank as a resource in time of need, then more money, then office, then higher office, and the gradations of member of congress, a leader in great debates, and president at last, with the discovery, like Alexander, that nothing is so sad as no more worlds, or "heavens" to conquer.

Religion gives us the faith in another series of ascensions, as we say. Not here, alas! is a heaven that will stay a "heaven." But in all this it is still "love of the Best." It is not a vice, this discontent, and it will go with us, we fain could wish, into another life; for heaven before us better than heaven by our side. We can bear a great deal if "heaven" is before us.

(To be continued.)

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NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY NOT ABSOLUTE.

ON January fifteenth of this year the House Committee on Foreign Affairs at Washington gave a hearing to citizens who asked for the passage of the necessary legislation to authorize the President to invite the nations to be represented at a meeting to establish a regular international Congress. The leading speaker was Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society; and Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, its secretary, Edwin D. Mead, publicist, and others were present to support the plea. They spoke in behalf of the following resolution which was passed unanimously by the Massachusetts legislature in 1903:

“Resolved, that the Congress of the United States be requested to authorize the President of the United States to invite the governments of the world to join in establishing, in whatever way they may judge expedient, an international congress, to meet at stated periods, to deliberate upon questions of common interest to the nations and to make recommendations thereon to the governments.”

National sovereignty seems to be the first obstacle to such a movement to bring the nations together, and it is a fair question how far such sovereignty exists. The ground here taken is that it is not absolute, but is so far qualified that it need not stand in the way of the proposed regular international congress. This resolution proposes a congress of recommendatory powers only. Nations may veto its propositions, as the American colonies retained their sovereignty before the adoption of the constitution. Local sovereignty was paramount then, like national sovereignty to-day. But local sovereignty was found to be a mistaken theory. Is absolute national sovereignty also a mistaken theory to-day? It would seem so, and upon this point certain facts may be presented in order to establish a secure foundation for the world-legislature which is sure to be developed with the progress of mankind in realizing that unity toward which the world is rapidly moving.

What increases the difficulty in this discussion is that no precedent exists in favor of the position to be established. On the contrary, an unbroken line of precedents, from the beginning of history and of unquestioned authority, exists on the other side. The argument, therefore, flies right in the face of the universal experience of mankind. Yet the organic unity of the race is foreseen by an increasing number of men, and the demonstration which is sufficiently clear for the prophetic is being facilitated rapidly by the operation of steam and electricity in bringing the ends of the world together. In due time, as the petitioners for a world-legislature believe, and as they expect the facts will convince doubters, in spite of the unbroken line of precedents, the world will admit that absolute national sovereignty is a relic of a barbaric past and that mankind-sovereignty is the dominant fact in the relations of the nations to each other.

The fact that precedent is in favor of the doctrine of absolute national sovereignty ought not to be finally convincing in view of the forward velocity of progress which to-day, more than ever before, has no mercy for the doubts and timidity of conservatism. Our average American realizes to-day what was not realized in the past by tyrants, dictators, kings, emperors and great moguls, that he who stands in the way of progress will suffer a collision, and that it is not the car of progress which will be overturned.

It is reasonable to say that there can be no such thing as absolute national sovereignty because, outside of any and every nation which may claim to be absolutely sovereign exist organized communities of men over whom it has no sovereignty, over whom it claims no sovereignty, and yet whose mere existence imposes limitations upon that nation. It is recognized in civilized governments that treaties are the supreme law of the land. That is, so far is it from being true that any nation is absolute sovereign in itself, that international law to-day recognizes the supremacy of outside relations over the international policy of any nation. This illustration of the impossibility of absolute sovereignty in any nation would seem sufficient to make the case clear in the mind of any skeptic, and the importance of the demonstration for the unity of

mankind is vital. Whatever party may be in power in any nation, agreements and formal relations established with other nations must be recognized at whatever disregard of the national legislation. To this extent, already, then, has the world advanced in recognizing the limitations upon national sovereignty.

It is because of the very nature of things that nations must recognize their limitations and recognize the supremacy of treaties. The fundamental fact, over which they have no control, is that outside of themselves are other nations, and those other nations will do something to them unless they act in such a way as not to incur the hostility of those nations. Even if a nation supposes that it can act as it pleases inside of its own limits, it finds its mistake if it passes beyond a certain line which the sensibilities or common sense of outside peoples regard as the limit of conduct to be tolerated. Spain in Cuba is a sufficient illustration for the people of this country.

So, when we come to examine the positions already held by civilized nations, it is clear that they practically recognize material encroachments upon the principle of national sovereignty. It seems as if a further clearing up of ideas were the need of the hour, rather than any radical departure, in order to secure assent to a position essential to the successful operation of a world-legislature.

Common conditions imposed upon all nations make their status substantially the same in their relations to each other. Each people exercises a limiting and conditioning influence upon every other people.

It is somewhat with nations as it is with men. Nations are sovereign; men are free. But the recognized limitations upon the free action of men are no more real than the limitations upon the sovereignty of nations. From the savage up to the highest product of civilization, the individual man, who is free will in essence, is yet so limited by circumstances that his freedom is rather a freedom of choice between right and wrong than freedom of choice regarding most of the acts of life.

Now follow this line a little further. Free men, developing to the condition of subjection to enacted law, have recognized their

relations to each other and have become organic communities. Just as truly the nations, organic within themselves, are on their way to organic unity as the whole of mankind, and the attainment of organic unity by any race, or by the people under one government, is warrant and prophecy of the attainment of the organic unity of all mankind.

When that organic unity shall have been attained, then they must have some organic form of expressing their will regarding the inter-relations of their several parts, and thus the world-legislature is sure to come in due time.

What is it which the nations are asked to recognize in world-legislation, as the proposition stands? It is merely the incontestible fact that conditions are over them which they did not create, which are inexorable in their demands for recognition, and whose penalties are inevitable if they are disregarded. (Mankind is one. Will you admit it?) That is the form in which the question comes practically to the nations.

World-relations are not circumstances of human creation. The unity of mankind is not some scheme which certain men had evolved out of their imaginations and are trying to foist upon the world as a machine which promises to work well. Nations are put without their consent in the conditions in which they find themselves. Already they recognize these conditions to a material degree. They seem to go half-way, but, if we can judge by the expressions of some timid men regarding the immediate prospects of world-legislation, they are profoundly unwilling to go the other half of the way and to admit that they are really under conditions which are supreme and in the recognition of which they will find their greatest peace and prosperity. But the refusal to admit the truth does not affect the existence of the truth. Recognition of truth cannot hurt either men or nations. Denial of truth must always hurt both men and nations.

The challenge to the timid and doubtful and incredulous, then, is this: that nations are not sovereign, that they are parts of an organic whole, that recognition of their organic relation is their duty because it is right, and further, that such recognition is for their

unspeakable advantage because it will harmonize them with conditions which are stronger than national power and which must be obeyed in order to secure the highest development, and that the sooner such recognition is made the sooner will come the benefit it will surely bring. If any objector accepts the challenge, he must prove that nations are absolutely sovereign, that mankind is fragmentary and incapable of union, and that perpetual conflict between the nations is the only prospect for all future ages. And that picture is darker than the gloomiest pessimist who holds to the unity of the race has yet painted for the future of mankind.

Now let us pass on to another point,—the readiness of the world for an organization which will recognize formally the sovereignty of all mankind and which will demonstrate practically that nations are not sovereign by themselves, but are only parts of one organic whole. Most pertinent of the many facts which might be cited is the existence of the Concert of Powers of Europe. In the light of formal relations of nations, here is a very singular condition. As far as the outside world is informed, and as far as we have reason to believe, there exists, as the basis of this Concert, no treaty whatever, no formal, or even informal alliance, but only mutual good-will, or recognition of mutual interest in the matters regarding which there is concert of action, and an agreement of judgment upon the policy which is to be pursued. That is, in their relations among themselves as a group having similar relations to outside nations, they recognize the common conditions which are over them all, and they shape their conduct accordingly. Practice under those conditions is steadily at work setting up a line of precedents and shaping the course which will be followed in the future for the internal peace of the group and for its combined strength among the nations as a whole. In a dim and partial way the Concert of Powers is a recognition of the world-constitution, and it foreshadows a wider field of agreements among nations whereby the organic unity of all will be recognized and the prosperity of all will be promoted.

A pertinent illustration of nations acting by a common understanding, without written agreements, is the joint action by the United States, Russia, Germany, England, France and others in

the troubles in China. It will be remembered that during the strain upon British resources in the Boer war, when Great Britain wished to strengthen herself wherever possible, the word "alliance" was used by one of her statesmen in a public speech in reference to relations with the United States, and every effort seemed to be made to promote a cordial understanding between the two nations. The talk of an Anglo-Saxon alliance was much in the minds of public men of both countries.

These illustrations may be reinforced by the list of over thirty international conferences or congresses which have been held since 1815, some of them attended by large groups of nations, and more especially by the establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration. Unity of action by groups of nations for their common benefit is becoming increasingly frequent. It is found practicable for the nations to act together. They have tried it repeatedly and have succeeded. It is no longer an experiment. Success is established historically and has passed beyond possibility of dispute.

Here, then, is the situation. World-progress has reached the point where it seems almost ready to crystallize around the unity of mankind as the organic principle of existence. The fulness of time seems almost here. Practically, the nations have been acting for years upon the same principle as they would act upon if they formally admitted that their sovereignty was not absolute, but that it was conditioned by, limited by, and subordinate to the sovereignty of mankind. Treaties and alliances, known to ancients and moderns alike, have been attended in recent years by further development until a group of nations acts without written constitution or binding promise upon a policy toward one nation in the case of China, while a Concert of Powers of the great nations of Europe holds the rudder true for a continuous policy regarding whatever matters may transpire involving their common welfare.

Does not this condition demonstrate the existence of higher power than national sovereignty? More than that, does it not show the recognition of that existence by the nations themselves? It would seem as if our statesmen were behind the times in not recognizing what is so evident. World-unity as an accomplished politi-

cal fact seems ready to drop into the hand of the nation which will first pluck it like a ripened fruit and present it to mankind. Already the nations, like a team learning to pull together, have had practice. They would not enter upon their new formal relation without experience, if they should speedily establish genuine world-organization, but they would merely exert further the powers they have already exerted in groups, and they would concede to the entire world only what they have practically conceded to each other in less extended relations. If we only open our eyes, all these things seem clear.

But, nominally, world-sovereignty does not exist. Nominally each nation is absolute sovereign, contradictory as such an idea is with the admitted facts in each nation's existence. This truth brings us face to face, then, with this fact, that the most important condition which can exist on earth for mankind does not yet exist. For the welfare of mankind no condition can be more important than its own existence as an entity. But entity and unity are both denied by the accepted world-doctrine regarding the sovereignty of the nations. We are therefore on a fundamentally wrong basis. This error is not merely theoretical. It is also most vitally practical. It concerns the progress of mankind more than any other political or social truth which has been discovered or which remains to be proclaimed about the human race. For existence itself, as a created unity, must forever be the prime question for humanity. Up to the present moment the nations have denied that existence. They have said that diverse races and nations with absolute sovereignty exist as the ultimate facts in humanity. They assert that those races and absolutely sovereign nations have hostile interests, that what is for the good of one is for the injury of another. Mankind, thus far, has consisted of colliding fragments crashing upon each other for mutual injury and destruction, save as the greater truth, which they do not yet recognize, has counteracted the theory upon which the nations exist as sovereign. But the greater truth,—the supreme truth,—is overcoming the error, and we can already see, evidently in the near future, comparatively, the recognized supremacy of the sovereignty of all mankind as the dominant truth

in the relations of the nations, with national sovereignty relegated to its proper subordinate place.

Sound theory and right practice unite in world-sovereignty. According to the theology which shaped the early development of the United States, whose truth is seen in the vitality of the American principles of government, no person was in his right relation unless he was in harmony with the powers supreme over his personal life. This truth is as applicable to nations and to mankind as it is to persons. Unless nations are in their right relation to the supreme conditions amid which they exist, they will suffer from constant frictions, collisions, loss of progress, disturbance of peace, destruction of wealth, and the ceaseless wastes which accompany a want of harmony with the laws which are supreme over them.

Tentative efforts towards the action of nations by groups shows a dim consciousness that it is time for the nations to admit the existence of these supreme conditions. The historic fact that hitherto the nations have shut their eyes to those conditions has neither removed nor weakened them. They are over each nation to-day, inevitable and inexorable if neglected or defied, but full of beneficence, if obeyed.

Now comes the practical and pertinent question, Who shall take the initiative in the movement for world-organization? It might come from a people acting through a limited monarchy whose legislative branch spoke the will of the most intelligent and the controlling portion of the people, or whose sovereign acted in obedience to popular desire. Possibly it might come from an absolute sovereign who was in himself sufficiently progressive and courageous to take the initial step on his own responsibility. But the most promising place for the initiative is in the greatest republic of the world. The United States is the fittest and most likely place in which a proposition for world-organization would take practical form. We have constant experience with the complete sovereignty of our states in some fields of action, joined with national sovereignty in others. We are not yet an empire. The genius of our institutions forbids it. Instinctively we act constantly upon the correct principle that local justice is best secured through local sovereignty, while in mat-

ters of national concern, national authority, acting through a national executive who enforces laws passed by national representatives elected locally, is best for the security of justice and progress.

We are in practice, therefore, to a larger degree than the people of any other country in the world which can compare at all favorably with ours in size and national prestige, upon the very principles of political organization and action which must be recognized, though in a wider scope, in the organization of the world. Ours is the fitness, then, for the initial step. The United States, in the very nature of the case, has qualifications for contributing to the advancement of mankind more than any other nation on the face of the earth. And ability, the opportunity existing, imposes the duty.

Throughout the succession of events whose culmination will be the formal organization of the world and the recognition of the world-constitution, though unwritten, the United States promises to be the leading nation. Though we did not originate the Hague Court of Arbitration, yet we gave to it the first case it had, and we set the example of making that court a practical force among the nations. Leadership in world-organization is thoroughly in accord with the ambition of our people and in line with our institutions. It is a logical consequence of our daily principles and practice. It would involve unselfish sinking of ourselves in the larger whole, but it would be such an unselfishness as would give us a more noble pride than any narrower course could possibly arouse. World-organization would mark, for all time, the most important epoch in the history of mankind, and that fact alone, whatever the mutations of nations and whatever the degree of world-progress in the numberless centuries to come, would make the name of the United States of America immortal.

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THE HEART SIDE OF DEITY.

EACH new cycle reveals a broader outlook to the discerning mind. The stern and terrible Jehovah of the Jews became the loving Father of the children of men under the teachings of Jesus; but the limitations of human thought long accustomed to worship the letter rather than the spirit, prevented the church from seizing upon and appropriating the heart of the message of the Christ as it relates to the Infinite Father as the all-compassing and all-pervading Light and Love of the world. In the twelfth century Joachim of Flora declared that the gospel of the Father was past; the gospel of the Son was passing; and the gospel of the Spirit was to be. He thus beheld with the prescience of a seer the fact that as the idea of God as an Oriental despot—an angry and implacable Judge—had given place to the worship of Christ as Deity,—a worship which unhappily in his age and generation too often represented Christ as “crowned with thorns and turned to stone,”—so this worship of Christ was destined to give place to the ideal of an all-pervasive Spirit of righteousness and love. But it remained for our own day and generation to apprehend the significance of this lofty concept, notwithstanding the fact that it was so luminously touched upon by the Psalmist, by the prophets, and by Jesus. To-day multitudinous signs point to the fact that we are entering a new cycle—the age of Spirit, wherein we shall understand as never before that God is Spirit, and that Spirit is supreme.

This larger view, this broader and more satisfying concept of Deity, will, I believe, more and more answer the cry of our present age for religion that shall satisfy at once the esthetic, intellectual and soul sides of life. In the light of advancing science and the general diffusion of knowledge, the old creeds and dogmas of Christendom are losing their hold upon the imagination of man. But this falling away of the old beliefs is so gradual that many are but dimly conscious of the extent of the intellectual revolution that is taking place. Furthermore, the going of the old is only to make

way for a larger and more exalted faith. Now as never before we are beginning to see how completely the Universal Life appeals to every side of man's nature. Thus, in the grandeur and the beauty, the rhythm, harmony and melody of the universe, the innate esthetic and artistic cravings are met and satisfied. God everywhere speaks to the beauty-loving side of man's life. He is the Infinite Artist, and all that is needed is to lift one's eyes and behold a universe robed in matchless splendor—a world clad in ineffable beauty.

But man is endowed with reason. He calls for more than the realization of the beautiful and the melodious; and to his reason, lo! the Infinite Manifestation is seen in Wisdom and Truth. Here are law and order, system, precision and the spirit of utility everywhere present. Mighty worlds and systems of worlds are driven through space, obedient to the majesty of Law; and all proclaim the wisdom of the Creator. Or if we turn to earth, we are confronted by the same manifestations of omnipresent Reason and Wisdom, so the rational mind may read its lessons at every turn—read them in the rock strata of the earth and in the phenomena of sky and sea. Every page in nature's volume has its problem; every paragraph its revelation of Truth and Wisdom. But though "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork," the supreme manifestation of Divinity is found in the answer to the soul's deep cry.

Divine love speaks to the heart, and it is satisfied. It is "the expression as well as the origin of everything good" in the broad domain of ethics. It is the soul's real atmosphere of youth, of pure thoughts, clear eyes and high aspirations. Living in this atmosphere, one would no more seek an unclean or carnal life than the fish would seek the dry, parching sands of the shore. Here one sees the good and the pure in all, because his soul is *en rapport* with the beautiful. Thoroughly established in this thought or mental atmosphere, one radiates health, happiness and success. He who has apprehended the Love side of Divinity, he who knows within himself that Divine Love can meet every need and condition of being, has laid hold upon the secret of life's mastery. To him

youth is perennial. He can carry the flag of his teens to the crest of his century.

The history of human ascent has been brightened at every turn with splendid illustrations of loving self-sacrifice of man for man. A story is told of Cyrus the Great and a captive prince, that beautifully illustrates the divine potency of human love, even when manifested in the most personal way. Among the sturdy and rebellious tribes which at great cost of life and treasure had been brought under subjection by the Medes and Persians, was a mountain clan led by a prince of remarkable sagacity, courage and ability. Later, when Cyrus was engaged in some of his southern wars, this prince revolted, and only after a long-continued struggle, during which some of the favorite officers of the emperor were killed, were the prince, his parents, his bride, and his leading councillors betrayed and captured through a stratagem. Cyrus, furious at the death of so many of his officers, determined to kill the prince, but not until he had miserably destroyed all the captive's people before his eyes, so as to make his suffering as great as possible. The prisoners were brought before the emperor in his hall of state, surrounded by wealth, pomp and splendor. But Cyrus at heart was generous and noble-minded, and when he saw the frank, brave and open countenance of the prince, he relented, and turning to him asked him what he would do to save the lives of his aged parents.

"Anything in my power, even to becoming a loyal slave in your household," replied the son of the mountains.

"And what," said the emperor, "would you do to save the life and honor of your bride?"

"O, mighty King, gladly will I give my life, in any way thou mayest desire to take it, and I will bless thee in dying if her life and honor may be spared."

So moved and impressed was Cyrus by the answer that he exclaimed: "You and all your people shall go free, only swearing allegiance to my government."

As the party joyfully fared forth, the prince turned to his bride and said: "What did you think was the most beautiful thing in the palace of the great King?"

"O, my lord," replied the princess, "I saw nothing save the man who was ready to die for me."

Nothing in history more clearly proves the divine descent of man than the presence of this love which gladly volunteers to give up life with its joys and pleasures that another may live or may have life more abundantly. And it is this supreme self-sacrifice—this voluntary yielding up of life for others—that gives peculiar emphasis and compelling power to the example of Jesus.

In the larger light of the new spiritual age, the life of Jesus appears infinitely radiant. Beautiful was his birth when the heavens and earth proclaimed it together; beautiful was his life, unselfishly given for others; beautiful his teachings, and the Sermon on the Mount will always be the greatest sermon the world has ever heard. But eclipsing all the truths lived and uttered in his life, stands forth the Truth of Truths—his death. And the beauty of his death lies in the fact that he died for others, died to make the world better, to make man and woman happier, and to reveal to their closed vision the dawn of an immortal destiny.

FRANCES FREELAND HAGAMAN.

New York, N. Y.

THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

"SURRENDER!"

The command cut the air like a knife. Surrender! Who could understand what that word meant to the man standing like a beast at bay upon the verge of the precipice, sheer, blank wall overlooking the wildest and most turbulent of all Tennessee rivers, the Caney Fork?

Three breathless days and nights he had been chased by the sheriff's posse. Three days and nights through tangles, wild-grape and laurel and cane-brake, throwing the dogs off the scent now and then by taking to the water nights, only to find at daybreak that they had found the trail again; until at last they had chased him back to the river, the bluff, the great sheer precipice, where they held him—*trapped*.

He had run like a deer and doubled like a fox, with the baying in his ears, until he told himself he must hear it forever, that long, resounding, half-jubilant, half-pathetic rise and fall of sound telling of the trail, hot and sure and deadly. He knew the sound. What mountain boy does not? He had heard it many times as he chased the startled doe to cover. He knew what lay at the end of it, always: it was—*death*.

"Surrender!"

The fugitive grasped the bough of sturdy laurel at his side, and cast a quick, inquiring glance at the stream below the bluff. It was green almost to blackness. Farther up it was a boiling white froth where it lashed and tore itself among the sharply jutting rocks. Behind him stood five armed men and two gaunt hounds, with heads hanging, tongues lolling, and great ears touching their thin, fleet legs.

Within ten feet of the fugitive one man stood apart from the rest. It was the sheriff, and he had known this boy he was chasing all

the young fellow's life; known him and loved him as his own, even while he stood holding him covered with his pistol and demanding his surrender. So close was the weapon that the click of the trigger as the officer cocked it sang a startling menace in his ears.

"Come, Jim," said the sheriff, "surrender. I'd hate mightily to have to shoot. Better go peaceable. Will you?"

The man ground his teeth, and,—

"No! by heaven, *never!* Not with *that* (and he glanced again at the deep, dark current) in reach."

He made one short, quick movement toward the bluff's edge, when—*crack!* the sheriff sent a ball singing within an inch of his head.

He halted, groaned, and threw up his hands. There was nothing else to do. While the posse advanced to take him he looked across the stream toward the friendly covert of tangled laurel and wild spruce:

"Ef I c'u'd a-retched *that*," said he, "God hisself could n't a-found me." And with a submission born of utter defeat he extended his wrists for the handcuffs. The click of iron as the lock was clamped announced to the waiting posse that *at last* Jim Hardeman, wanted for the murder of Joe Anderson, had been captured.

He was but a boy. The down was not yet strong upon his lips, and the flesh had not lost the delicate pink of boyhood. The defiance in his eyes was not that of the criminal, careless of the metings of justice, but more the recklessness of youth, defiant of the ills of fortune and ignorant of the deadliness of despair. Hope was not yet dead in him, and he knew nothing of the fatal helplessness of environment.

"He ain't a bad lot, Jim ain't," the sheriff told two of his men as they rode in the rear of their prisoner down the mountain. "He's bore a good name for bein' clever and obligin' and respectful to his elders, always. A little wild, but not bad, not give to drinkin', and honest as the daylight. He's got a temper like the devil, and that's the very worst of Jim Hardeman. It was that devil of a temper got him into this; and I'm proper sorry for him. I hated like fury to arrest him. But duty air duty, you know."

It was true: Jim was not "bad," albeit a murderer. The story of the murderers who reach the state prison is pretty much the same. "Not a bad lot," the officials will tell you; "a much better class than the larceny and other prisoners." Victims to passion, to drink, whose deed was done when blinded by rage, or by liquor; done in a single moment. A lifetime is too short to undo the moment's work. With imprisonment comes grief, remorse, but not viciousness. They are easily controlled. It is the little thieves who must have the lash. No, Hardeman was not bad. Even in his fatal crime there was a touch of something to be admired.

Consider: humanity must not be considered as a whole. Heredity and environment play equal parts in the great drama, with the weights, if there be weights, about the neck of environment.

Consider: Jim was young; ignorant save in nature's knowledge; wild as the buck he chased upon his native mountains, and as free, loving the great encompassing fastnesses as well; of a class to whom the laws of society, like the civil laws, are well-nigh a dead letter; bred, born and triumphing in the broad, self-assertive creed of the mountaineer, that Honesty is Justice, and Right is Law; and believing himself armed with both, he had, not unnaturally, fallen upon evil. And notwithstanding the fact that "half the mountain" came down to testify as to his "quietness," his "sociableness," and general good character, Jim Hardeman was sentenced *for life*.

It would n't have been half so hard to die, to die and be done with it. It was this lying like a dog in leash, year in, year out, that drove him mad. Nothing to wait for but death; nothing to look forward to but the grave. Yet he kept himself in hand until the time came to tell his wife and boy good-bye. Then he broke down. He was crying when he took her head between his palms and held it against his breast so that she might not see his tears.

"Do n't you fret," said he, essaying the comforter; "do n't you fret now, Zalea," taking the name he had loved to call her by, because, he declared, she "ware more like the pink-and-white azalea blossom when it fills the bluff in springtime than she ware

like mortal maid or woman." "Do n't you fret nor worry. Ef I'd listened ter you-uns I would n't be leavin' you an' little Jim this day. You jest go back home ter yer folks a spell, an' some night, ef ye hear a woodpecker tappin' on the roof, do n't ye be skeered, but jest be ready ter travel. For I ain't give up ter spen' my days in no prison. No, my God! that I ain't!"

He lifted his clenched hands above his head, and shook them heavenward defiantly. When he looked again she was gone, and the sheriff stood at his side, with the manacles, waiting.

"Yer do n't need them," said Jim, doggedly.

"Put your hands out, boy. I do n't intend to let you make me shoot you," said the officer, in a voice that brought Jim's tears to the surface again.

The story of his crime, as it came out at the trial had been a brief one. As he said, had he listened to his wife, things would have been different with him. Zalea was always "up against fire-arms," and had always predicted harm to come from those "caperin's over the mountain for days an' days, with Bob Jeffreys an' Joe Anderson, a-huntin' of deer an' sich."

Indeed, Zalea's opposition to his hunting began to grow tiresome. Her persistence and insistence aroused his temper at last, and engendered that opposition to home slavery which is so fatally irksome to some natures. Rather than have words about it, Jim left home the morning of the tragedy before his wife was awake. He glanced at her lying asleep, the boy's pink cheek resting against her throat, as he passed the bed. How pretty they looked! They might both have passed for children, as they lay with their pink-and-white faces nestled against the coarse, white pillow. He was strongly tempted to kiss the delicate red girl-lips, but a fear of her opposition to his going when his heart was quite set upon it, held him back. "She'd up an' set right down on it," he told himself, "an' then there'd be the very devil to pay, an' the whole day's fun be sp'iled. I'd ruther take the jawin' when I come back." He stooped and touched his lips lightly to the child's tousled hair, and went out softly, closing the cabin door behind him. A smile curved his lips;

a smile that lingered after he had mounted his horse and was galloping across the mountain. He was thinking of the boy. He called him "Daddy" only the night before, and for the *first time*. The happy red slipped along his throat and over his face, until lost in the yellow, boyish hair that curled about his temples. "Daddy!" and to hear it for the first time! The world might hold many sorrows for him; it could never take from him the memory of that exquisite joy.

All the morning the hunters rode, starting nothing. At noon the only trail they had found proved a cold one, and Jeffreys went off into the brush with the dogs to drive, leaving Hardeman and Anderson to stand conveniently near the path usually followed by the deer seeking the salt-licks by the spring below the bluff.

Jim felt vaguely that he ought to go home; but all day he had consoled his conscience with the promise of a deer-skin to make a rug for little Jim. "That 'll tickle Zalea mighty nigh ter death," he told himself. "An' ter go home *now*, an' empty-handed,—waal—not ef I can he'p it."

"Hide and horns to the first drawer of blood" is a custom as ancient as the chase itself. In this instance the question was, who drew first blood? The deer passed Anderson, not before the hounds, but unconscious of danger, tripping easily down to the licks. Anderson did not notice until the buck, suddenly scenting danger, threw up its antlered head, and with an angry snort went scurrying out of Anderson's rifle range, only to be brought down by a ball from Hardeman's, as it rushed blindly upon him. Then had come the dispute. Anderson swore it was his ball that had slain the buck, and Jim, knowing that he lied, claimed the deer's hide as his by right of "first blood."

Then Anderson with an oath declared he lied, "was not better than a thief," and struck him smartly with his bare, brown palm across the cheek.

"Liar" and a blow. One who prefers that charge against a mountaineer is always called upon to "eat" it.

When Jeffreys reached the place, Anderson was lying over against the dead buck with a hole in his breast, and Jim was telling

him it was he who killed him, "'count o' bein' named a liar."

Jeffreys' heart lay like lead in his bosom. Jim Hardeman was his Jonathan, whom he loved with a love surpassing *all* loves.

"Jim," said he, his toe touching the hem of the dead man's trousers leg, "you'd hang for this. The law ain't furbiddin' men ter be named 'liar' in Tennessee; though I do n't say it ought not ter. You-uns have got a wife an' baby, Jim, an' that skunk down thar (touching the trousers' leg) ain't wuth the sorrowin' o' Zalea an' little Jim. Nobody seen this but ye an' me, Jim, the killin' o' Anderson *ware a accident*."

Strange blood courses through the veins of those mountaineers; strange blood, that slips on, generations upon generations, without change or adulteration. Jim slowly gathered himself erect:

"Naw," said he, "I killed him. He named me 'liar' an' I killed him fur it. Ef I swore it 'accident,' I'd be just what he named me. I be n't a liar; I won't tell one, not ef I *hang* fur it. I hates a lie like *pisen*. I killed him. I'll make a run fur it, but I won't lie."

Then had followed that wild race for freedom: days of dodging, nights of running, panting, blistered and torn by stone and thorn, with the sound of the hounds baying forever in his ears.

One stolen moment at his home; his young wife's fear and agony; his boy's arms about his neck; the warning tap of Jeffreys upon the shutters; and again the pitiless flight; again the sound of the dogs in hot pursuit; the cool, swift current of the Caney Fork. And at last the sheriff's command to "surrender."

He was almost glad to drop down upon the jail's rude bunk and sleep—sleep without the sound of bloodhounds in his ears.

"A man better be dead than be a runaway," he told himself, recalling the horrible chase as he stripped off his slashed socks, glued to the flesh with blood clotted from the cuts the stones had made upon his body. "Yes, by God," and he lifted his clenched fist and shook it heavenward, "I'd *ruther* be dead! I'd *ruther* be dead a *thousand* times as to live through that chase again. Oh, my God! help me! help! h-e-l-p!"

And with a broken wail he dropped upon the prison bed and slept. But even in sleep the chase went on; the thorns still tore,

and the jagged stones cut mercilessly. Once he started up and reached for the gun that he had dropped in the Caney Fork: a dog's muzzle was at his throat. He woke with a groan, the terror in great cold drops upon his brow. The relief of finding himself in jail was so great that he buried his face in the pillow with a sigh of thankfulness. The next moment he burst into sobs for very shame of the sigh.

The trial was not along one, and it was to Jeffreys he owed his life. Jeffreys had brought his wife and boy down, and had told the tale that saved him his neck, and had given him instead the verdict of imprisonment.

"For the term of your natural life!"

The judge's voice sounded in his ears like bells tolling the passing of a soul. It would ring there forever, he fancied, as he stood among his fellow-convicts under the black bank of the coal mines under the mountain, not less black than the darkness enshrouding his own future.

A mountaineer could not live six months in the main prison, so they had sent him to the mines.

"For the—term—of your nat—ural life!"

The mule's shoes striking the rock-bedded tramway fashioned the words of his sentence, as he sat in the hurrying coal car.

"For the—term—of your nat—ural life!"

The rattle of the chain, the rush of coal down the chute, the ring of the blacksmith's hammer repairing his pick, all, *everything*, had but one sound, one meaning to him.

"For the—term—of your nat—ural life!"

And he was scant—*twenty-two!*

Why, his grandmother, "still gaily," was staying with Zalea in the cabin; and his great-grandfather had been dead but six months. One hundred and three years old, they said. Why, *he* might live as long! Who could tell? And in that case he would be in prison —, he made the calculation on the wall of the tunnel, by holding his lamp against a block of whitish rock and tracing the figures with the smoke from the burning wick. One hundred and three: one,

naught, three. Subtract twenty-two. Two from three, one; two from naught, eight: eighty-one. Eighty-one years in bondage.

"Great God, I *can't!*" he cried aloud, his whole soul up in rebellion. He had tried to be kind, obliging, always. Why, Anderson himself, were he alive, would swear how he rode five miles through a blizzard one midnight to fetch the doctor, without whose ministration Anderson would have died before day.

"I wish he had," he groaned. "I wish to God he had a-died, an' saved all o' this trouble."

They knew his desperate rebellion, and more than once remonstrated with him: its futility, its danger, and its sure means of dragging time out endlessly.

"Yield!" the warden said to him one day, after a bitter outburst. "Submit yourself quietly to fate, and things will seem easier to you, boy."

"Yield?" said he. "Submit! Live and die like a mole rootin' under this hell-pit? *Never!*"

To escape: that was his one dream. He looked for his opportunity as a shipwrecked sailor looks for the morning. To escape! Oh, for the chance of the "trusty" going to the village; for one hour in the smith's shops under the shack; for *one* guard in sight, and all that wilderness of mountain before him. He envied the very *dogs* lying under the guard's shed—*free*. Oh, for one touch of his fingers among the wild azalea bushes crowding the bluff all about the mines. They nodded to him as he passed in sight of them, the sweet, old flowers that bloomed along the mountain path *at home*, and for which his wife was named! They were fading now; they soon would be white and blighted; they had a pallid look,—the same look he had seen upon his girl-wife's face when he kissed her good-bye in jail. She would grow white and blighted too, and shrivelled, and old, and wrinkled before his term would end. Old! why, she would be dead and buried, and his boy would be an old man. It was horrible.

The next day he tried to escape by hiding in the tunnel. Two days they waited for him to come out; then sent the dogs to hunt him. The next week he went over it all again, with the same

result. The third time he attempted it the warden remonstrated.

"Give it up, Jim." His sympathy had always been with the hapless criminal. "Give it up! Surrender! You'd only be captured again if you made it. This old ball of ours ain't big enough to hide a runaway. Give it up, boy. Surrender, and serve it out like a man."

And Jim set his teeth in his lip and answered:

"Never! Give me ten foot start, and I'll make it."

"You'll make your grave, that's what," said the warden. "Better give it up. I'd hate to see you hurt. Think of your wife and child."

"By God," said Jim, "it's because I can think of nothing else that I want to break this cursed dungeon."

The next mail-day brought him a letter from his mother that sent him to his work more gloomy, more hopelessly rebellious than ever.

There had been a rise in the Caney Fork that had washed away the fences; the corn had not been planted half, "hands were so skerce." The young heifer had choked to death in the stall one night, and the steer "broke a leg leaping the milk-sick bars." Zalea was ill "with pining so," but little Jim could walk, "holding to a cheer."

Homesick? Oh, he would barter his soul for one week there, in which to fix them up again; to mend their fences, plant the crops, replenish the stock, comfort his poor, troubled wife, and hold his boy one hour upon his breast.

"God!" He thrust the iron pick with all the strength of his agony into the black, glistening wall. "God! for help!"

The pick crashed into the blackness; the coal cracked, crumbled, fell at his feet with a rattling jubilation, dragging a mass of rock and earth and slate from its foundation. And there, as though the great, round globe had cracked and parted, the tunnel ended, and the blue sky smiled blithely down into his startled face.

Freedom! The pinkish laurel touched the great, gaunt seam his hand had ripped in that grim dungeon's side. He stared, speechless, at the strange, unreal thing his hand had wrought. Then the joy awoke in his breast, and with a chuckle of sweet

ecstasy he dropped upon his knees and hands and crawled slowly through the breach that heaven had opened to the cry of his despair. Free! The blessed light of liberty about him! He stood up, shook himself, glanced up the friendly heights, wondering which trail might prove the surest, and started. Six feet he went, and stopped. The dogs; he must dodge the dogs, the hounds. "The fiends of hell," he called them, hearing them, in fancy, already on his trail. And hearing them, he stopped dead still there in his tracks. He waited, listening, living again those three wild nights, a fugitive before the law. His head dropped on his breast, his hands to his side; the slow tears started and rolled down his boyish, beardless cheek:

"I can't," said he, lifting his face up to the heights he hungered for. "I'd ruther be dead than be a runaway, afeard a'most to breathe. I'd ruther be—*here*." He looked up at the blue sky hungrily, and shook his head:

"Ye ain't no light o' liberty. Ye're jest a cheat—a *lie*."

He stopped and plucking a branch of the sturdy mountain laurel, a branch crammed full of rose-pink bloom and leaves as green as emeralds in the sun, held it to his face an instant, then turned slowly back.

Back to the breach his hand had made; stooped and crawled in—in to his dungeon and his life's servitude. Then there came to him the memory of all the four-score men in that same tunnel, and he began to work with all his might, pushing back the stones, heaping the coal up, hiding the light from those desperate ones who would sell *his* life for freedom any hour. One last look at freedom; one last sweet breath of hope, and he lifted the laurel branch and waved it as a friend waves putting out to sea, to those he leaves on shore.

"Good-bye," he whispered brokenly. "Good-bye to you-uns; good-bye to—liberty."

And all the sweet, pink blossoms and green leaves seemed to nod and smile, "Good-bye."

And then he fell to work, calking crevices, stopping loopholes that were leaking light, heaping stone on stone, even cramming his

old coal-sooted miner's cap into a gap he stood in doubt of. And then, the thing being done, he leaped upon his half-filled car, dropped the blooming twig down out of sight, and with a yell demoniac set the slow mule jogging toward the pit's mouth. How endless seemed the tunnel; how fierce the fear that he should meet some fellow-convict whose prying eye might search out that all-speaking trophy at his feet. The old mule crawled rather than walked, but at last in the distance the good, round eye of daylight and blue sky smiled through the pit's mouth.

At the entrance he seized the branch of laurel and springing to the opening stopped, as the prison regulations demanded, and holding the branch high above his head, waved it, a signal, a message, and a triumph. The startled guards saw and leaped to action. Some ran to the pit's mouth, thinking of those five-and-eighty convicts behind it. Others ran to fetch the warden tidings of the breach Jim Hardeman had found.

They said the boy's face shone like a star as he stood there with the sunlight in his face, the blackness of the pit behind him, and smiling, held that bit of mountain laurel up to greet the warden:

"Cap'n," said he, "I surrender. I fight no more. I'll serve my time out quiet, or die a pris'ner ef I must. But, Cap'n, *I have seen the light o' liberty*, an' it—have—conquered me."

"Eighty men and more were in that tunnel with him, your Excellency." The warden had himself carried the story to the Governor; he meant to strike a blow for Jim, and he did. "He could have taken the last one with him and made a stand my guards would have had no show against. But he did n't; and the poor fellow never once thought of a pardon. The simple fact that he had proved himself master of himself just conquered him. Oh, but this will be Heaven's tidings for Jim, your Excellency."

And it was. The warden chose the early morning for his news. He called the boy out from the line of prisoners, to face the laughing guards and listening convicts, and explained to him and them how, sometimes, it was deemed well to reward certain acts of heroism, thoughtful consideration, and good behavior. And with this

in view the Governor of the great State of Tennessee had empowered him to act as bearer,—and he took from his breast a folded sheet, to which a great, round seal was fixed; and then, looking into the boy's startled eyes, he forgot his little speech. The mighty paper fluttered to his feet, as he took his joy-dumb prisoner by the hand, and pointing with his other to the bright, blue heaven smiling on them, said:

“Jim, boy, that *is* the light of liberty. Now run along home, old fellow.”

EDITORIALS.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

AS THE time approaches for the nomination of candidates for the presidency of the republic, public interest becomes more and more aroused, though it is undoubtedly true that there is this year less ante-nomination excitement than has been present for many decades, owing to the fact that the general conviction prevails that President Roosevelt has succeeded in gaining for himself the coveted prize from the Republican party, while the opposition is so divided between the conflicting demands of factions representing diametrically opposite ideals and convictions that the probability of anything like a united opposition to the Republican party seems doubtful. Indeed, the line of demarcation between the Wall street and Tammany wing of the Democratic party and the progressive Democracy is in many respects more marked than has frequently been the division between the two great opposition parties. On the one hand are marshalled the hordes of graft and greed—men who stand near the corrupt corporations; men who are in as high favor with predatory wealth as are Senators Quay, Platt, or Aldrich; men like Senator Gorman in national politics, and like Richard Croker and Charles Murphy in ring politics. The democrats who believe in bargaining with Wall street and predatory wealth, while following the Republican policy of perfunctorily denouncing oppressive monopolies and corporate aggressions, are determined that no person shall be nominated who will be unswervingly loyal to the interests of the people in the battle against the trusts and corporate domination in government. They will strenuously oppose the nomination of any man whom the great campaign contributors among the privileged classes—the trusts and other predatory bands—shall oppose; for their eyes have long rested eagerly upon the enormous corruption funds that have been

so lavishly used by these interests in subverting the republic and securing the domination of the Republican party.

On the other hand there is the progressive Democracy, representing the ideals of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln; representing unswerving loyalty to the interests of all the people and implacable hostility to class-government and special privilege; the element that will stand loyally by the interests of the people against the aggressions of predatory wealth and for the maintenance of the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence.

Now so long as such mutually exclusive factions remain in any party, defeat, disaster and demoralization must necessarily result, while the millions of voters who would be loyally working for a party in which they felt they could place implicit confidence as being sincere in its opposition to trusts and reactionary tendencies and at all times loyal to the interests of the whole people and the underlying principles of free government, are to-day naturally lethargic and in a way indifferent, because of a lack of confidence in each of the great opposition parties. This, we think, explains the lack of enthusiasm among the electorate so noticeable at the present time.

It is to be hoped that this year the national Democracy will choose between good government and corrupt greed in such unmistakable language that the line of cleavage will leave no chance for the other division to camp on the trail or claim the protection of the party's flag. If the champions of predatory wealth, of greed and graft, gain control of the convention and heed the voice of Tammany Hall or of the Wall street sirens by nominating Mr. Murphy's protegee, McClellan, or the new Brooklyn boss's choice—Judge Parker, who has so successfully hidden his political convictions, if he has any, that it is supposed he can smile with equal acceptability on corporate power and privileged wealth and on the exploited masses; or if that high-priest of corporate protection and ring rule, Senator Gorman, should be nominated; or, furthermore, should the financial and Wall street combination succeed in nominating Grover Cleveland, whose last administration, reeking as it did with the bond scandal and favoritism to railroad corporations and Wall

street interests, all but destroyed the Democratic party two years after Mr. Cleveland's last election, doubtless the trusts and other privileged classes will contribute liberally, and the machine politicians, the corruptionists and grafters will be bountifully supplied with funds for a few months. But nothing but blighting defeat and destruction will or should follow such an exhibition of recreancy to the principles of Democracy and the rights of the people for which the party of Jefferson is supposed to stand. In such an event the conscience element of the Democratic party, consisting of millions of voters, would rightfully refuse to support a party that placed corrupt wealth above manhood and principle. The result of such a nomination would be seen in a third party, or in an immense swelling of the vote of the Socialist party and in large accessions to the Republican party.

On the other hand, if the Democratic party promulgates a clear-cut programme of progress, pledging itself to curb and bring into subjection lawless and law-defying trusts, monopolies and corporations; to place the interests of manhood above the interests of money; to favor progressive democratic policies and the reëstablishment of the republic of Jefferson and Lincoln that has recently given place to a government of privilege and class-rule; and if in addition to such a platform the party nominates an aggressive and determined representative of these principles, if it selects a man who backs up his words by his deeds instead of indulging merely in high-sounding platitudes and sonorous phrasings, the party will instantly call to its support millions of voters who are only awaiting a popular leader to fly to his standard in order that the reign of trust despotism, extortion and corruption may be overthrown.

The people have been learning during the past four years—learning in the bitter school of experience. They have been plundered of millions upon millions of dollars by the arrogant, insolent and law-defying coal and railroad trusts and by the great railroad combinations that through bribery of government officials defeat effective legislative demands that have so urgently and insistently been advanced by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that continue to levy extortionate freight rates at pleasure, thus robbing

the producer and consumer at will. The meat trust and scores of other organizations of commercial brigands have long kept the people at this irksome school, and all they now wait for is a fearless and daring leader in whom they can place confidence and who will back up his words and pledges with deeds. Let the Democrats nominate such a man, and the wealth of Wall street and of the various predatory bands that are securing untold millions that should be the property of honest industry, will be powerless to elect Mr. Roosevelt or any other president whom the people would even suspect of being capable of appointing a former corporation or trust attorney, such as the gentlemen who have been kept in office by the Republican party during the past eight years, to enforce the laws and uphold the rights of the people against law-defying classes.

THE TRUE IMMORTALS.

THROUGHOUT all ages the most colossal figures, the men and women who have left the most indelible impress on society, for good or evil,—they who have most completely held sway for a time, or for all time, over the popular imagination, have boldly represented one of two world-wide, opposing ideals. They have been dominated by altruism or by egoism. They have either been overmastered by some great moral principle, or truth, as was St. Paul overpowered by the light when he journeyed to Damascus, so that all thoughts of self, of personal ease, comfort, wealth, power, ambition, and advancement have been subordinated to a passion for truth, a desire for the acquisition for knowledge that should bless and benefit others, or for the furtherance of the basic principles of justice and right as they relate to all the people; or they have placed the ego above the interest of the millions and as a settled policy of life, or at least at critical moments, have been governed by considerations of self-interest rather than the higher law and the ideal of world-relationship and mutual interest and dependency, which was the heart of the ethics of Jesus.

In the history of civilization the life of the great Nazarene stands forth as a supreme embodiment of the spirit of altruism, as did that of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, who swayed the scepter of world-dominion when Jesus was crucified, represent the genius of egoism. The Nazarene was caluminated, misrepresented and traduced. He was a wanderer whom the world of power, wealth, respectability, and conventionalism sneered at, derided and slew, while that same world fawned at the feet of Tiberius and praised and flattered him, even though many who thus degraded themselves secretly detested him; for he was the all-powerful representative of physical force and might-upheld authority, as Jesus was the embodiment of moral excellence.

It is often urged to-day by opportunists, time-servers and apologists for rulers who are slaves to expediency, that it is impossible for those in high places, surrounded by chicanery, self-seeking, corruption and moral depravity, to live upon a high plane, or at least to consistently practice the principles of the noblest ethics. They urge that the democratic ideal, embodying Justice, Fraternity and Freedom, is noble and inspiring—something to be worshiped in the abstract and conjured with on the hustings, but in practical politics and in the conduct of State issues it is impracticable. This doctrine shadows forth a deadly apostacy that is more and more gaining favor with those who seek to discredit the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the principles of the founders of this nation. It is as false as it is pernicious, and should be boldly controverted at every step.

When we turn to the history of Rome in her decline, we behold egoism at its apogee. Here, if ever, it would have been impossible for rulers to shadow forth noble morals in public and private life. It was an age of blood and brute force; an age when the finer sensibilities of society had been drugged to death by successive reigns of unparalleled corruption, moral turpitude, cruelty and licentiousness. And yet, in this melancholy era when the mistress of the world, a moral degenerate, was reeling toward destruction, we find the Emperor Marcus Aurelius practicing the most austere morality, living a life at once abstemious, simple, pure and

upright, exercising wisdom, justice and altruism in the affairs of state, and by public and private life forever stamping as false the pitiful claim that great rulers in the midst of corrupt political conditions cannot preserve integrity of soul or be uniformly loyal to the great underlying principles of justice and nobility in word and deed, in public and private life.

Again, if we turn to an age and land where rude physical force dominated the imagination of warring peoples as completely as corrupting sensual depravity and refined cruelty marked the Roman Empire in the days of Aurelius, we find Alfred the Great of England a moral colossus when morality was at a discount; mentally keen when there was little to stimulate culture or intellect, and as tender and just as he was brave; a lover of his people far more than a lover of his own life; a man who demonstrated for all time the power and grandeur of moral rectitude in national leadership by surmounting the greatest discouragements, difficulties and harassments and laying broad and deep the foundations for a noble nation of happy, high-minded and enlightened people.

In these two well-known historical examples we see the heads of governments, at times when every current seemed to run in favor of egoism, embodying in an overmastering degree the principles of altruism in rulership, even as Nero, Domitian, Louis XV. and the Stuarts typified incarnate egoism at the head of the State.

In the reigns of Aurelius and Alfred the Great we have concrete examples of the possibility and practicability of fidelity to moral ideals in rulers and statesmen under the most adverse circumstances, and also of the potency of such examples in forwarding civilization. Their lives, deeds and words will ever be perpetual founts of inspiration and strength to the leaders of advancing civilization. By placing altruism above egoism they took rank among the saviors of civilization and the regenerators of society. Their immortality is as assured as it is glorious.

The egoist runs his little course, brilliant, spectacular, comet-like, perhaps, and then disappears. His deeds and words, prompted by selfish motives, possess no permanent vitality or inspiration. For a time frequently he fills a large place in the thought of the

world, but his going forth is like the flight of glory from the autumnal forest when the breath of winter has fallen over the land; while the altruist whom he may have scorned or unjustly condemned to prison or to death lives on in the love of the ages and becomes one of the real governors, moulders and uplifters of civilization, whose power for good is augmented as time passes and man advances. The altruists are the true immortals from whom time is powerless to wrest the scepter of dominion, because they have consciously or unconsciously leagued themselves with the Infinite Life; they have been true to the Divine ideal of Justice; they have been faithful to the eternal ethical verities.

TWO CAPITAL CRIMES AGAINST FREE GOVERNMENT.

IN A republic there are two political crimes that are capital in character and merit the extreme penalty meted out for the gravest offences. One is treason, in its true sense—the attempting through forcible means and measures to overthrow the government of the people, or assaults on the organic State from without and by force; and the other is the attempt to corrupt the electorate and statesmen elected to carry out the wishes of the voters, so that measures in the interest of all the people are displaced by legislation which gives privileges to the few and which enables classes or special interests to acquire great wealth at the expense of the masses and ultimately to oppress the people and levy extortion at will and to defy when they cannot prevent such legislation as might afford some measure of protection for the masses. This last offence—the destruction of the spirit and life of free institutions through corrupt practices—is the most heinous because the most dangerous crime that can be perpetrated against a republic, and therefore should be most unsparingly and severely dealt with,—more so, if possible, than overt treason, for assaults from without can be repelled with comparative ease. But the undermining of the foundations of pure and free

government is of necessity and ever has been the most fatal foe to experiments in popular rule. It corrupts the entire stream of political and industrial integrity, anæsthetising the conscience and destroying all sense of moral proportion. In proportion as the virus spreads throughout the body politic, class-interests become more and more dominant, and despotic ideas and reactionary tendencies permeate the State. Any attempt to foster or encourage this crime is of necessity a deadly offence against the genius of republican government; and every serious and wise attempt made to bring the corrupters to justice and to render impossible the debauching of the nation should command the steadfast loyalty and enthusiastic support of every patriot, irrespective of party, for the issue is one of supreme importance; it is the overshadowing menace of the hour.

A MESSAGE FOR THE PRESENT.

JOAQUIN MILLER in his social vision *The Building of the City Beautiful*, represents his heroine as saying:

"The very first, last words, of God to man, as the gates of Paradise closed behind, were these: 'In the sweat of *thy* face—not in the sweat of the face of another—thou shalt eat bread till thou returnest to the ground'; and we search the Bible in vain for any single exception in favor of any human being, be he priest, prophet, president, or king. . . . And so firmly fixed is this law of God, established in the laws of nature, that the experience of six thousand years testifies that this is the only path to perfect health. This is a positive law, the first law, and a positive law that admits of no equivocation. It fell from the voice of God centuries before Moses reached up his hands to receive the tablets where His finger, amid thunder and flame, had traced the negative laws of the Decalogue. . . . As I said before, this one first law, that thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy face, is a positive law. The Decalogue is almost entirely negative. But only let the one first great command be strictly observed and the Decalogue will never be broken. It is the one continual effort to escape this one first command that brings man in collision with the laws of Sinai."

Whatever one's views may be in regard to the Old Testament or the story of the Fall recorded therein, all who recognize the solidarity of the race and the mutual rights, duties and obligations belonging to and devolving upon the common children of a common Father, cannot fail to see and feel the basic justice of the central thought expressed in the above. Too long have the multitudes been exiled from the bounties of nature and the full enjoyment of the wealth which their toil has created, that the parasites might enjoy ease and luxury. The acquirers, as distinguished from the earners of wealth—those who because of accident of birth or by means of craft and cunning, by gambling or special privilege, and various forms of indirection—gain fortunes by the appropriation of what others have earned, are reaping where they do not sow and are waxing fabulously rich on that which in the light of the Higher Law belongs to others.

This fundamental injustice must sooner or later be overthrown and go the way of legalized polygamy, chattel slavery, and other evils of less enlightened periods. It is essentially undemocratic and wholly at variance with any true system of ethics. To supersede this anarchal and fundamentally iniquitous social condition by a system rooted and grounded in justice and equity will be the supreme mission of the twentieth century. It is the goal to which all our efforts should tend, for the happiness of all the people is conditioned on justice to every unit in the State.

BOOK STUDIES.

I. "THE TORCH": PROFESSOR HOPKINS' PLEA FOR ACADEMIC FREEDOM.*

I.

IN REACTIONARY periods such as the present, literature quickly responds to the dominant note in social and public life. The artificiality and superficiality, the egoism and sordidness, the increasing absorption in gain getting and pleasure seeking, indifference for justice, if it runs counter to desired personal ends, the elevation of might to the seat of right and the assumption of the divine-right idea, and that of mastership in the place of the ideal of brotherhood or fraternity which was the great basic principle in the teachings of Jesus—all these evidences of decadence that mark a period of positivism and reaction are reflected in the great mass of the literature of the time. There are always some splendid exceptions and occasionally great geniuses rise and become beacon lights in a night-time of mental and moral inertia. But for the most part the literature in reactionary periods is as artificial in character as is the society to which it ministers.

To-day this fact is very noticeable in our fiction. Even among our most finished writers, we note a painful amount of superficiality and affectation. Take for example the popular work of Henry Harland. Here artificiality reaches its apogee, and though the diction is exquisite, and one may feel a keen delight in the author's masterly manipulation of words and some of his admirers express a sense of satisfaction in finding present nothing repulsive, or, indeed, anything that can cause the effort incident to the birth-pain of a new or original thought, yet who among the discerning readers can escape the feeling that he has been beguiled into an elegant wax-works establishment, where all that the tailor's, the dress-maker's,

* *The Torch*, by Herbert M. Hopkins. Cloth. Pp. 398. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

milliner's and the perfumer's arts can yield have been pressed into requisition to aid the magician who attempts to pass off manikins for men and women. Numbers of other works far less finished than Mr. Harland's are equally artificial and far more reactionary in spirit, many of them glorifying the cruel swash-buckling and despotic ages "when knighthood was in flower" and the masses of all lands were cloaked in blackest ignorance, wrapped in superstition and made the beasts of burden for a privileged few; while still another class of popular novels deal with the shallow and enervating frivolity of modern selfish butterfly-society life. All such books are subtly poisonous. They fill the mind with false ideals and concepts and direct the thoughts from the real, serious and noble labors to which progress, duty, justice and right, or, in a word, to which God and the future, summons every true child of the Infinite.

Mid all this mass of reactionary, dilettante and oftentimes pernicious fiction that marks materialistic and egoistic epochs and which is so painfully in evidence to-day, we from time to time come across clear, strong, fine works that are deeply interesting and which breathe forth the high, fine spirit of true democracy; novels that reveal "things as they are" in the engaging guise of romance, unhampered by the prosaic and didactic iterations of the pedagogue or the preacher.

II.

In *The Torch*, Professor Herbert M. Hopkins has given us a romance of fascinating interest, wholesome in spirit and true to present-day conditions—a work in which through the wizard-touch of the novelist's art, one of the most ominous perils of our land and time,—the assault upon the freedom of thought in our educational institutions by predatory wealth—is brought vividly before the mind of the reader in the web and woof of the absorbingly interesting romance which, however, it must be confessed, has more basis in historical facts than in the rich fancy of poetic imagination. It must not be supposed, however, that Professor Hopkins' novel is preëminently a propaganda work; far from it. The overshadowing moral issue presented is incidental to a pure, but very realistic story

of present-day college life, replete in strong dramatic situations, spiced with love and romance, and otherwise strong in human interest. Here we see the play of all the emotions that are uppermost in social existence,—love and calculating worldly wisdom, egoism and altruism, craft and candor, pride and simplicity, vanity and sincerity, cunning and courage, profundity and superficiality. The arrogant spirit of the parvenu and the world-embracing love of the democrat, the despotism of the self-seeking sycophant and the devotion to principle of the true patriot,—all are brought out in bold antithesis; and while the story deals with the alarming assaults upon academic freedom through the influence of predatory wealth and of political partisanship as it has been exemplified in numerous instances during the past two decades, notably in the cases of the Leland Stanford and Chicago Universities and the Kansas State Agricultural College, it is in no sense the history of any single assault on the bulwark of democracy.

III.

Perhaps we cannot better acquaint the reader in the briefest possible way with the principal characters of the novel, than by presenting them in the form of a dramatic cast.

President Babington, an eastern scholar with many titles and the author of several books. He has the reputation of being a liberal thinker in sympathy with progressive democracy. He is large and well-proportioned, has a magnificent address and is famed for his eloquence; is magnetic, smooth and politic, yet underneath all this veneer is the sycophantic snob, the self-seeking egoist, mean-spirited, little-souled, despotic, and inordinately ambitious. While pretending to be progressive, he is at heart reactionary; while affecting democracy, he is in thorough accord with plutocracy.

“His sympathies were really with the administration, and the ‘imperialism’ of which its enemies made such a scarecrow was rather to his liking. There was a glamour and a glory and a good deal of dress-parade connected with it. He felt that the tendencies of the times made it necessary to drive the hewers of wood and drawers of water in harness. He would like to be one of the men to crack the whip.

"It was thus that he missed the ideal of a State University. He preached one thing, he felt another. He wanted his university to grow and extend its influence and become a great educational trust, because he was at the head of it. He favored the aspirations of the vulgar for his own aggrandizement, but he loved to belong to the privileged few."

President Babington is a master in high-sounding and sonorous platitudes. One might imagine that he had sat at the feet of Ex-President Cleveland and that the pupil had distanced the master in the use of mystifying words that might mean everything or anything. He was vocally so strenuous that he might have aroused the envy of President Roosevelt. Indeed, his strenuosity in words and his inertia in combatting reactionary and undemocratic evils suggest our President at times in an almost startling manner.

He is a suitor for the hand of the beautiful and wealthy young widow, Mrs. Van Sant, though he is not above coquetting with the dried up, weird and coarse Mrs. Tupper whose great riches he covets almost as much as he does the person of the beautiful young widow.

Professor Plow, a "greater democrat" as distinguished from the "little democrat" who is a time-server and seems to regard the fostering of class-interest as a function of government. He holds the chair of political economy and is outspoken in his advocacy of public ownership of public utilities and other sane democratic policies that would find few opponents among intelligent people were it not for the financial influence of privileged classes and their lavish use of money to purchase the aid of special pleaders. Owing to his broad statesmanship and his advocacy of his ideals of the greater democracy, Professor Plow is denounced as a socialist by his enemies,—something, however, that does not hurt his popularity. He, however, has aroused the bitter hostility of predatory wealth and public-service corporations, but is very popular with students because of his fairness, his moral enthusiasm and genuine nobility of character. Though a man of strong conviction, he fosters the freest discussion and encourages the most unsparing criticism of his own views by his students. All he asks is intelligent reasons from

those who antagonize his position, and the students know full well that if their arguments against his theories are sound and closely reasoned, they will receive every whit as high mark as equally strong reasoning from the other side.

As President Babington is an opportunist and a time-server, so Plow is an idealist and a practical visionary, paradoxical as the term may sound. On one occasion, when he expressed to the incredulous Mrs. Van Sant his conviction of the early triumph of the principles he supported, he exclaims:

“‘The visionary is the only sane man. He sees the real things more clearly than any one else. Every reformer was regarded as a visionary until his dreams became realities. We must have faith in the tendencies of the times, just as Washington and Lincoln did, and must n’t mind the labels they attach to us. Every fight for liberty looks forlorn at the beginning, but that’s where the glory and the exhilaration of it come in.’”

Plow consorts with the labor-unions and addresses various bodies of working people in a manner very offensive to the snobs and sycophants to our new aristocracy, as well as to the reactionary and plutocratic elements of society. He had been a schoolmate of President Babington and it was through the instrumentality of Professor Plow that the new president had been called to the state university. In their boyhood, they had been great friends. Both were idealists and fond of dwelling on the high, fine, old ideals that were the life and soul of our republic in the first century of its history. Plow, however, was an altruist as well as an idealist, while Babington was an egoist first and his fine-spun idealism always presupposed his personal comfort, ease and preëminence.

Mrs. Van Sant, a rich and beautiful young widow, willowy in form and presenting a wealth of auburn hair, a woman of the world with much intellectual discernment and in spite of her worldliness, possessed of many fine characteristics, not a very high or fine personification of womanhood, but an admirably drawn typical character. She has many admiring suitors, the principal ones being, President Babington, Professor Plow and her old playfellow and

schoolmate, Professor Lee, now filling the chair of English literature in the university.

Kate Tupper, an old, shriveled and hardened woman, a miser who has long lived in the delusion that everyone is trying to rob her. She is the widow of a once famous railroad magnate whose millions had been acquired through special privilege, questionable political tactics and by opposing the people. Old Mr. Tupper had intended to endow the university, but had clung to his gold until death had overtaken him. President Babington sets out to secure a portion of this wealth for the college. He succeeds. The sycophancy of the president and the angling of the old woman, who conceives an insane passion for the handsome man, lead to some essentially repulsive but very strong scenes. Babington covets her wealth and leads her to believe he cares for her to such purpose that she wills her riches to him.

Professors Trumbull, Stewart, Clark and Brown are members of the faculty who resign because of the dismissal of Professor Plow, and in their resignation created quite a furore.

"It was felt that there was something indecent in the manner in which these two men of dignity and position had been booted through the door. Irresponsible wits might remark that they now sat on the fence outside and exhibited the mark of the boot to passers-by, but the majority believed that a summons to a battle for liberty had been sounded by two men of heroic fiber. Their eyes were opened for the first time to this new menace of democracy, a menace growing out of the centralization of power since the civil war, and of a piece with industrial and legislative despotism."

Professor Lee, who refuses to resign or to be hypnotized by President Babington, and who finally becomes president of the university when Professor Plow is elected governor of the state.

Little Captain Kip, who had served in the Cuban War and who reflects the mental paralysis that is one of the curses of army life.

Kate Hathaway, a beautiful character who might have been won by Professor Lee had he been noble enough to understand her nobility, before she became the affianced bride of the scholar and archæologist, Professor Trumbull.

Miss Wiley, a reporter and editorial writer on the *Times*, wields a truculent pen, as Professor Babington learns to his bitter regret.

These are the chief characters in the story, in which college life in all its varied aspects forms a spirited background.

IV.

The home of Mrs. Van Sant is the scene of many of the most interesting episodes of the story. The painstaking wooing of President Babington is delightfully described, but he fails to deceive the shrewd and worldly-wise woman even though his temporary success, his brilliant intellectual powers and magnetism almost win a favorable answer to his suit. It is at the house of this brilliant woman on a certain evening that President Babington and Professor Plow unwittingly give the keynotes of the master and controlling ideals and impulses in their natures. The President has admitted that years before, when at college, he had written poetry. Those were the days when the nobler impulses in his nature had struggled for ascendancy. They mark the period when the high, fine spirit of democracy influenced him in a measure even as it overmastered his schoolmate, Plow. His poems had breathed the spirit of progress. Principle rather than policy was the dominant note and the keen-witted Mrs. Van Sant cannot fail to see that policy is now the overmastering influence of his life. At last he speaks of one class of people who find themselves "left out in the cold" and instantly his hostess discerns the key to the mystery that had perplexed her.

"The expression of his face arrested her reply. He had grown worldly again. 'Out in the cold!' The fear of the cold: that was the key to the mystery. It was for the warm place that he had come to despise his early dreams."

Later in the evening, Professor Plow, who had accommodated the president by addressing a meeting of working men who had requested the presence of the head of the university at their gathering, calls on Mrs. Van Sant. In the course of the conversation which follows between the president and the professor, the econ-

omist vexed his superior by his championship of the workers. The following words by the professor and the replies elicited serve to awaken the instructor in political economy to the fact that his old schoolmate has become recreant to the ideal of democracy and a traitor to the cause of social justice. Plow has been explaining the fact that the laborers are often very well informed and he continues:

“‘One old man wanted to know why it was that four thousand millionaires owned over twenty per cent. of the wealth of the country; why one family in each hundred could buy out the other ninety-nine and have something over.’

“‘Did you tell him that it was due to brains?’ Babington asked, with a curious smile. But Plow was in no humor for jests.

“‘No, sir,’ he cried, with a wide sweep of his arm, as if he were still before an audience, ‘I could n’t conscientiously give them any such answer. I told them that it was the paradox of the century to see the congestion of wealth in the hands of the privileged few, in spite of the wide diffusion of education among the masses. I told them no man’s services were worth a salary of a million dollars a year. I told them we were paying tribute now to emperors of steel and kings of oil, instead of to the old-fashioned kind of kings. These are our robber barons.’

“‘The president’s face had grown immovable and hard. Was this the man he had sent as his accredited representative?’

“‘What solution did you recommend?’ he asked coldly.

“‘Co-operation,’ said Plow, ‘union, the public ownership of public utilities. The wealth of the country belongs to the people, and they have a right to claim their own, for they have created it.’ . . .

“‘The university has a place in all this,’ he continued. ‘That’s what I tell the young men in my classes. I want them to realize their opportunities and responsibilities. I want them to be on the right side when the line is drawn. That’s why I love my profession. I feel that I can be a connecting link between the educated men and the masses. I’m glad I’m teaching in a state institution, an institution for the people, not created with conscience money to tickle the vanity of an individual. We can say what we please and extend a helping hand to the men who need it most. You remember we used to discuss these subjects in college, Babington. Things have grown worse since then.’

“‘I should say rather better,’ the president answered distinctly. ‘I think the trusts are a benefit to the country.’”

“Plow’s eyes opened wide, and he stared at his old classmate with incredulity. Then he returned to the attack with renewed vigor, anxious only to win a convert, and unsuspecting of the complicated emotions that were raging in the other’s heart.”

Professor Babington made the mistake which the Tories in the early days of our revolution made—the mistake of Stafford in the time of Charles I. and the mistake that marked the old regime of France when Jefferson counselled the leading nobles and statesmen at the court to follow a course that would have averted the reign of terror. Babington believed that because the people were patient and long suffering—because they permitted themselves to be betrayed time and again, they were not formidable or to be feared. He had the same faith in plutocracy and contempt in democracy that is in evidence on every hand to-day, while Plow trusted to the principles of justice and right and held faith in the people even as did Jefferson and Lincoln in earlier days. The president began his time-serving at a time when the popular action in favor of greater democracy was beginning to electrify the heart of the people—a wave of genuine republicanism rose, as rise it will, and it overthrew the reign of the trusts and predatory wealth, sweeping Plow into the government chair and Babington out of the university.

Professor Hopkins has performed a needed task while writing a fine story of absorbing interest. His book rings true at almost every point. It is instinct with the spirit of democracy. It is a story that will serve to awaken the people to the perils of the present and bring back again something of the old-time love of freedom, justice and brotherhood that was the guiding principle of Jefferson, Lincoln and indeed the master-spirits that made the United States the great moral leader or ethical world-power in modern civilization.

II. PROFESSOR PARSONS' "STORY OF NEW ZEALAND." *

I. INTRODUCTORY WORD.

IN *The Story of New Zealand* Professor Frank Parsons has given the American people a monumental work of inestimable value to the cause of social progress and sound democracy. In fact, it is a veritable magazine of facts and authoritative data of supreme importance at the present time. We believe it is safe to say that no book has appeared in the past decade whose circulation would do more to further the principles of free institutions, the cause of justice and the peaceable evolution of our republic from its present condition of social and political chaos.

This volume, containing over eight hundred pages, gives at once a graphic story of one of the most enlightened commonwealths of the world and a survey of the successive political, economic and social victories which have lifted New Zealand to the front rank of free enlightened commonwealths. It is impossible in the space of a magazine review to even indicate the chief points of excellence in a work so comprehensive in scope, so important in character, and so clearly and closely reasoned as is this volume. We say "closely reasoned" advisedly, as the work is far more than a didactic presentation of the facts of the historical, social, economic and political developments of this wonderful New England of the antipodes; for in it the author luminously discusses each great fundamental problem with which the commonwealth has had to deal, pointing out the strong and the weak points in each measure and achievement, and comparing results with similar movements elsewhere. No American scholar is so well equipped for this special work as Professor Parsons. His long labors as professor in the Boston University School of Law, and his experience as a legal text-book writer were part of a training very helpful in the preparation of a work

* *The Story of New Zealand*. By Prof. Frank Parsons. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 836. Price, \$3.00. Philadelphia: Dr. C. F. Taylor, publisher, 1520 Chestnut street.

where accuracy in statement and lucidity of expression are of first importance. In the next place, he brings to the work a knowledge which is probably greater than that possessed by any other American economic authority of the history of important democratic measures and popular governmental undertakings enacted throughout Europe and America during the past century; and to these important qualifications is added that conscientious regard for absolute accuracy in statement and reasonableness in deductions which has ever marked his work, and the enthusiasm of one whose love for the labor is only surpassed by his devotion to the fundamental ethical verities that are the hope of popular government and of enduring civilization.

II. AS A HISTORICAL SURVEY.

The volume opens with an interesting description of the Maori tribes, the remarkable brown people who were the masters of the island when Captain Cook touched upon the coast of New Zealand. The history of the island during the establishment of the early settlement and of the final war with the brave Maoris is given in a clear and concise manner, after which the author enters upon the great subject in hand, the politico-industrial history of New Zealand.

There have been many able and more or less comprehensive works published dealing with some one or more of the distinctive social, economic and political innovations and reforms of New Zealand. Some of these works, like the extremely valuable books by the late Henry D. Lloyd, were largely the result of personal visits, inquiries and observations; yet they were in the nature of the case largely cursory and incomplete. It remained for Professor Parsons to give the English-speaking world a comprehensive social and political history of New Zealand from the advent of the white man to the present day. The author has had access to all obtainable authoritative data relating to his subject. He was compelled to carefully digest over three hundred large volumes in order to be able to present a story absolutely trustworthy.

III. THE BOOK AS A TWENTIETH-CENTURY HISTORY.

History in the past has concerned itself largely if not chiefly with wars and deeds of force and fraud perpetrated by the powerful, who through the accidents of birth or fortune on the field of blood were able to oppress the many and who usually blasphemously claimed to rule by divine right. The historian Green made a long stride toward an enlightened treatment of the history of the English when he devoted so much space to the conditions of the masses and the development of the moral and intellectual side of national life. And yet, admirable as his history is, it is largely devoted to wearying tales of needless wars and the flagrant crimes of rulers. To a certain extent this of course is necessary in the history of a nation like that of England, which deals with a people's slow and toilsome ascent from savagery, covering centuries in which the ideal of excellence lay in physical power or intellectual cunning rather than in moral strength or intellectual greatness. And yet I think it is difficult to escape the conclusion that excellent as is Green's history, it would have been materially improved if less space had been devoted to the savage side of life, and more emphasis had been placed on the history of constitutional progress, and economic, social and moral development.

In Professor Parsons' *Story of New Zealand*, which is the latest pretentious historical work to appear, we have a history in which the social, economic and educational progress of a great people occupies almost the entire volume. It is a story in which unfolding civilization, rather than deeds of savagery, brute force and remorseless ambition receives special emphasis. New Zealand has had few wars with her natives, and none with outside nations, and, as our author points out, the conflicts with the savages were for the most part due to moral lapses of the white men; and happily for all the inhabitants these exhibitions of moral and mental insanity were very few compared with those usually in evidence where Christian nations have undertaken to benevolently assimilate pagan peoples.

The history of New Zealand, though wanting in military honors, though barren of men on horseback, and rulers wearing crowns and

bearing scepters, is nevertheless one of the most interesting, as it is in many respects the most suggestively inspiring record of national life extant.

Here the democratic ideal, based on Justice, Freedom and Fraternity, has been worked out more rapidly and successfully than in any other nation on the globe. Here progress in social, economic and political life has been incomparably more rapid than elsewhere, and as a result the history of no land is so pregnant with knowledge of real worth for friends of free government as is that of the New England of the southern seas which Professor Parsons has so graphically described. Next to the value to civilization of the victories achieved is the fact that these wonderfully revolutionary triumphs have been wrought without the shedding of blood or the wasting of property—wrought by those weapons which in ballot-ruled lands become irresistible when systematically and intelligently directed, namely, *agitation, which appeals primarily to the reason and conscience, followed by organization and concentrated effort for the definite victory of uppermost issues.*

IV. GREAT PROGRESSIVE MEASURES CARRIED OUT IN NEW ZEALAND.

Unlike statesmen in most lands, who for the most part have seemed unable to look ahead or build for the coming generations, the leaders of New Zealand have been bold, brave and far-seeing. They have been actuated by a determination to secure the greatest measure of justice, happiness and freedom for all the people. While our government has been catering to classes and privileged interests, this progressive southern commonwealth has kept steadily in view the supreme demand of democracy, which requires that the interests of all the people shall be the first concern of government. And the victories achieved have been as pronounced as they have been radical. Here the land as in no other country is the heritage of all the people, owing to a wise tax levied on land values and other just and statesmanlike measures enacted with a view to enabling every citizen to own a home, and thus have a stake in the country.

Thus monopoly in land, that mother of privilege and chief source of social injustice, has been overcome. To-day the land belongs in fact as well as in theory to the people; and as a result we find New Zealand becoming a nation of homes,—of happy, prosperous, progressive homes. The chapters on the land laws, dealing with the long and fierce struggle of the speculators to become rich on unearned increment and to virtually obtain mastery over the landless, as in other lands, and the counter-movements resulting in taxation of land values and in a settled policy looking toward the nationalization of the land, constitute one of the most inspiring and helpfully suggestive contributions to recent political and economic literature. But just land laws are only one of many distinguishing features of New Zealand's victorious progressive political programme. Among the other great achievements may be mentioned equal suffrage for men and women; direct nomination on petition; the Australian ballot and compulsory voting; progressive income tax and inheritance tax; governmental ownership and operation of railways, telegraph, and telephone; postal savings banks; governmental ownership and operation of coal mines; governmental insurance; industrial arbitration; a constantly broadening use of the referendum; nationalization of credit, or governmental loans at low interest to farmers and workingmen; government aid for home-makers by settling people on vacant land, advancing money at low interest to home-builders; prohibition of panics by the government practically taking control of the management of the chief bank of the land and standing behind it with the credit of the nation; old-age pensions; enlightened factory laws, embracing eight-hour day, weekly half-holidays, full wages and no sweating; public trust office, which administers estates at a low rate and with absolute safety; work for the out-of-works, or direct employment by the State on public works. Much of this work is now being carried forward on a unique co-operative plan.

In the above list we have enumerated the chief, but by no means all of the sane, wise, progressive measures that have marked the industrio-political history of New Zealand during the last thirty years.

In speaking of New Zealand, Professor Parsons says:

"The age of vigorous national development really began, however, with 1870. Till then the colonists had been occupied mainly with problems of safety and subsistence. . . . The era of railway development and assisted immigration that followed was largely responsible for the strong public sentiment that has wrought the remarkable changes of recent years. The public works showed the people what the government could do for them. And the growth of land monopoly that followed the building of railways forced upon the people the necessity of action. . . . Since 1890 the government has been in control of the Liberal Ministry, which is progressive in all its lines. The Progressive Party was born in 1877, but did not get thorough control of the government till January, 1891. Since then there has been no break."

V. SOME RESULTS OF SCIENTIFIC AND WISE STATESMANSHIP.

And what are the results as shown in this remarkable history? The nation, as Professor Parsons points out, is prosperous and happy. It is primarily a nation of home-makers. There is little or no uninvited poverty. In speaking of prevailing conditions our author observes that:

"Children are well cared for. New Zealand education is free, universal and compulsory. A little larger proportion of children is in school than with us, and illiteracy is less. Aside from the Maoris practically all the people over twelve years of age can read and write. A good common-school education is the rule, and higher education is very general. . . . Morality and intelligence are both very high. There is nowhere a people more kindly or with a deeper sense of justice. They are law-abiding, industrious, independent, prudent, prosperous, temperate, tolerant, and open-minded; and their energy and public spirit are superb.

"The vigor, self-reliance and initiative of the New Zealanders astonish their visitors. Those who imagine that public ownership and State activity blight these qualities must find New Zealand a paradox. Nowhere are the functions of government wider and nowhere are self-reliance and individual initiative more remarkably developed. The working classes look constantly to the State for assistance in various forms; yet they do more for themselves and make better provisions for the future in life insurance, bank deposits, etc., than the workers in any other country. The explanation

is easy. The government of New Zealand is not Paternalism but Fraternalism. Government-help is self-help, the partners using the firm to do their work. . . . The criminal record per thousand of population is low, lower than in England, France, Germany or the United States, and only half what it is in some of the Australian colonies, New South Wales, for example. The number of persons in prison per thousand inhabitants is less than half what it is in the United States. Illegitimate births are few. The ratio of drunkenness is light. The civic virtue of the people is shown by the honesty of the government and the wise and hearty interest the citizens take in public affairs. Chief Justice Stout says, 'So far our State has been free from corruption of any kind.' And again, 'There is a tolerance of opinion, and there is an altruism and a growing civic conscience clearly manifest.' . . . Reeves declares, 'The general political tone is healthy and is stimulated in all the provinces by a high-class press, which uses its great influence in a conscientious manner.' . . . The United States Consul reports to Washington that New Zealand 'is more truly democratic than any other country in the world.' Civic spirit is vigorous and acts on a high plane. Voting is regarded not merely as a right, but a duty, and not only a moral duty but a legal duty, the exercise of which is made compulsory. The government is not regarded as the enemy, or even as the guardian of the people, but as their friendly, wise and trusty servant. . . . Social life is as democratic as political life. The people are healthy and long-lived. The death rate is less than ten in a thousand. No other nation has so low a rate. The average worker in England is as old at sixty as the New Zealand laborer at sixty-five or seventy. The women are robust, wholesome, home-loving, intelligent, and public-spirited. . . . New Zealand has the highest per capita bank deposit in the world, and the highest life insurance per head next to the United States. The leading industries are agriculture and grazing, though mining, manufactures and commerce receive a good deal of attention. . . . The prosperity of the people is very high the way things go on this planet. The efficiency of labor, or the product per worker, is greater than in any other country except the United States, and the per capita wealth, income and expenditure, is greater in New Zealand than in any other country whatever. Not only is wealth more prevalent and incomes larger in New Zealand than elsewhere, but wealth is better diffused than in other countries, and the laws and institutions are framed on purpose to secure a still greater equalization of wealth. Paupers are very few

and dire want does not exist. . . . The people are determined their industrial life shall be as free from monopoly and oppression as their political life. They will have their institutions as genial as the sunshine that comes to all alike, and not less just or equal than the climate, which indulges only in the variations needful for the best and fullest life."

These brief extracts will give the reader some idea of present-day conditions in this progressive and essentially democratic commonwealth, where the people are not afraid to own and operate public utilities and where they hold that it is far more dangerous for trusts and privileged classes to practically own the government, corrupt the law-makers and oppress the people than for the voters to manage and control the public utilities and the land, including the coal mines.

I have no hesitancy in saying that this work is incomparably the most important volume on social, economic and political problems that has appeared within the last decade. It is of vital interest to progressive friends of free institutions, because it shows a plain, clear, practical solution for the most perplexing questions that confront us, and it emphasizes the theory by furnishing a practical and successful working model. It offers the remedy for the crying evils that are so fraught with peril to republican institutions, in a peaceful and orderly manner and in line with the evolutionary sweep of government.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

ELEGIES: ANCIENT AND MODERN. By Mary Lloyd. (In two volumes.) Vol. I. Pp. 308. Price, \$1.50 net; postage, twelve cents. Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt, publisher.

IN THE elegy the human heart speaks from its fulness, when the most profound emotions are in full play. It sounds the depths of human feeling and appeals to the most serious side of our nature. I have often thought when considering the elegy in connection with other forms of verse, that it was comparable to the master-tones of a great organ which thrill and stir one's very being. And how long the impressive imagery and soul-plaints linger in the mind! We may delight in the beautiful nothings of the poet, the exquisite butterfly concepts; but they are ephemeral and leave no impress on the soul. Not so with the noble elegy, for here the heart, from the depths of the valley, signals men and women of sentiment, feeling and depth of character in all ages, and the signal is answered from the solemn recesses of the soul.

As a rule the elegy flowers best when life is simple, sincere and normal, or in historic hours that are marked by a moral renaissance, when the conscience elements are particularly active and the prophets and bards experience profound spiritual exaltation, or are powerfully moved by dread apprehension for their country's weal. In decadent epochs and periods when gold has thrown its serpent-spell over the public imagination, the deepest heart-calls, the most solemn, grave and thoughtful literature finds scant popular favor. The temper of such ages is opposed to contemplation of the great verities of life. The call is for the gay and the feverish, for farce, comedy and light society romances that will entertain, dispel ennui and speak the same hollow, insincere and artificial language that

* Books intended for review in **THE ARENA** should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, **THE ARENA**, Boston, Mass.

life is keyed to; or it seeks the exciting fiction which defies all elements of probability and is feverish in spirit and character; for such works are mental and moral anæsthetics. They deaden the call of conscience, defer the hour when the soul must confront the great sphinx of life, and minister to mental inertia by affording emotional excitement without the effort of thought.

But the elegy appeals to the normal mind in tune with life's deeper problems; and the deeper the feeling and the more vivid the poetic imagination, the keener will be the delight afforded by this stately form of verse.

The first one hundred pages of this extremely valuable volume of Miss Lloyd's is devoted to a most comprehensive and discriminating study of the history of elegiac poetry from the earliest days down to the present time. The author is not only a master of her subject, but her treatment reveals that sympathetic insight that invests literary criticism with a seductive charm as pleasing as it is rare in our haste-harassed age.

The second half of the book is devoted to masterpieces of elegiac verse, from the dawn of historic times down to the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Something of the wide field from which the author has selected her verse and the rich sources from which she has drawn may be inferred from the fact that among the selections one meets in this volume are elegies from the *Rig Veda*, from Homer, Sappho, Kallistratos, Sophocles, Plato, Ovid, Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, Michaelangelo, Tasso, Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, Walter Raleigh, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Robert Herrick, John Milton, and John Dryden. There are about one hundred and forty of these choice selections, and with the second volume, which is now in preparation and which will contain three hundred pages of the great elegies written since the early part of the eighteenth century, the American public will possess the only collection of elegies to be found in the literature of any people.

This is a work that book-lover and library-builders will prize, both for its content-matter and because it is so fine a specimen of the book-maker's art. The book is fully indexed, printed on all-rag

paper, hand-sewed, substantially bound in cloth with gilt top,—a most suitable setting for an important work which will charm and hold the interest of thoughtful and cultured minds.

FROM AGNOSTICISM TO THEISM. By Charles F. Dole.
Cloth. Pp. 30. Price, thirty cents. Boston: James H. West Company.

THIS is the best short argument addressed to agnostics in favor of theism that we have read. Mr. Dole is nothing if not rationalistic in his methods. At the outset he discards the childhood idea of Deity as being a magnified specimen of an Oriental potentate, but on the other hand he is a firm believer in the new-old concept which holds that God is ever-present throughout the universe; that the universe is, indeed, a mighty conscious entity, in which the moral order or spiritual verities is so apparent as to prove it to be spiritual rather than merely mechanical, as Haeckel and other great thinkers hold. This concept of Deity, which is so rapidly gaining a hold upon the mind of western civilization, is of course not new, being very similar to the ancient Indian concept whose origin is shrouded in antiquity. Mr. Dole's reasoning is very clear and convincing. His language is simple and impressive. All can readily understand his terminology. Yet the composition no less than the close, logical handling of the great theme, speaks of ripe scholarship; while the spirit of fairness and the innate love of truth, which are present throughout his argument, will captivate the reader.

In closing his argument the author introduces a little parable in which a tiny vein in a man's hand is supposed to possess consciousness. It is a decidedly agnostic vein, and because it cannot see the mighty conscious organism of which it is an infinitesimal part in its entirety, it doubts and denies the existence of such an entity. The parable is admirably told and forms a happy illustrative climax to the argument.

This book should be widely circulated among thoughtful agnostics.

THE WAY TO THE WEST. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 446. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

MR. HOUGH has given us an excellent contribution to the stirring history of pioneer days. His style is finished and well calculated to hold the reader's interest even though he be a lover of fiction and a despiser of conventional history, and yet the book possesses the merit of being at once historically accurate and for the most part philosophically sound. In the opening chapters, the author discourses in a most interesting and suggestive manner on "The American Axe," "The Rifle" and "The Birch-bark Canoe," and shows how they were the instruments that made the march of our civilization westward possible under the then-existing conditions. He points out the fact that the South and not the North was the pioneer in pushing westward; that Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, sent the heroes of the early days beyond the mountains to establish settlements and lay the foundation for our future greatness in the Mississippi Valley. No easy task was it that confronted those sturdy heroes who pushed forth, knowing full well that they would have to fight inch by inch one of the most cunning, powerful and relentless foes that was ever encountered by pioneers. The connected story of the march of civilization westward from the days when the sturdy settlers in Western North Carolina pushed their way across the mountains to the hour when the railroads bound the Atlantic and the Pacific together has probably never been better told in the compass of a single volume than is here related. Undoubtedly, the three chapters that will hold special interest for the younger readers are those dealing with the lives of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and Kit Carson. These very famous, picturesque and really heroic characters are described after the manner of the historian rather than that of the biographer who comes into sympathetic rapport with his hero and makes him live again in his glowing portrayal. But what is lost in this respect, is made up in other ways, especially in the clearing away of many mistakes and misapprehensions relating to these frontier knights of the

axe and gun, and the summary disposal of certain wonder stories found in biographies whose authors possessed a penchant for romancing.

In the last two chapters Mr. Hough makes many thoughtful and suggestive observations which are as timely as they are disquieting. We are glad to see that many of the more virile young writers are coming to appreciate the fact that we are in the midst of a portentous crisis which tends to utterly destroy the old republic and in its place establish an intolerable despotism of class-rulership, which though it may be unlike in form, will be similar in spirit to those that have blighted and blasted other nations in all periods. That our author realizes this fact may be gathered from the following lines:

"So much for the accomplishments of the Age of Transportation. It has already shown us the meaning of monopoly and has shown us the abolishment of the individual. It has taught us, or some of us, to believe that the establishment of an expensive university may serve as emendative of an unpopular personal career. It has taught us, or some of us, obsequiously to worship that form of wealth that soothes its conscience by the building of public libraries. Whether or not learning best grows and flourishes that has such foundation-heads, library and university alike must to-day admit their impotence to answer the cry of the leader, 'Give me back my Americans!'

"The America of to-day is an America utterly and absolutely changed from the principles whereon our original America was founded, and wherefrom it grew and flourished. Never was there any corner of Europe, before the days of those revolutions that put down kings, worse than some parts of oppressed America to-day. It is not too late for revolution in America. There is not justice in the belief that America can to-day be called the land of the free. The individual is no more. He perished somewhere on those heights we have seen him laboriously ascending, somewhere on those long rivers we have seen him tracing. He died in the day of Across the Waters."

We have become *par excellence* the people of castes and grades and classes. The whole theory of America was that here there was hope for the individual; that here he might grow, might prevail. It is degradation to abandon that theory.

The author is opposed to socialism, doubtless largely because he little understands its essence and is swayed as are most people by prejudice born of misrepresentation on the part of the opposition and partial and imperfect presentations by its advocates. He evidently fears a military or bureaucratic socialism, such as all true Americans would oppose, but with direct legislation and proportional representation in full operation, the fundamental ideals and principles of democracy would not only be conserved, but the ideal of liberty, fraternity and freedom would be realized as it can only be realized where we have economic, as well as political equality, or that equality of opportunities and of rights which must be the foundation upon which any true republic exists.

HER INFINITE VARIETY. By Brand Whitlock. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 168. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THIS is a well-written story of a man and two women. It is a charming time-killer for those who have time to thus kill; but we cannot recommend it to thoughtful people who "see things as they are" and who appreciate that life is real and earnest. It deals with a rich and successful young man possessing oratorical ability, who is elected to the Illinois Senate as a partisan, and therefore who soon becomes one of the cogs in the wheel which of late years has supplanted popular government in various commonwealths, and which makes or defeats laws and measures—the machine, which is the all-powerful tool of modern plutocracy, the corruptor of statesmanship and the debaucher of the electorate and the press.

The young statesman, who is engaged to a rich society girl in Chicago, becomes suddenly smitten with the charms of a stylish Chicago lawyer, Maria Burleigh Green by name, who is at Springfield lobbying for a woman's suffrage bill. He becomes the legislative knight for the cause and makes a spread-eagle speech in favor of the measure, which, contrary to the present temper of legislative bodies, carries the Senate by storm. The bill, however, is to come up for final action the following week. On the morning of the day

set for the voting, the young statesman's *fiancée*, chaperoned by a society leader, and other ultra-society women appear on the scene to kill the bill; and the youthful statesman finds himself between two fires. Through the artful manœuvres of the wire-pulling society leader he is detained from the Senate until the measure is voted on and defeated. The affronted *fiancée* forgives the wayward and over-sensitive lover, and in this way the story ends happily. There are some fine satirical touches in the book, and incidentally effective sidelights are thrown on the present shallow shams, insincerity and essential dishonesty to which our politics, through the mastery of money, has been brought in various commonwealths, but this treatment is so superficial that it will have little value in arresting the reader's attention. The author has evidently intended to write a book merely to amuse or entertain his readers, and in this respect he has succeeded.

The richness and elegance of the make-up of the volume merit a much better work. The type is large and fair; the pages are ornamented; and there are several exceptionally fine photogravure illustrations from drawings by Christy.

THE STORY OF A LABOR AGITATOR. By Joseph R. Buchanan. Cloth. Pp. 462. Price, \$1.25 net. New York: The Outlook Company.

THIS work, which is autobiographical in character, covers a period of ten strenuous years in the life of one of the most sane and thoughtful leaders in the Trades-Union movement in America. Mr. Buchanan is above all else a man of conscience. He has a deep love for justice and possesses a much broader range of vision than that which characterizes many labor leaders and agitators. As a writer he possesses a charm of style and expression rare among those who discuss the cause of the manual laborers and which makes the volume, quite apart from its interest as a sympathetic presentation of the struggles of the toilers, most delightful reading.

There seems to be at the present time a systematic attempt being

waged throughout a large portion of the daily press and certain periodicals for the purpose of unduly prejudicing the general readers against Trades-Unions; and every exhibition of narrowness, of bigotry, of intolerance, injustice and lawlessness for which Trades-Unionism is directly or indirectly responsible, is enlarged upon in a systematic attempt to discredit unionism. Now while it is doubtless true that the trades organizations are frequently very narrow and intolerant in spirit, that they are at times despotic and unreasonable, that they are frequently short-sighted, and that at times they are goaded on to acts which necessarily militate against them, it is, we think, equally true that corporate and predatory wealth, which by virtue of united action and hard and fast bargaining with politicians has been enabled to enjoy special privileges on the one hand and to place the minions of corporate wealth in power on the other, has been guilty of a hundred-fold more injustice since the famous Homestead strike than can be justly credited to labor unions; and the peril of unionism to free institutions, which seems to concern plutocracy so much at the present time, is infinitesimal compared with the overshadowing peril of corporate and predatory wealth. In Mr. Buchanan's book the lawlessness and despicable tactics employed by corporate wealth in special instances which have come under his personal observation, are luminously dwelt upon. Yet the high-handed outrages of which he speaks were anterior to the more modern exhibitions of anarchy in high places. The outrages of which he speaks pale into insignificance when compared with the recent acts in Colorado and those which have marked the history of the last few years in Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Buchanan's work is that in which he describes the treatment accorded him by a large number of those within the ranks of the toilers because he failed to see the truth exactly as they saw it, or believed in a line of work that in method differed from what others advocated. No loyal friend of labor or of social and economic justice has escaped this kind of persecution. The dogmatic, narrow and bigoted spirit, it often seems to us, is nowhere so rampant as among the toilers and the

leaders of reform movements; and those who would be loyal to the fundamental principles of justice, freedom and fraternity must expect to be continually misrepresented, misunderstood and often hounded by those for whom they are laboring.

This volume is in our judgment one of the most interesting and valuable works of its class that has appeared in recent years.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EGO. By Dr. Charles Kirkland Wheeler. Cloth. Pp. 116. Price, \$1 net. Published by the author, 9 Park square, Boston, Mass.

THE AUTHOR of this work, Dr. Charles Kirkland Wheeler, is a Harvard graduate and a thinker whose mind has great aptitude for abstract problems and metaphysical concepts. The present volume is an effort "to prove that we are not self-conscious, nor even conscious, much as we confidently and cheerily think we are." We are inclined to think that the treatise will prove too abstract and recondite for most readers of *THE ARENA*. In the present age of rapid living, quick and oftentimes very superficial reasoning, and the dominance of the utilitarian spirit, a volume of this character will prove less attractive than in more deliberate and speculative periods. The book is divided into nine chapters, in which the author treats of such subjects as "What is Consciousness?" "The Illusion of My Being Self-Conscious or even Conscious," "Consciousness not Self-Conscious," "Self-Consciousness only an Appearance," "Self-Consciousness only an Idea," "We Ourselves only an Idea," "The World Within like that Without," and "The Insanity of Man."

The following extract from the last-mentioned chapter will afford an illustration of the author's thought and method of expression:

"As to the fact of man's insanity, doubtless Shakespeare did not in his time want in what he observed in men's thought and conduct, and no more does the present writer in his, for the most ample evidence of it; evidence which if met with in only in the *few* instead of the *mass* of mankind, as it is, would be all-sufficient in the judg-

ment of any reputable alienist to commit the subjects of it to an insane asylum forthwith. In other words, such few are only saved, this moment, from the madhouse in that their affliction is the affliction of all mankind.

"When the head of a great nation with that great nation itself and even the church back of him, his accomplices in the crime, affects to murder *of right* fifty thousand even Christian human beings guilty of no crime but of wanting their liberty, and all for gain, as is only what (murder for gain) any highwayman or pirate does—is there no insanity in it? Or, when men of repute for extraordinary intellect and moral worth, perhaps of the measure of Jonathan Edwards, can believe that a *beneficent and just* Deity could pave a hell with infants' skulls—is there nothing of insanity in mind that can but see those most contradictory things as hanging together? Then consider that a thousand volumes of a thousand pages each could be filled to overflowing with the like incongruous in the thought and conduct of men;—and, yet, no insanity in man—man as man?—"!

GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.

Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 174. Price, \$1. Philadelphia: Henry Altamus Company.

THIS tale of a little southern negro is one of the best child's stories of recent years. It is true at once to life in general and to negro life in particular. The hero is a poor little colored orphan, the grandson of a negro who was footman to a beautiful and gracious southern belle of the olden days. In his life he had often told little George Washington how he had been given, when a very small boy, to his little "Mistis," the beautiful daughter of a rich white planter, as a Christmas gift; how he waited on her through her all-too-brief life; how she treated him kindly; and how he lived at the great house and wore brave livery. This grandfather had been a great believer in the "quality folks" of the old days, and he described with sadness the ruthless changes that followed when the war came on and his old master was bereft of his fortune. He had, however, given the negro a little start, so that he might preach to his people, which he did until overtaken with consumption.

With no father and mother, little George had lived with his grandfather, but the time came when the old man died, and a poor negro family took the little boy for two or three days, till something could be done for him. The old negress who thus sheltered the waif, however, had been faithful to President Roosevelt's ideal, as was attested by her numerous progeny. Christmas came, and little George was not remembered. Tears came to the child's eyes amid the joy of the other children over the things which Santa Claus had brought them. George thereupon determined to be a Christmas gift himself, and all day long he proffered himself to quality white folks without success. Finally a big-hearted negro woman, named Sarah, took the little wanderer in. She had lost a boy about his age, and her mother-heart went out in love to the little orphan. Very beautiful is the picture of the simple life in this cabin. But the boy feels the call to seek for a mistress among the "quality white folks." He finally obtains a situation in the home of the daughter of his grandfather's mistress, where he becomes a welcome and loved servant. Sarah also is induced to take up her home on the palatial estate, and the two live in comparative affluence.

It is a delightful story and merits wide circulation.

ESARHADDON AND OTHER TALES. By Leo Tolstoi.

Cloth. Pp. 64. Price, 40 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"ESARHADDON" is the title of a dainty little volume containing three short allegorical and legendary tales, all emphasising Count Tolstoi's convictions on the unity and solidarity of life and the iniquity of resisting evil. The book has been written and published for the benefit of the Kishineff sufferers, and all receipts from its sale will be devoted to that worthy cause. Of the three little stories that constitute the volume, the last impresses us as being of special merit. In it a king seeks to find the true answer to the questions: What time must one use and not neglect, lest he repent it? Who are the people one most needs, and therefore to whom should

one pay most attention? What affairs are most important and should be first attended to? The story is ingeniously told, and in the end the king has brought to his consciousness in a very striking manner the answers through a wise hermit to whom he has appealed, which are: (1) Now. (2) He with whom you are. (3) To do good.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Literary and Vocal Interpretation of the Bible." By S. S. Curry. Cloth, 384 pp. Price, \$1.50 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"The Indians of the Painted Desert Region." By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Cloth. 268 pp. Price, \$2.00 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

"Troubadour Tales." By Evalene Stein. Illustrated. Cloth, 166 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Songs of the Trees, Picture Rhymes and Tree Biographies." By Mary Y. Robinson. Illustrated in colors. 126 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Magical Monarch of Mo and His People." By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in color. Cloth, 238 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The New Wizard of Oz." By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in colors. Cloth, 260 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Enchanted Island of Yew." By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in colors. Cloth, 242 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Dramana." By Anna Arlington Tyson. Cloth, 270 pp. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.

"Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Cloth, 162 pp. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE our last issue went to press, **THE ARENA** has been purchased by Mr. Albert Brandt, well known to many of our readers as the publisher of the justly-famous "Brandt books." Under the new management I again become the sole editor of this magazine, of which, as many of our readers know, I was the sole editor from its foundation until the latter part of 1896. At the time when I left **THE ARENA** it had reached a circulation greater than that of any other high-priced original review of opinion published in this country, with one exception; and it is my confident belief that the old friends of this review will again rally to its support as they did in the old days, when from the Atlantic to the Pacific the great **ARENA** family was enthusiastically engaged in extending the circulation and influence of the magazine they had learned to believe in and to love.

A number of very important improvements will mark early numbers, among which will be (1) a marked increase in the amount of reading matter which our readers will enjoy from month to month; (2) the introduction of handsome frontispiece portraits. And it is our purpose to begin with the next volume a series of editorial epitomes of the leading political, social and economic events, scientific discoveries and inventive triumphs, as well as forward movements in literature, art, music and the drama as they occur from month to month.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with the books made by Mr. Brandt need not be told that ere-long **THE ARENA** will show a marked improvement in its typography and general mechanical make-up. It will be the aim of both publisher and editor to make **THE ARENA** all and more than it was in the early nineties, when it was everywhere recognized as one of the great conscience-forces in the English-speaking world.

It is pleasant once more to return to the editorial management of the magazine to whose building-up and well-being I have given some of the best years of my life. I would it were in my power to extend a hand of greeting to all the old friends and supporters of this review; but though that is impossible, I wish to say that I shall esteem it a personal favor to receive letters from any of the "old guard," as well as from new friends who have learned to care for this review. Let me hear from you with words of counsel, suggestion and frank criticism. In no way can civilization be so rapidly advanced as by sincere, justice-loving men and women counselling together and co-operating in rational efforts for human betterment.

MAYOR HEAD'S MASTERLY DISCUSSION OF MUNICIPAL CONSTRUCTION *VERSUS* THE CONTRACT SYSTEM: We wish to call the special attention of all our readers to the exceptionally strong, lucid and convincing discussion on "Municipal Construction *versus* the Contract System," presented in this issue of *THE ARENA*. The thought here given was elucidated more at length by Mayor Head in a noteworthy address delivered before the last meeting of the League of American Municipalities. Mr. Head is the president of the Tennessee State Industrial Schools, the Mayor of Nashville, member of the National Democratic Committee for Tennessee, and president of the League of American Municipalities. In the presentation of this question as given in this issue our readers will find one of the clearest and most statesman-like arguments that has yet been presented in favor of this phase of the modern progressive democracy's "Programme of Progress."

THE WAR IN THE EAST: In Professor Maxey's thoughtful analysis of the present war situation and the probable factors entering into the struggle our readers will find an interesting exposition of the conclusions of one of the closest students of modern diplomatic and state issues who is not actually employed in statescraft. Events move so rapidly in modern warfare, however, that the situation as

it appears at the present writing, February eighteenth, may be entirely changed before the last week in March, when *THE ARENA* for April is issued. But if Secretary Hay's seemingly wise diplomatic move proves successful, the danger of China being drawn into the conflict will be greatly minified. We are by no means certain that Japan would be the gainer if China cast her lot with the island empire, as the Chinese are of doubtful value as soldiers, and immediately after the Celestial Empire should declare against Russia, the Slav would unquestionably pounce upon Peking and other Chinese cities, making them the bases of supplies. To-day the greatest source of Russia's weakness lies in the remote position of her chief base of supplies. While if France and England joined in the conflict, the probabilities are that Germany would throw her influence with Russia, on condition that the Slav should guarantee her a large slice of China and assist in destroying or lessening the prestige of England in the Orient.

FOR A PARLIAMENT OF THE WORLD: While the war mania holds civilization in its thrall, superficial thinkers are heard sneering on all sides at the dream of universal peace and world-federation; and yet, as we pointed out last month, there never has been a decade before that has witnessed so much practical and fundamental work accomplished for the cause of the people as the past ten years. We believe that the mighty undercurrent making for the ideal of peace and brotherhood will before long be found to be a veritable ground-swell of civilization-wide proportions. Along the line of movements looking toward universal peace and the triumph of the principles of the Golden Rule, the measure originated at Boston, unanimously recommended by the Massachusetts Legislature, and which has recently been ably presented to the Congress of the United States, calls for more than passing notice. It is a profoundly significant movement, and in Mr. Bridgman's thoughtful paper our readers will find a clear and statesman-like discussion of the new movement which we trust will ere long result in a world-wide or international parliament.

MR. MALLOY'S CRITICAL EXPOSITION OF "THE SPHINX": We desire to call the special attention of our readers to the installment of Mr. Malloy's exposition of the "The Sphinx" in this issue. It is safe to say that this profound philosophical poem, dealing with the master problem—

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man"—

has never before been discussed with anything like such power, luminosity, or completeness as in the four splendid papers that will constitute this exposition. The present paper is the third in the series, and the May number will witness the conclusion of the discussion. It is an exposition which no thoughtful American should be ignorant of. Our readers are to be congratulated upon enjoying the privilege of following the greatest of all masters in the interpretation of the poetry of Emerson while he discusses the poem which has always seemed to us the master-message of the great ethical philosopher.

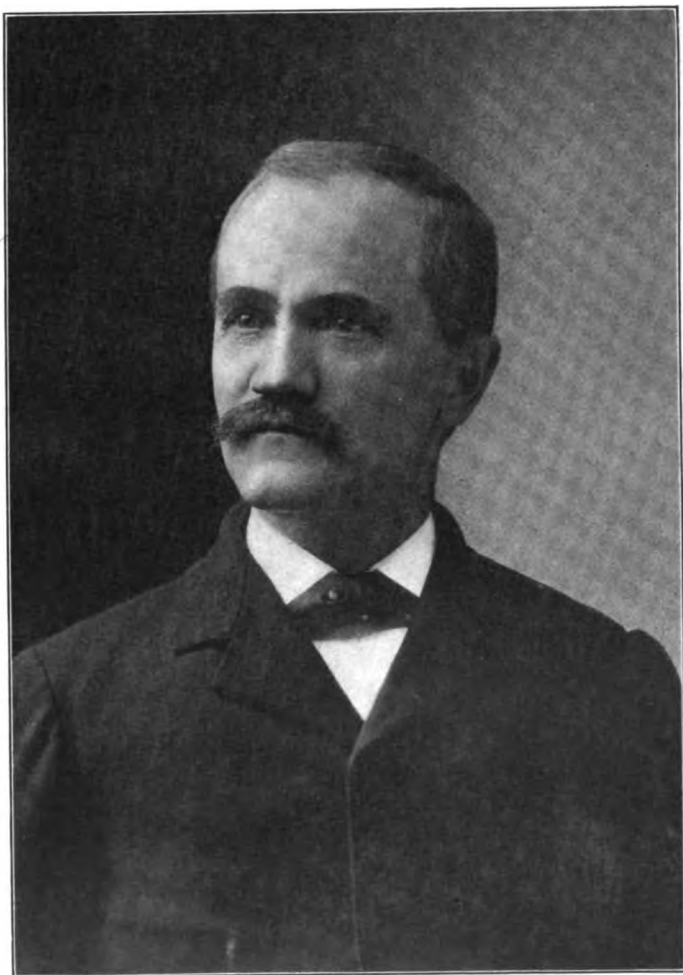
AN EMINENT JURIST ON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: In this issue of the *THE ARENA* the veteran Republican jurist and author, Judge Samuel C. Parks, whose long and honored service on the Supreme Benches of New Mexico, Idaho and Wyoming, no less than his masterly work entitled *The Great Trial of the Nineteenth Century*, has won the highest regard of all Lincoln Republicans, considers President Roosevelt from the view-point of a jurist who believes in the Declaration of Independence. Judge Parks' words, coming as they do from a life-long Republican and a man who enjoyed the intimate personal friendship of President Lincoln, cannot fail to challenge the serious consideration of thoughtful voters.

THE DIVINE FOREHEAD-MARK: Professor John Ward Stimson always pitches his thought on a high spiritual key. His writings are ever instinct with moral virility, and are therefore of real value to those who would follow the Divine leadings and be

loyal to the august voice of Conscience. In the paper which we present this month the profound author of *The Gate Beautiful* takes us back to the prophets of ancient Israel—those mortal Titans whose lofty thoughts have fired the heart and nerved and stimulated the brain of the apostles of religious and social advance in all ages.

THE HEART SIDE OF DEITY: The concept of Deity as an all-pervasive conscious entity whose supreme manifestation is Love is rapidly supplanting the older idea of a Deity who was a magnified man. In a brief paper in this issue Mrs. Hagaman discusses the newer concept which is gaining so many adherents among religious people.

"THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY": In her story this month Miss Dromgoole gives us a glimpse of humble life among the poor and unlettered white citizens of her native state. The tale deals with a tragedy and its grim aftermath. A life is taken; a life-sentence is given. And here, as in most similar circumstances, the effect of the punishment bears well-nigh as heavily upon the innocent as the guilty. In this instance all ends in the sunlight—the "light of liberty" for the imprisoned one. Though this story is not nearly so strong or dramatic as the powerful tale dealing with the negro boy, Jim, which we published last month, it affords another pleasing illustration of Miss Dromgoole's remarkable versatility.



J. H. Morgan

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

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THE EDUCATION OF THE FUTURE.

THERE is no function of our government that is so deeply rooted in the hearts of the common people as our public-school system. On its health, progress and extension depends the future of our republic. The day is past when people can say that education is solely or even mainly a private function and should be left in private hands. We know the public-school system has been good policy. We intend that education shall be fostered by the body politic more thoroughly and more widely than it has ever been in the past. To-day there is no sentiment so strong in the hearts of our people as that one imbedded in our Declaration of Independence, that all men are equal and have equal rights. This does not mean that all men are equal in strength, ability or wisdom, but that they are equal before the law. Among the rights to which all are equally entitled is the right of each individual to develop to the utmost. The beggar's child, born in the slums of that modern monstrosity, the great city, is entitled to just as good an education as the millionaire's son; and the people intend he shall have that opportunity in the public schools.

Private schools may have a certain limited function and value in some cases, where they occupy fields that are not yet covered by the public schools, such as technical schools, kindergartens and schools of special instruction, private enterprise is blazing the way

for public effort. But as a rule the future of education is the future of our public schools.

We are all interested in that future, but looking into it we cannot prophecy details or exactly how it will develop; but we can lay down a few broad, general principles. Teachers and educators can tell you far better than I exactly what is now being done. But often an outsider can see the general principles even better than one deep in the work.

There will be no revolutionary or violent change in our school system. It will come gradually. It is on us now as a growth, a development, an unfolding, an evolution. Generally it will come quietly, and often unnoticed. The great developments of this world are rarely noisy.

It will come on two lines: First, an extension of the ages covered by our public education and an enlarging of its scope; and, second, a gradual widening and deepening of its spirit.

In the future the public schools will begin at the cradle. Kindergartens have already been added to some public schools; they will be added to all. The baby of three or four years will be taught how to play in company with its mates and thus will learn precious lessons, not only of how to use its hands and feet and little brain but also in the social spirit and democratic feeling. Children are the best democrats in the world. They know no class distinctions, and, ah! if the spirit of the little child could only be kept in the budding man and voter! Kindergartens will aid to do this. As is already done in some places, wagons will gather the little tots in the morning and take them back in the afternoon. Of course the implements used will be provided as our school-books are, and if necessary we will provide a light lunch, as is done in Paris. Beginning earlier than that, there will be public nurseries or *crèches*, as there are already in Paris and in some other places, where the working woman can leave her baby during the day and get it back at night.

Then the scope of the public schools will be extended still earlier, and a capable woman will either visit or gather around her at suitable times and places mothers-to-be, and give them lessons in

caring for the unborn and new-born child. Surely, if the State is interested in having the best citizens possible, these weeks and months in which the future citizen is so susceptible to influence should be filled with an educated care. Yes, the State will see that the mother has some education in motherhood. And when I look still further ahead, I see, as in Switzerland, laws prohibiting pregnant women from working in factory or shop, and these laws enforced, as they are in Switzerland, by careful women backed by a strong public sentiment. And still beyond that I can see as a part of our educational system the making vital of such a law by a provision for maintenance of women during pregnancy. It is cruel to say they shall not work, and then not to replace their earnings in any way. These matters must be cared for, that the educator may have suitable material with which to work.

Inasmuch as education will be thus extended to the earliest possible moment in the life of the citizen, so it will be extended through maturity to old age and death. That a man is never too old to learn is a truth we are more thoroughly appreciating. Actual school education may not be extended much, but the opportunities for educational development will be. In our public library the other day I picked up a list of free public lectures given in the library-lecture room. Hardly a week goes by without two or three of these free or semi-free lectures. Our library is developing an educational system for adults. In New York City there are a score or more of these lecture-rooms and educational centers for adults. Recent progress is but a foretaste of what will be. Each ward in our cities will in time have its lecture-rooms as a necessary adjunct to its schools.

Moreover, these rooms will not only be used for professional lecturers and teachers, but also for debating clubs and places where the people can educate themselves by discussing political, social and economic questions with no restrictions save those of courtesy. University settlements, such as Hull House in Chicago, are blazing the way for the public in this regard. Any group of the residents of a ward should have the right to the use of these public rooms on a fitting request. These local meeting-rooms will become centers

of civic life and social feeling, real schoolhouses for adults, where the teachers come from the people and after delivering their message, sink back into the people again, with an ever-renewing freshness and virility which are often lacking in professional teachers. When we get these ward meeting-houses, we shall recognize them as parts of our educational system, and not the least valuable, and we shall wonder how we got along without them in the past.

I do not see in the immediate future any rapid extension of the public higher education, such as is obtained in colleges and universities. A large share of our youths who graduate from our colleges receive in them a training and culture which is so selective that it is aristocratic, so refining that it weakens the moral fiber, so exclusive that it gets them out of touch with the common people. Formerly I was sorry that circumstances were such that I could not attend college, although I hold an honorary college degree; but as the years have passed, I have been glad that I did not go to college. I feel that the atmosphere there would have worked a subtle and delicate change of point of view which I might never have recognized; a change which would have gotten me out of touch with the vital currents of life in the common people, would have made me more critical, less creative. This is the reason why college professors rarely get the ear of the people, and why the college-bred man often seems lacking in grip and slightly anæmic. The common people rarely express this feeling, but they have it, and they are slightly distrustful of our colleges. Then, too, the public energy will be so taken up with the education for the mass of the people and the extension both ways of the ages for education, that there will be little energy left for the intensive education of the few. Also, our millionaires have occupied that field. It affords a subtle flattery to a rather noble vanity and weakness in them.

Of course there will be public normal schools and teachers' institutes. The public must train its teachers. Also, I think the public will provide much more frequent opportunities for research and discovery; but these will more frequently be attached to the working offices of the public business than to the educational system. Thus, when our American centers get their sewage farms, as Bir-

mingham, Glasgow and many European cities have, the laboratory of those farms should be real training-schools in agricultural chemistry, just as to-day in a limited way the laboratory in our water-works is a training place in water-chemistry.

We have begun to feel and I can see signs of a rapid increase in that feeling that the scope of our public-school education has been too narrow, its character too exclusively literary. It has been a training through books and through what can be gotten out of books. After all, books are only second-hand, valuable as records and when one cannot go directly to nature and life for the training. So some years ago the curriculum was enlarged to include botany, chemistry, astronomy, geology and a smattering of the ologies. This was an enlargement of the scope of education, but only a step. In some places we are tentatively taking the next step, and the children are learning geology by a walk over the hills with a teacher who can point out the facts of geology in the rocks and soil; they are learning botany by having school-gardens where each child has a plot of ground and actually grows something himself; they are learning the chemical constitution of matter by working in the laboratory, and so on. They are getting training at first-hand by observing facts, and not at second-hand through books. This sort of training is also a training in observation and in inspiration. A near view of any of the facts of life means inspiration.

Ruskin has said that if you will teach a boy to saw a straight line in a board, to draw an even, true shaving with a plane, to draw a circle with a pencil, you have more than half of his education completed. This is very, very true. Book knowledge does not give accuracy of hand, quickness of eye, alertness of observation and fixity of attention. He may have these qualities mentally, and be physically inaccurate, clumsy and slow. If he has these qualities physically, he is almost sure to have them not only mentally, but also morally.

If a young man comes into the laboratory of the factory with which I am connected, and on being told to weigh out five grams, gives me five and a quarter or four and one-half grams, he is of no earthly use there, and also he would be nearly certain to observe and state things inaccurately, though he might be perfectly sincere

in such statements. Give me a man who invariably and without thinking of it weighs out five grams, no more, no less, and the chances are nine out of ten that he will be accurate in observation and truthful in statement.

Also the actual working out of problems with concrete things, learning their qualities and the laws that govern them by actual experience, is a pleasure and an inspiration. All minds grasp the concrete more quickly than the abstract, and to the child-mind the abstract is often almost non-understandable. Yet until recently our main school training has been the teaching of generalities from books. This has been a nearly useless training of the memory alone, and not an all-round development. Hence our schools are now very generally teaching drawing, and are beginning to teach wood and metal-working, cabinet-making, designing, sewing, cooking, etc., etc. More and more will most of the nearly useless memorizing be dropped and the actual working which is a training for eye, hand and brain be substituted.

This will result in a pleasure in education. Not so very far in the future will we look back with surprise at the old idea that a boy had to be driven to school and that truancy was natural. A normal education and training should be more pleasurable than play. And this will apply to both teachers and scholars.

Then, too, our technical and manual-training schools will broaden, extend, and increase their scholars, and our night-schools will temporarily increase until the time comes, as it has come in some places, when the State shall say that the child of the poorest shall have an equal opportunity with the heir of the richest, and that he shall not work in factory, mill or farm till he is fourteen, sixteen, yes, even eighteen or twenty years of age; and the State will not leave this a reactive law with a punishment attached for not living up to it, as at present, but will make it vital by providing for the children of the poor a suitable maintenance, so that they can live while being educated. Another widening of the scope of education will be the opportunity for improving the physique and the teaching of the laws that govern man's body. Gymnastics are now a part of the curriculum of most of our city and of some of our country

schools. They will become a more important part, and to this training will be added, as they have already been added in some places, classes in swimming, skating, rowing, walking, running, etc. The outside play and sport of the children will be fostered by providing more suitable playgrounds, game-fields, courses, etc. A gymnasium will be attached to every school-house, and in it there will be a physical laboratory where every boy and girl will be measured and examined physically, told their defects and how to remedy them. Hygiene, sanitation, etc., are already being taught, but largely from second-hand books. They will be vitally connected with this physical laboratory.

There is another branch of physics which is now not only neglected, but indecently smothered, which in the education of the future will be taught carefully and thoroughly. At the proper age, by mature, discreet teachers, the young of both sexes will be told in this physical laboratory about their sexual natures and the laws which govern reproduction, and how they can beget the best children and become fitting physical mates, the girl for a wife and the man for a husband. A false modesty relegates the acquirement of a haphazard knowledge of this most important side of every man's and woman's nature to the chance indecencies of the street. Many a life is wrecked from lack of such a training. The State is eternal. It depends for its future on the children to be. In this light, child-bearing is a social and State function. This fact will be recognized in the training which the State will give to the youth of both sexes in sexual matters. Of course this training will have to be done with scientific plainness, truth and modesty.

If space permitted I could touch upon many more points in this enlargement of the scope of education. These are almost numberless. In what I have said I have already illustrated somewhat the second point, so that that will not be dwelt upon at such length.

In the past the spirit of our educational system has been mainly the impartation of knowledge, and only incidentally the training. This is being and will be completely reversed. (Education will be mainly the training, developing, "*e duco*"—educating or draw-

ing out of the faculties of the young, and only secondarily the impartation of knowledge. } Give a man the capacity to get knowledge, and it is his own concern to get it. Studies which are not a training will be replaced by those which are. The teaching how to jump on a horse and gallop off, how to row, swim, ride and walk, to President Roosevelt when he was a youth, has made him a stronger, better man than he would have been if the time had been given to cramming his mind with book-lore. "Of making books there is no end," said the Psalmist, "and much study is a weariness to the flesh." Surely this is most emphatically true in this book-laden age. In the future we shall see books put into the library of reference, where the worker can use them as tools, and less in the schools where they will be replaced by training.

This leads naturally to the next great widening of spirit. Our education will become more individual. To-day it is largely a machine. One teacher has fifty, sixty, eighty, even one hundred pupils for a year, or even part of a year, and all she can do is to cram. Twenty will be the limit, and these will be given individual attention. Possibly we shall follow the example of the greatest teacher of all time. Christ gave his teaching time to twelve peasants.

Third, teaching will aim as never before to make good citizens and to teach patriotism. We see a sentimental manifestation of this in the flag-raising and flag services, but such training must go deeper. The youth of both sexes will be taught not only how we are governed, but also that they must take part in that government when of age; and both then and later, in the education for adults of which I have spoken, the how to take part in public affairs will be one of the most important matters taught. This means a training in democracy or brotherly helpfulness. The teaching provided by the common people must teach a belief in the common people and a means of turning that belief into action. Thus more and more will this spirit of democracy pervade our every educational method.

The system by which our education is carried on is the most completely decentralized and democratic of any of the great func-

tions conducted by the State. There is a national commissioner of education at Washington, and he is a capable and cultured gentleman, well known in educational circles, but unknown outside. He has no power at all, but only influence which comes from his character and capacity. His function is to gather and disseminate information. It is a coördinating and not an executive function.

We have a State superintendent of education in New Jersey, but his position and function is similar to that of the national commissioner. The city of Newark conducts its own public-schools for itself. The power lies at home with the people. If our school system were a great centralized organization, directed from one center, we should be afraid to extend it, lest such a tremendous power be perverted to selfish ends. For this reason many people are afraid to turn the running of the railroads over to the national government, and it is a valid objection. But the conduct of the Newark public-schools depends on the people of Newark, and their betterment and extension is only an inspiration and example to other places to do likewise for themselves. We need never be fearful of our public-schools so long as the power over them is in the hands of each locality for itself. This democratic system is here now, but it will be perfected and strengthened.

ELTWEED POMEROY.

Newark, N. J.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION *VERSUS* PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OR CONTROL.

PUBLIC business naturally belongs to and should be done by the public, private business by private citizens or corporations. Those are public utilities that require governmental functions in their operation. The question is, shall the people permit the government to part with and lose control of its own functions by transferring them to private corporations? The public streets and highways in a free country must be equally free to all; but such freedom disappears when exclusive rights or privileges in them are given to private corporations. We then have taxation without representation in its most harmful form. Judge Ruggles, referring to turnpike roads, said: "The money paid for their construction and maintenance is reimbursed by means of tolls. Tolls are delegated taxation."*

History past and present teaches us that corruption, imbecility and weakness by the government, contempt and resentment towards it by the public, is the inevitable consequence of putting into private hands the privilege to collect taxes from the people. Rome's decay began when the privilege of collecting taxes was given away or sold to the highest bidder. The bidders were corporations; the contracts were franchises. The amount of the bid went to the public treasury; the franchise-holder got the rest.

Monstrous fortunes on the one hand, a debased, impoverished and degenerated people on the other, were the result.

The plundering of the French by the infamous "farmers-general"—private tax-collectors—was one of the principal causes of the French Revolution. Of these men Voltaire said: "They draw millions from the people and give a little to the King."

As for modern instances, we have but to turn to the history of English cities when the public utilities were in the hands of private corporations to find similar municipal corruption to the shameful,

* *People versus Brooklyn*, Fourth New York Court of Appeals Reports, 431.

degrading conditions that prevail in Philadelphia, St. Louis, New York, and many other American cities. The English progressives have reformed their city governments and made office-holding in them respectable. They did so by restoring the public utilities to the public. In private hands there, as here, public utilities were used to corrupt the officials and defraud the people. England has met the emergency with an efficient remedy. She has proved that the interested advocates of private ownership and their agents were not only in error in regard to the practical results of public ownership, but that the very evils that they predicted would follow municipal ownership and operation disappeared when the corrupting influence of private interests in politics were withdrawn.

Some advocates of private operation of public utilities favor municipal ownership if provisions are made for leasing, so that the operation shall be carried on by private interests. Under such a plan the city would furnish its funds as well as delegate its functions to a private corporation. This is the only proposition yet advanced and it is worse than private ownership of public utilities, for the public then must suffer not only all the ills of private monopoly, but furnish besides the funds used for its own exploitation. This has been clearly demonstrated in actual practice. Take, for example, the city of Toronto, Canada. It owns and leases to a private corporation its street-railway system. This private corporation, it seems, is just as much interested in owning the city council that grants leases as are other corporations in owning city councils that grant franchises. The recent exposures, according to the press, implicate twenty-two officials and reveal the practice of wholesale corruption at elections. The following dispatch from Toronto, published recently in one of our leading dailies, indicates the conditions in the Canadian city, which are the results that we would naturally expect under present-day municipal conditions, where cities lease out their property to private corporations for the exploitation of the public:

"For some years this city has been referred to as 'Toronto the Good,' but the recent civic revelations have demonstrated that 'she is not any better than she ought to be.' Already eleven officials

have been committed for trial for glaring ballot-stuffing and wholesale corruption, and from present indications this list will be trebled before the investigation which has just been instituted is concluded. Those implicated are men in the employ of the Toronto Street-Railway Company, the gas company, and several pavement companies who are struggling for contracts and who have their representatives in the lobbies of the city hall. Aldermanic candidates favorable to the companies have used their influence to have their henchmen appointed as returning-officers and poll-clerks, and these men have for years been stuffing the ballot-boxes. The street-railway company and the gas company hold their franchises from the city, and there is a well-founded suspicion that their advocacy of certain aldermen has not been altogether disinterested."

Certain advocates of private control of natural monopolies except such public utilities as the departments of fire, education and health, claiming that these things could not properly be left to private corporations. Why, if not because the operation of these services does not adapt itself to the exploitation of the people? And since there is no great profit to be gained through their operation, those who are seeking to get something for nothing are quite willing for the public to have charge of them. Would it not be more natural, if any exception is made, to except from private ownership those utilities that in private hands naturally and almost inevitably lead to exploitation and that give their owners power to tax? Nothing is more amazing than the spectacle, frequently witnessed, of extreme solicitude on the part of the beneficiaries of private corporations operating public utilities, lest the people, through the operation of their own utilities, should allow themselves to become the victims of the corruption and political debauchery of their own agents. The upholders and beneficiaries of what has been demonstrated time and again, until it is no longer an open question, to be the greatest source of bribery and political prostitution, are the last persons in the world who should discourse on political integrity. From our nation's capital down to our municipalities, the private corporations operating public utilities or natural monopolies have done more perhaps than all other agencies combined to corrupt government.

Prosecutor Folk, of St. Louis, has shown us that the aldermen in the combine received regular salaries from the street-car companies four times as large as the wages of conductors, and in addition got "rake-offs" from other public-service companies, amounting often to twenty thousand dollars apiece. They also named men for the street-car jobs. Their caucus and precinct-workers were paid with such jobs, the alderman having a vested right in the street-car jobs, the railway company a vested right in the alderman. And the revelations brought out by Mr. Folk's investigations at St. Louis and at the capital of Missouri are strictly typical, as has been illustrated in scores of investigations and exposures in recent years.

But it is not necessary to particularize farther. Wherever in an American city popular government is dead, machine-rule supreme, where the citizen and property-owner has relaxed and given up the struggle in utter hopelessness and despair, there will you find these corporations in possession of the public utilities; public officials their mere tools; elections and campaigns only a pretence; the people completely out of touch with public affairs and utterly without influence in them.

Not only are the private corporations operating public utilities a principal source of political corruption; they are the present "farmers-general" in America, who are practicing the most unblushing extortion. The city of Detroit affords an impressive illustration of this fact. In 1899 the Detroit street-car owners proposed to sell their property to the city for seventeen million dollars. The proposition was rejected, as the price asked was confessedly twice what the property was worth. Since then the capitalization has been increased to thirty-five million dollars, and our citizens, instead of getting six tickets for twenty-five cents, now have to pay a five-cent fare as they did twenty-five years ago, although the actual cost of operation has been reduced one-half. The poor man in Detroit is having the clothing taxed off his back and the food taxed off his plate by the owners of public service,—the gas, the electric, and the street-railway companies.

Another claim made by the advocates of private corporations is

that municipal ownership would increase the burden of taxation. The public must pay interest on the investment when they pay for the service, whoever owns it. With municipal ownership they pay interest only on the actual investment, and at a lower rate. Is there a pretence that the stocks and bonds of the public-utility companies represent actual investment; and is it better for the public to pay from six to twenty per cent. interest on watered stock than three per cent. on cost of plant?

Still another sophistical plea is often advanced to the effect that the rates charged by private companies can be regulated. When in our history have we been able to do so? Since 1798, when the then political boss, Aaron Burr, by the aid of Tammany Hall, secured a public-utility franchise in New York, to the present day, municipalities have tried in vain to control the private corporations and to regulate the rates they charge. No, between the city and State officials and a judiciary which, to say the least, has the corporate point of view, the over-rich corporations are always able to win their point when any attempt is made to regulate them. Detroit to-day affords a case in point. Under the charter the Detroit Gas Company is to charge but ninety cents for illuminating gas when the output reaches a certain figure. It passed that figure two years ago, but we must still pay more than ninety cents, because some of us burn illuminating gas for fuel. It is the same as if a lumber-dealer should offer a rebate on the price of flooring if one hundred thousand feet were taken, but refused to allow the rebate because some people used flooring in partitions. The courts would make short work of the lumber-dealer's contention. They look at it differently for a gas company.

At the recent city election in New York City the reform government of Mayor Low, though backed by the progressive citizens and the republican organization, was turned out of office. Why? Let one of them answer.

John Martin, member of the New York Reform Club and editor of the magazine, *Municipal Affairs*, in a recent article says, among other things:

"Worst of all, the owners of street-railways, gas and electric-lighting plants, elevated railways, and other monopolies, have resented the efforts of the Low administration to compel them to pay their taxes and to return to the public a fair equivalent for the new privileges they have acquired. Millions and millions have been taken from the city in the past by these bandits of the aristocracy. They have secured their privileges from corrupt governments on the promise of tiny annual dues, not a tithe of what the privileges are worth; and yet they have steadily evaded even these peppercorn payments. Mr. Low's law official, a man of Tory descent and instincts, but a believer in the eighth Commandment, brought them sharply to book. He has secured judgments against them which mean the payment by them of three million dollars or thereabouts, and he has numerous other cases in the courts. These highly-placed scoundrels like not this treatment, and they have supplied a rich election fund to Tammany, without which it could not have won this fight."

This granting of special privileges to private corporations is building up in our cities a class-distinction.

On the one hand, restive, ground down by the excessive taxes that under the pretence of rates and charges are imposed upon them by the privileged corporations, the great exploited masses are losing their stake in the country, are losing their homes; in many American cities ninety per cent. of the families are homeless.

On the other hand are the beneficiaries of franchise grants, possessed of greater fortunes than the skilled mechanic or plain merchant can acquire by hard work in a thousand years. They display their unearned wealth by indulgence in extraordinary dissipations and benevolences. They are patronizing the masses. They are condescending to the courts of justice.

The masses are learning to hate; the ultra-rich are beginning to despise.

We must have a square deal or eventually—and perhaps the crisis is not so far away—there will be but one alternative: either the red flag of revolution, or the man on horseback, representing an oligarchy of bandits.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM.

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THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN NEW ZEALAND WHICH LAID THE FOUNDATION FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION ON DEMAND.

NEW ZEALAND'S establishment of judicial decision in place of strikes and lock-outs, and consequent release from industrial wars since the law went into effect in 1895, though secured by wise legislation as the proximate cause, was in fact the result of many educational and institutional forces developed in preceding years.

Industrial peace is not the magic growth of an hour or a year. It has its roots deep in the political progress of the past and the accumulated economic knowledge and institutional resources of a people intent upon acquiring a thorough understanding of industrial phenomena and determined to devote itself to the establishment of civic and industrial justice with even greater vigor than to the accumulation of wealth.

Of all the political antecedents of industrial peace, by far the most important was the capture of the government by the common people in 1890, through the union at the polls of the small farmers, merchants, manufacturers and workingmen—small people of all sorts—to elect representatives pledged to do justice to their interests. The result was the overthrow of a government that was in the main the servant of monopoly, and the establishment of a government that is the servant of the people. To this momentous revolution and its causes we will devote this paper, for a reasonably thorough comprehension of it is essential to a clear understanding of the evolution of industrial arbitration and of the conditions of its existence.

In the eighties New Zealand was oppressed with a land monopoly as intense as the weather within the arctic curves. Enormous tracts had been bought up by speculators and persons wishing to found a landed aristocracy similar to that of England. Would-be

settlers would pass here a tract of seventy-five thousand acres of the best land with a population of only twenty-nine men, women and children; and there another tract of two hundred and fifty thousand acres of good land with only sixty-five people on it. Nearly four-fifths of the land possessed by white settlers was held by monopolists and speculators. More than eighty per cent. of the people had no land,—only fourteen per cent. of the white population were land-holders; and less than three per cent. of the land-holders, or one-third of one per cent. of the people, owned over half the areas and values in the hands of the people. Taking all titles, agricultural and pastoral, 1,615 land-holders held 18,000,000 acres; 584 owners, none of whom held less than five thousand acres, held a total of 10,500,000 acres, including much of the best land in the colony—an average of 17,900 acres each; 107 persons owned land to the value of \$35,000,000; 11 holders had land worth \$24,000,000; and six companies, largely foreign, having estates of 150,000 acres or more each, held 1,321,000 acres of realty worth \$13,000,000. This in a nation of 626,000 people holding 32,000,000 acres, was certainly an enormous concentration of landed wealth,—18,000,000 acres for 1,615 persons, and 14,000,000 acres for 624,385 people, an average per capita congestion of areas in the two classes that is represented by the ratio of 500 to 1; while the concentration of values was 3,600 to 1, if we compare the eleven holders above mentioned with the rest of the people.

The large land-holders seemed to enjoy the situation immensely, but the common people, with their usual perversity, refused to appreciate a system providing thousands of acres for a few rich men on the one hand and thousands of poor people for a few acres on the other.

The tax situation was almost equally amusing to the common people. It was skilfully and religiously arranged in such a way as to put the main burden on the small producers, farmers, merchants, manufacturers and workingmen, according to the Scripture plan that “to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.” The big land-lords had their way with the land, as we have seen; so to even things

up the people were given the privilege of paying the taxes. The rich monopolist was taxed at a low rate and the poor producer at a high rate. Improvements were heavily assessed, while the speculator's unimproved land got off for a song. Small properties were rated at a higher proportion of their value than large properties. Taxes were laid without regard to ability to pay, or the industrial and social effects of the incidence of the burden. The man whose property brought him in nothing paid as much tax as the man whose property was remunerative, and the professional man paid nothing, no matter how large his income. The property-tax was crude and oppressive in every way. It taxed men who were losing money as much as those who were making big profits. Many a man struggling to keep his head above water was taxed more heavily than others who were rolling in luxury. Enterprise and energy were dampened by a system that taxed a man as much when making nothing or going behind as when prosperous,—if his venture were not a success the taxes might ruin him.

If a man improved his land up went his assessment. Where he paid one pound while his land was unimproved, he had to pay four or five pounds, or more, when he cleared the land and put it in seed and built a house on it. The settler building a house and barn and making other improvements found his tax higher than those of the neighboring owner who had bought his land on speculation and let it lie idle and unimproved. The settler's labor and improvements added value to his neighbor's land, yet the settler had to pay his own fair taxes and the speculator's too. The property-tax put a premium on idleness and speculation, and a penalty on industry and improvements. Producers were fleeced and speculators were enriched.

While idle, unimproved land paid only a fraction of the tax on improved land, an idle building paid as much as a building in use. Taxation of unprofitable buildings and machinery and unsold goods made the merchant or manufacturer pay over and over again on property that brought him nothing, through no fault of his own. The law made the farmer and business man pay on experimental improvements, even though the experiment proved

a failure and the money was hopelessly sunk. It crippled the mining industry by its annual demand for tribute on investment, whether profitable or not. It further discouraged enterprise by putting a tax on new industries before they began to yield a return. Professional men, whose capital was in their earning power, escaped taxation altogether, while the farmer had to pay not only his own share and the speculative monopolist's, but the lawyer's, doctor's, teacher's, preacher's, salesman's, and general manager's also.

Such methods of taxation make a very effective part of the machinery for the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few. A similar system has existed and still exists in many other countries, and the people do not rise against it because they do not understand its workings. New Zealand was intelligent enough to understand and energetic enough to resist. There was an outcry from the small farmers and business men from one end of the country to the other, and the changes were rung on the unjust discriminations and inherent iniquities of the property tax in every district of the campaign of 1890.

To add to the popular discontent, prices were falling in sympathy with European markets, and depression with its idle workmen grew to such a pass that the tide of population turned, going out instead of coming in, to the tune of twenty thousand excess of departures over arrivals in the years from 1885 to 1890.

The government till that year was in the hands of the monopolists to such an extent that they had been able to control either legislation or its enforcement in respect to the interests they regarded as vital to them. It is true that Sir George Grey's cabinet of 1877-79 was liberal, and the Stont-Vogel Ministry of 1884-87 had a good deal of Liberalism in it; but neither of these ministries had a Liberal House behind it and did not make a substantial breach in the conservative power.

A system of multiple suffrage or polygamous voting had been developed whereby a rich man might vote several times at the same election. He could vote in one district as a resident, and in other districts as a property-holder. An enterprising citizen, willing to travel a little on election-day, could vote in as many districts

as he had property of the value required for registration. A rich man with wings could have voted all over the commonwealth. Naseby used to say that he "only voted four times for Mick-Lellan"; he "did n't approve of the nomination." A New Zealand politician could have done better than that without violation of the law. As early as 1876 Governor Grey urged the wisdom of equality at the ballot-box and the multiple suffrage of the rich at last awakened an earnest sentiment against plutocracy in the ballot which, through the union of the Liberals with those Conservatives in Parliament who felt the justice of equal suffrage, carried the one-man-vote principle in 1889, so far as national elections were concerned.

In September, 1890, it was provided that all nominations for representatives should be made by written petition signed by a moderate number of voters. This enactment, together with the one referred to in the preceding paragraph, perfected the election machinery and did much to aid the popular victory of December, 1890. New Zealand already had the Australian ballot and an admirable system of questioning and pledging candidates by the voters, which has been greatly intensified and improved by the Liberals. The entire absence of any boss or party machine to nominate and push the election of men who will act as tools of the combine has also been very helpful. There is no organized party except in Parliament. There are no party funds, and the civil-service regulations shut the door against the spoils of office. The voters investigate and discuss men and issues on their merits, and when they go to vote each one is given a ballot which is simply a list of the candidates in alphabetical order, without description or comment to indicate that they belong to any party or possess any particular views. It is impossible to over-rate the importance of this system of direct nominations, pledging of candidates and non-partisan ballots, without caucus or convention, party funds or spoils of office. It is one of the fundamental elements in New Zealand's progress.

The most tremendous strike in the history of Australasia occurred in 1890. It was a struggle between the trade-unions and the

shipping and wool interests, and involved New Zealand with all the colonies of Australia. Labor lost. The unions were driven to the ballot. Before the strike broke out the unions had decided to take political action, believing it unwise to refrain from using in the interests of labor the greatest power they possessed—the mighty power of the ballot, through which, by union with all who wished justice to labor, they could capture the government and secure in a short time without loss of work or wages the enactment of laws that would do more for them than decades of costly strikes. The rout of the labor forces in the great Maritime Strike above mentioned, solidified and intensified the political action of the workingmen. It drove the trade-unionists to the ballot, not merely with a keen desire to offset their defeat by political successes, but with a feeling that the ballot was the best and surest reliance for a speedy and peaceful solution of their difficulties.

The workingmen alone could not have carried the day; but the Liberal farmers already had a number of excellent representatives in Parliament, and John Ballance, the leader of the Liberal party in Parliament, was a man of high character and splendid purpose who had won the confidence of the workingmen as well as of the farmers. So the unionists united with the farmers at the ballot-box to elect Liberal-Labor candidates pledged to their common interests. John Ballance became premier. He brought to his cabinet Richard J. Seddon, William Pember Reeves, John Mackenzie, Joseph G. Ward, and other men of strength and conscience, devoted to the people's cause, and started in to break down the monopoly of land, ameliorate the conditions of labor, and shift the main burden of taxation from the small man to the rich man, making ability to pay and the social effects of taxation the final tests. Then followed in rapid succession the abolition of the property-tax and the establishment of progressive land and income taxes, with exemption of improvements and of small people; State purchase of large estates, and a leasing system looking to the nationalization of the land; government loans at low interest to farmers and workingmen; State employment bureaux and coöperative industry; advanced factory acts and regulation of stores, with provisions for

short hours, sanitation, fair pay, etc.; woman-suffrage; the referendum on the local land-value tax; operation of railways by a management controlled by a responsible ministry; arbitration on demand, or judicial decision of industrial difficulties; old-age pensions, or State annuities for veterans of labor; national ownership and operation of coal mines; nationalization of fire insurance, etc., etc.

There have been four elections since 1890, one every three years, and always the Liberals have received the overwhelming endorsement of the people. John Ballance died in 1893 (from overwork), and was succeeded as premier by Richard J. Seddon (who is a dynamo in trousers and too vigorous to be overworked), but there has been no break in the Liberal power. Many of those who most strongly opposed the Liberal measures, became their avowed supporters after experiencing the workings of the new laws. Prosperity has followed the colony in increasing measure as the Liberals have put their ideas in force, and none of the dire predictions of their opponents have come true. The successive elections were carried by the Liberals with increasing majorities, till at the election of 1899 the Opposition "sank a hopeless wreck beneath the waters of New Zealand politics." And a few years later (1901) the leader of the Opposition members in Parliament stated that, "as an organized body the Opposition has ceased to exist."

One of the most important influences in this period of development and for many years before the revolution of 1890, has been the economic education of the people. Wave after wave of socialistic and humanitarian thought has swept over the commonwealth; and though the Liberals who have placed New Zealand at the head of the procession of industrial-political progress distinctly repudiate Socialism, they have carefully considered the teachings of Socialists and other objectors to the old *régime* and have adopted many of their suggestions.

Thus by the interaction of educational and political forces was laid the foundation on which might safely be constructed the great arbitration court and the judicial decision of industrial disputes, the most important institutional preliminary being the establishment

of a government in which the laboring people had full confidence, which was accomplished in 1890 when the Common People united at the ballot-box, swept the monopolists out of power and obtained control of the government, by means of which they have abolished strikes and the need of strikes and have otherwise made more progress toward Industrial Harmony and Economic Freedom than any other country in the world.

FRANK PARSONS.

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THE SUPREME COURT IN THE NORTHERN SECURITIES CASE.

THE decision of the court is not entirely satisfactory to those of us who believe that the life necessities of the many under our modern civilization must not be left dependent upon the good will or even the good business judgment of the few. The only reason, however, why the decision is not entirely satisfactory is because the people have won by such a narrow margin. The decision of Mr. Justice Harlan, concurred in by three of his associates, is entirely satisfactory. Justice Harlan takes the broad ground that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is righteous and beneficent legislation, enacted in the interests of the people and for their protection and should be given a liberal construction—a construction that will make the statute a living reality rather than a dead form.

The strong point of Mr. Justice Harlan's opinion is that an agreement in relation to interstate commerce which destroys the competition theretofore existing between rival agencies engaging in such commerce, comes within the prohibition of the act without regard to the question of whether the actual rates imposed after the combination or by reason of it are unreasonable or not. The question is not, in the opinion of these four members of the court, whether the rates imposed after the combination are actually oppressive or not. The question is, whether the combination agreement makes oppression possible. Mr. Justice Harlan and his assenting associates believe that the people's interests should not be put at the mercy of a few men, no matter how just and righteous and reasonable the men may be. Their successors may be unreasonable even if they are not. Neither is the question whether the agreement operates as an unreasonable restraint upon interstate commerce. If it is any restraint upon interstate commerce it comes under the ban of the law. The restraint, however innocent in its effects it may look at the outset, may grow into something unreasonable and dangerous as the control of the new combination gets into

the hands of more selfish and grasping men or of men having narrower views in relation to their own business interests.

The decision of the four dissenting members of the court takes the broad ground that the stock that went into the combination was the property of the stockholders and that they had a right to use their property according to their own sweet will, no matter how much the people might suffer by reason of the use they made of it.

The dissenting opinion is undoubtedly clear beyond all question and logical enough, if we admit the premises that a man may do with his own in all cases whatever he likes without any regard to its influence upon his neighbors.

The court of nine judges stood four, including Mr. Justice Harlan, believing in the equity as well as the legality of the statute and giving it a broad and comprehensive interpretation, such as would protect the people to the fullest extent possible under the terms of the statute; and four—the dissenting minority—who hold the right of private property to be the most sacred of all rights and believe that the right to freely combine to an unlimited extent is an inevitable incident of the sacred right of property; and one, Mr. Justice Brewer, who agrees with the dissenting judges in holding that a combination to come under the ban of the statute must be a combination which results in an unreasonable restraint of interstate commerce, but who votes with Mr. Justice Harlan and his assenting associates on the ground that this particular combination is a combination which does unreasonably restrain interstate commerce.

It will be seen that Mr. Justice Brewer holds the balance of power, and if the friends of the people are to base the edifice of their hopes on the decision, Mr. Justice Brewer is the keystone of the arch which supports the foundation. The basis of our hopes, so far as the present Supreme Court is concerned, is in Mr. Justice Brewer's finding in other cases that may come before the court, as in this one, an *unreasonable* restraint of trade.

My mental make-up is naturally optimistic. The narrow margin by which this decision was obtained must incite those of us who

believe that the greatest danger to our modern civilization is in the combinations that are destructive of competition, to renewed efforts to rouse our fellow-citizens to a sense of their danger. Still I believe that the cause of the people is safe and will ultimately prevail against all their enemies.

The following are my reasons for this belief:

1. I believe that Mr. Justice Brewer will find in all the great modern combinations when he comes to analyze them an abundance of the element of unreasonableness.

2. I believe that the Supreme Court will never go backwards on this question.

I have strong hope that even the four dissenting judges, while disagreeing with the principle of this decision, will recognize the case as an authority and suffer themselves to be guided by it in the future.

It is related that in a case tried before the great Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, a lawyer was arguing in favor of certain propositions, when the judge interrupted him with the remark: "Mr. Counselor, what you are stating is not the law." The lawyer's reply was: "I agree that it is not, but it was until your Honor spoke."

The four dissenting judges in the Northern Securities case may logically insist that the principle of the decision of the court was not the law of the land until the decision was made but that the decision made it *ipso facto* the law of the land for all time to come.

The principle of *stare decisis* is engrafted into our Saxon jurisprudence as into the jurisprudence of no other race in the world, and the Supreme Court in the next case involving the same principle may well hold that the Northern Securities case settled the law and may conclude to follow the principle of that decision unanimously and without question.

If so, I am inclined to think that future generations will celebrate the anniversary of that decision as they now celebrate the anniversary of Bunker Hill.

3. Popular sentiment is evidently very strongly in favor of the decision, and popular sentiment reaches the temple of justice slow-

er than it reaches the executive mansion and legislative halls, but it reaches there just the same. As new judges are appointed to take their place upon the bench where John Marshall sat, they will be men fresher from the forums where public opinion finds its expression and more likely to be in sympathy with Mr. Justice Harlan and his assenting associates than with the dissenting minority of the court.

At any rate, while Theodore Roosevelt is President of the United States, I think we may safely assume that the majority rather than the minority of the court is likely to receive accessions to their numbers from new appointees.

4. The public sentiment which sustains the present decision is a growing sentiment. The movement to curb the great modern combinations is gaining strength every time the question is debated and new accessions as day after day passes by.

If the public sentiment of the Nation to-day sustains the decision in the Northern Securities case, as it undoubtedly does, the public sentiment of a year from to-day will be still stronger in its favor and every year will find the cause of the people stronger than it was the year before and the hearts of the people more and more determined.

Against this growing public sentiment no executive, no Congress, no judiciary can make a successful stand. No politician can hope for political success who flies in the face of it; no statesman can hope for influence who does not acknowledge it, and no judge can expect to be honored in history who should persist in disregarding it.

The people have determined to rule, and rule they will.

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THE FUTURE OF SANTO DOMINGO.

IN approaching a question of this sort we should in so far as possible purge our minds of the poison and prejudice due to platitudes suggested by the terms "Manifest destiny," "Earth-hunger," "Imperialism," etc. Political policies should rest upon a firmer foundation than rhetorical flourish. They should be determined by conditions, not theories; for political science is preëminently a practical science. Such being true of the method to be pursued in studying political questions in general it is especially true of this question in particular, as any extended inquiry is likely to lead into the realm where prejudice runs rampant.

Practically there are but two roads open to Santo Domingo: either independence or annexation to the United States. Her endeavors to travel the first of these have admittedly been a failure. And as the Monroe Doctrine puts an effective veto upon annexation to any of the European powers, nor is there any American power except the United States which is in a position to render the needed assistance, the question is: Must the failure be persisted in or is the alternative open to them? An intelligent answer to this question involves a consideration of two others: (1) Would annexation be an advantage to the people of the island? (2) Would it be an advantage to the United States? The first of these must be answered in the affirmative in order to make annexation permissible, the second must likewise be answered in the affirmative in order to make it probable; for altruism has not yet come to be the dominant factor in determining international transactions.

The question is not a new one. As long ago as 1869 the people of that Republic voted in favor of annexation to the United States. In 1871 a Commission consisting of Samuel Howe, of Massachusetts; Andrew D. White, of New York; and Ben. Wade, of Ohio, was appointed by President Grant to make a careful study of conditions in the island and report. They spent several months in traveling over the island and taking testimony from all classes of

the inhabitants. As a result of this investigation they were convinced that the conditions warranted annexation and reported accordingly.

The Senate rejected the treaty providing for annexation. Its rejection was not however based so much on the merits of the treaty as it was upon personal considerations. Charles Sumner was at that time Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate and had been overruled by President Grant in his advocacy of a war with England. The triumph of the President resulted in the Geneva Arbitration. Sumner and his friends retaliated by defeating the President's annexation treaty. Undoubtedly this was a personal triumph for Senator Sumner and contained much of the sweetness of revenge, but it cost him his position as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and was far more costly to the people of Santo Domingo, as it has cost them several years of stagnation (if not retrogression), bloodshed and misrule.

But whatever may have been the advisability or inadvisability of annexation at that time, we must now consider the question, not from the point of view of the past, but rather from the point of view of the present and future.

There is little, if any, room for doubt but that annexation would make it easier for the United States to protect the lives and property of its citizens resident upon the island. To be sure, we may without annexation protect the lives and property of our citizens in the seaports by sending thither warships during periods of disturbance. But this is at once expensive and inadequate. It is available only in extreme cases, because we must avoid even the appearance of bullying a weaker people. With the rapid increase in the population of the United States, the still more rapid increase in its capital for investment, the decrease in the public domain, the increasing demand for tropical products, the need for protection of lives and property will continue to increase.

From a strategic point of view the possession of Santo Domingo would be an immense advantage to the United States. The Bay of Samana contains one of the best sheltered harbors in the West Indies and would enable us easily to command the Mona Passage.

While the importance of this was great thirty-five years ago, it is vastly greater now that the Isthmian Canal is assured. It requires no expert knowledge of naval tactics to appreciate the value of controlling this entrance to the Caribbean, a glance at the map plus ordinary judgment is sufficient.

Commercially, the advantages accruing from annexation would be very substantial. The country is one of great, though undeveloped, natural resources. In the language of the Commission: "Taken as a whole, this republic is one of the most fertile regions on the face of the earth. The evidence of men well acquainted with other West India islands declares this to be naturally the richest of them all." Given political conditions under which industry could thrive so that the producing and consuming capacity of the people could reach their normal development and the commerce of Santo Domingo with the United States would exceed \$100,000,000 annually. This is no wild speculation, but upon the contrary has a legitimate foundation in fact. Porto Rico with one-fifth the area and far less natural resources has already developed a trade with the United States exceeding in value \$25,000,000 annually, notwithstanding the loss to its productive capacity caused by the hurricane of 1899 from which it has not yet completely recovered. It is fair to suppose that Porto Rican commerce has by no means reached its limit yet.

But however great the advantages to the United States, it would be un-American to advocate annexation unless the same would be an advantage to the people of the island. They are under no obligation to change their political status, neither is it to be expected that they will, except it be reasonably certain that such change will result in a gain to them. We are therefore under the necessity of considering the question from the standpoint of what would be advantageous to them.

The primary need of those people is the establishment of stable institutions through which the activities which give to life its largest value may find expression. Such institutions they do not seem to be able to establish, unaided. Nowhere in the world has there been greater instability. In 1871 the people frankly admitted their own

inability to bring about that stability of conditions which is indispensable to progress. Their experience since that time has not been such as to lead them to a different conclusion. Revolution has been the rule, not the exception, and under such conditions social life is demoralized, industry dwarfed, and commerce blighted.

In common with other West Indian islands Santo Domingo has suffered from a lack of roads. The effect of a development in the means of internal communication which would result from annexation cannot well be overestimated. The part played by the road-builder has all-too-often been lost sight of by those who read civilization in sensational events. Whereas he unquestionably has been one of the prime factors in human progress. He is the advance agent of industrial development, the precursor of social progress and the herald of peace. That annexation would be the signal for the trail to give place to the highway and the bull-cart to the freight car "follows as the night the day."

The energies which are now wasted in civil strife would be turned into useful channels, would be directed toward the acquisition of intellectual, moral and material wealth. Life would take on a new and larger meaning. The repellant shriek of shot and shell would give away to the hum of industry, the machetes would be used in agriculture instead of in the letting of fraternal blood; where now the hostile camps are pitched the school-house would rise, ignorance would be supplanted by intelligence, and superstition would yield to religion. This may seem like a fancy picture, but it is not. It is a sober estimate based upon the substantial ground of American achievements in the near-by island of Porto Rico. In fact it is simply the record of what has taken place wherever the stars and stripes have gone. Our fitness for guiding tropical peoples was entirely speculative in 1869, but now it is not. Hence if Santo Domingo had at that time reason to desire political coöperation with the United States, what has taken place since then should give her doubly strong assurance that such coöperation would be advantageous to her.

If annexation would be mutually advantageous, and the facts make it reasonably sure that it would be, how shall it be brought

about? In view of the fact that the previous treaty was rejected by us, the Dominicans would naturally hesitate to make another move, however much they might desire annexation, unless assured, unofficially at least, that another treaty would not meet a like fate.

The advisability of giving such an assurance is a legitimate question for consideration by the American public. It is certainly worthy of a sober consideration. Should the public become convinced of the desirability of annexation and of the willingness upon the part of the Dominicans, the diplomatic arrangements could be easily made. If the Commission of 1871 was correct in the conclusion that those people are incapable of self-government, then the question is not simply one of profit and loss; for the United States is under moral obligations to render them assistance or else abandon the Monroe Doctrine and let them seek assistance from any power that is willing to assume the responsibility of assisting them.

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HAS THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT BEEN JUSTIFIED?

ONE generation has passed since the adoption of this important amendment. We have had a good, long breathing spell. Let us calmly and candidly ask ourselves whether, after all, this action has been justified by the course of events during the last thirty-three years.

As is generally known, the thirteenth amendment made the negro a free man; the fourteenth made him a citizen with all the rights of a citizen, and aimed to stimulate the States to grant him suffrage; the fifteenth amendment guaranteed him that his right to vote should be free from any State interference or discriminations on the ground of "race, color or previous condition of servitude." Thus the late slave suddenly found himself promoted to the high exercise of the franchise; elevated from the low estate of a mere chattel to become the maker and builder of the state.

Before pronouncing judgment or criticism, there are four questions to be asked and answered:

1. Who were these people thus enfranchised?
2. What were the circumstances attending the adoption of this amendment?
3. What were the actual workings of this amendment?
4. Whither is the progress of the negro to-day?

(1.) The civilized world was astonished, at the close of the Civil War, to see the greatness of citizenship and the ballot thrust upon an alien and inferior race just released from an abject bondage. These new-made citizens belonged to the African race. Hence it was not a mere question of color, but something far more portentous to Anglo-Saxon traditions, namely, a question of race with all its concomitant racial characteristics.

We are all familiar with the African type,—the black skin, woolly

hair, low forehead, thick lips, prognathous face and prominent nostrils. The negro is by nature affectionate, pliable, submissive, childish, emotional, unstable, heedless and unthrift. He lacks self-control and tenacity of purpose. He has the character of a child and the strength and passions of a man. Lacking a sense of responsibility and standards wrought out in the crucible of race-experience, his nature makes him a peculiar criminal under small pressure. As Bryce says: "The great mass of the negroes remain in their notions and characteristics much what their ancestors were in the forests of the Niger or Congo."

Is this delineation unjust to the negro? We trust not.

Some negroes were free before the Civil War, both in the North and in the South. In the North, where all were free, they were not all given the ballot by any means. Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan, with all their pure kindness to the negro, shut out the colored voter. Even my own native state of Kansas, blood-bought for the free-state cause, declared, in her constitution, where it stands to-day, that only *white* citizens should vote. Before the Revolutionary War North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and Georgia had all disfranchised the negro. The rest of the southern States had all followed suit before the outbreak of the Civil War. De Tocqueville had warned them, after his great trip in 1831, to beware of a future black supremacy.

Thus we see the attitude of the people towards the negro in the different States. They gave the members of the inferior race a fair trial, and then disfranchised them. They were found unfit, even after years of freedom, to participate in the high functions of administering a republican government.

(2.) The circumstances attending the adoption of this amendment must be examined, and they form a record we cannot be proud of.

To "reconstruct" the seceded States meant two things: first, to settle their relations to the rest of the Union, and second, to make proper provisions for the emancipated slaves.

The death of Abraham Lincoln, coming at this critical period,

was a catastrophe that precipitated such a train of evils as the centuries cannot heal. To fix the status of the helpless negro needed his statecraft, his wisdom, yes and *his kindness*. The South did not find a generous victor in the North, after he was removed from the head of the nation. Jefferson and Lincoln had both declared that the white and black races in the South could not live together in peace under a condition of political and social equality. As Judge Curtis informs us, Lincoln intended to leave the question of suffrage with the States, knowing that no country would be fit to live in which should be dominated by uneducated and ignorant blacks just emancipated from a condition of abject servitude.

Lincoln himself, just before his death, prepared a proclamation for the restoration of South Carolina. The radicals in Congress, anxious to administer severer "punishment to the rebels," considered this an abuse of executive power and denounced Lincoln for having perpetrated "a studied outrage on the legislative rights of the people."

If Lincoln was denounced thus by Congress for his honest and humane efforts at reconstruction, what was to be expected when his successor took the helm? If Lincoln had lived, he would doubtless have been strong enough, to carry his policy through, despite the opposition of some congressmen. Johnson was not able to do this. We have John Sherman's word for it (Senate speech, February, 1866) that Johnson's plan was practically the same as Lincoln's, and to consist of the following steps: (a) retain Lincoln's cabinet, (b) keep Lincoln's policy, (c) require adoption of the thirteenth amendment as part of the State Constitutions of the South, (d) require repudiation of Rebel debt, (e) secure protection to freedmen.

The plan was simple and plain. Negro suffrage was not mentioned. This Lincoln-Johnson plan was speedily put into execution, much to the satisfaction of the South and the dissatisfaction of Congress. The issue was stated plainly, dogmatically in the House in these words: "The President lacks power to reconstruct. Congress alone has this power. The President is commander-in-chief of the armies, but Congress is *his* commander, and, *God willing, he shall obey.*"

This was the spirit and temper of reconstruction as grimly announced and brutally carried out by Congress! The struggle between Congress and the President will not be recounted here. It is sufficient to say that coercion was the policy of Congress, and Johnson's "ex-rebel State governments" were swept away. This course naturally appealed to the South as brutal and humiliating. The fourteenth amendment staggered her by disfranchising the leading whites and making voters of ex-slaves. The patriotic and generous States of Ohio and New Jersey even withdrew their consent to this amendment when they saw its full significance and potency for evil. The fall elections of 1867 in the North showed an overwhelming revolt against negro-suffrage, the States of Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and California becoming democratic on anti-negro-suffrage resolutions. If the colored vote was intolerable at the North where negroes were few and partially educated, how galling must the yoke have been for the South where in some States the negroes were in the majority and all hopelessly ignorant.

It is hardly possible to picture the condition of the South at this time, exhausted by a long war for a lost cause, subjugated to a protracted military occupancy in time of peace, dazed by a cataclysm in her industrial foundations, and trembling with fear of a possible black supremacy. Yet Congress was to use its club once more on its staggering victim. The fifteenth amendment was passed and enforced by "appropriate legislation." The South was literally "born of the bayonet," reconstruction was complete, and the unheard-of experiment of general and unqualified negro suffrage was on.

(3.) Before tracing the workings of the fifteenth amendment, it is well to notice what was claimed to be its purpose when it was adopted. Then we can measure its success in fulfilling its purpose. All the arguments put forth by the supporters of the amendment at the time of its adoption may be reduced to five:

(a) The franchise would benefit the colored race and secure to them importance, respect and protection.

(b) The exercise of the ballot would educate the negro in practical citizenship.

(c) It would be a public benefit, safeguarding the country against unfriendly legislation at the South, and avoiding the possible danger of irritating the negroes of that section by political discriminations against them.

(d) Allies would be gained for the Republican party. Party managers considered the ascendancy of the Republican party (self-styled "Union" party) absolutely essential to the safety and preservation of the nation.

(e) The amendment would be, according to speakers in Congress, proper punishment for the "rebels." As Stevens put it: "If it be a punishment for traitors, they deserve it."

These, then, were the reasons assigned for the amendment. It remains to trace the actual workings of the amendment during the few years it was put in practice.

We commonly accept the dictum of Guizot's that: "Of all systems of government, the most difficult to establish and render effective, the one which evidently requires the greatest maturity of reason, of morality, of civilization in the society to which it is applied, is the federative system of the United States." But mark the strikingly contrary conditions of affairs in the South when the fifteenth amendment went into operation and the "disloyal" whites were disfranchised. Three classes remain,—a few southern whites loyal to the Union through the war; the negroes, ignorant and destitute of all political ideas whatever; and the carpet-baggers and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Negroes were in the majority, and the cry of "black domination" was taken up by the proud and haughty South. Leadership fell to the zealous carpet-baggers who soon organized the negroes for election purposes. Then began the memorable regime of the carpet-bagger and the negro. It was a veritable reign of terror for the South, a carnival of crime and corruption, a saturnalia of robbery and jobbery. Hundreds of negro justices were put in office who could neither read nor write. Ruinous taxes were levied on the property of the southern whites, for the negro had

no property and the business of the carpet-bagger was office-holding. Public debts were increased enormously with little or nothing to show in the way of public improvements. The history of one State is the history of all. We have the facts at hand for South Carolina, as brought out by the joint investigating committee there. Of the eight recognized classes of fraud, the chief was general legislative corruption. Under the expansive term "supplies" the state had been charged up with the following, for which vouchers were left on file: "English tapestry, Brussels carpeting, French velvets, silk damask, Irish linen, billiard-table cloths, woollen blankets, ladies' hoods, ribbons, crêpe, scissors, skirt-braid and pins, tooth-brushes, hooks-and-eyes, boulevard skirts, bustles, chignons, palpitators, garters, chemises, parasols, gold watches and chains, jewelry, diamond rings, knives, pocket-pistols, horses, mules, harness, buggies and carriages."

The negro was not responsible for this regime. He readily followed the so-called guides and friends who came in from the North and represented that party to which the negro owed his freedom. These adventurers made tools of the negro, dividing spoils with him and exploiting his ignorance and superstition. He was taught that to scratch a name on a Republican party ticket was a "sin little short of damnation."

Such a state of affairs was too violent to continue. Spirited and intolerant Southerners could not submit to negro domination. Means were found to suppress the colored vote. Both legitimate and illegitimate methods were freely employed. Men who had fought bravely four years to establish an independent government could not be expected to submit tamely to such a monstrous travesty on self-government. Terror was spread by the Ku-Klux-Klan in some regions, while more moderate means were used in others. Some temperate white Republicans united with the Democrats. In some cases negroes received pay or other inducements to remain away from the polls. By murders, by whippings, by threats, by promises, by fair means and foul, the negro vote was thoroughly suppressed by 1877, and has been kept so ever since. Negro suffrage to-day in the South is a complete nullity. But the

danger is still present of negro domination in those regions having a majority of colored citizens. This menace disturbs and poisons the relations of the two races forced to live side by side.

To summarize then, the five purposes of the amendment were, in reverse order, (1) to punish the rebels; (2) gain allies for the Republican party; (3) benefit general public; (4) educate negro in citizenship; (5) protect colored race.

It signally failed in all these purposes but the first, and there is exactly where it should have failed. For the "rebels" had had sufficient punishment and needed more considerate and generous treatment.

It lost the Republican party several northern States, and the "solid South."

It failed utterly from the public benefit standpoint, which left out of view the fact that intelligent men are better able to legislate for their own welfare than are ignorant men for them. This point, however, is directly connected with the two following, and falls to the ground with them.

It failed, worse than failed, to educate the negro in good citizenship. He found himself enfranchised with the right to barter and sell his vote, or hold an office which he could not fill. He immediately fell into the hands of professional politicians, and in this school of rottenness and corruption he became a plastic tool with marvelous facility. If *this* was the education he needed, God save the mark! But despite his enfranchisement, bulwarked by the mighty force of the Federal Constitution, he does *not* vote—south of Delaware—or make himself an important political factor.

That the colored race might be protected was the fifth purpose noted above. Here was the saddest, most stupendous failure of all, and which years of time will not suffice to remedy. It was imagined that the appointment of an ignorant negro justice would protect the negroes in his vicinage. But the appointment of every incompetent negro fanned the prejudice of the people already overwrought in sectional feeling. It took from the negro his only true friend, the one competent to understand, advise and help him,—his master,—and made him his enemy. The disfranchised master

turned, with the instinct of self-preservation, against both the intruding carpet-bagger and his tool—the misguided negro. The negro was readily led to believe his liberators from the North were blessed saviors to him, and that his former master would reënslave him if he could. Thus race-prejudice was fostered, and the South was given her present race problem.

Since the negro lost both ballot and friends throughout the South, we must pronounce this experiment in political science an unqualified failure. The right to the ballot is the capacity for the ballot.

(4.) Finally, whither is the progress of the negro to-day? Where real, it is away from political affairs, and towards industrial matters. He is only now coming to his heritage from which the suffrage-delusion turned him. He sees his brother negro in Hayti with the fullest, completest exercise of the franchise; and he sees there chronic anarchy, mining and manufacturing resources undeveloped, a government “shackling manhood, despoiling womanhood, and gripping the Eden of the Antilles in desperation and despair.” He sees his fellow-negro in Liberia with the political franchise, where deterioration is in strong evidence, where “squalor, nakedness, indolence and want riot and revel under a government of absurd pretensions steadily sinking into decrepitude.”

Booker T. Washington speaks for the race when he says the negro must “work out his own salvation, in the field, the college, the shop, and with hammer and saw. He must become useful,—learn to do common things in an uncommon manner. The industrial foundation is needed on which to build the higher life, politically and ethically.”

The hope of the negro is in acquiring education, buying homes, building better and cleaner lives, getting clearer conceptions of right and wrong. In this line lies his true progress. When this foundation is deep enough and wide enough, then, and not till then, the political franchise should be granted. The question is now, What shall be done with that dead letter, the fifteenth amendment?

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BUSINESS REASONS *VERSUS* BUSINESS MORALS.

IT HAS become somewhat of a habit to speak of Wall Street's methods as corrupt and thievish, and of the operators of that street in general as though they were persons who should be sent to state's prison. The people who make up Wall Street and the people who furnish the means for their existence are all amenable to the laws of this country, and the fact that so much is said about the criminals in Wall Street, and so little is accomplished in bringing those criminals to punishment is not perhaps as much due to the lack of laws to reach them, or the shrewdness of the operators themselves, as it is to the interference, purposely or otherwise, of outside powerful influences.

It has not been an infrequent occurrence that some private firm or corporation has refrained from prosecuting a defaulter from the fear that if the knowledge of its loss were made public its credit might be impaired, or its influence otherwise injured. These individual cases meet with no general condemnation, consequently they tend to encourage those tempted, and also to blunt the moral sense of the community.

To a large degree this is "private business."

The next step is when certain business corporations of more or less the same kind are joined together in one great Company, and large quantities of bonds and stock are underwritten by other firms or corporations with the ultimate purpose of selling the bonds and stock to the public generally—however misrepresentations are made and individuals and firms find that they have paid many thousand dollars for underwriting purposes with moneys obtained from them by fraud—by fraud and false statements so bald and bold that, on an action, recovery and conviction might both be had. But again there is a failure to prosecute. There are large losses suffered in silence because these large firms or corporations have great interests at stake in Wall Street, and to expose such frauds, and to bring down this particular house of cards, would "unsettle

the market" and perhaps cause them far greater losses than the silent loss sustained by their simply acquiescing in some gigantic swindle.

In the meantime the public, including the feeble, widows and orphans, relying on the names of these underwriters, have bought the stock and bonds, and have no redress, for it may well be that they have had technically no false representations, or fraud perpetrated on them.

One great outside influence is the press. This vast engine is not so much a prosecutor as an informer, and, unfortunately, it informs the spoilers as well as the victims, and, in its great and searching endeavor to gather and give news, too often makes futile the attempt of punishment by disclosure of evidence.

But the greatest of all factors in the proper following up and punishing of business frauds, is politics. If a corporation is to be put into the hands of a Receiver—query?—who will control the appointment of that Receiver? We may have a Governor and Bank-Examiner of one political complexion, and an Attorney-General and District-Attorney of another hue. If the Governor says to the Superintendent of Banks that no more Receiverships are desired until there is an Attorney-General of his own party, it makes any attempt of the present Attorney-General to obtain evidence necessary to having a Receiver appointed, more than difficult.

Then again politics may further embarrass the situation by divisions within parties. It is possible that the District-Attorney may desire to secure the nomination for Governorship, in which event criminal prosecutions involving the indictment of prominent persons and a large amount of notoriety and advertisement, should not be brought too far ahead of the time when the gubernatorial convention takes place. Furthermore, if prominent parties are involved, they are always willing and anxious that the District-Attorney should have full evidence, provided, of course, that that evidence tends to the indictment of some other person or persons than themselves.

This not only leads to confusion, but sometimes to delay.

In the meantime, although the Criminal Code is very clear on the subject of misdemeanors of directors, it is also clear that any proceeding against them must be brought within two years after the alleged act has been committed.

For example, one mode of procedure in modern high finance, is as follows: A certain number of corporations, or business associations, agree to join together into one very large corporation. Some man is selected as a vendor, to whom each of these companies turns over its possessions, and in turn receives bonds and stock in the new corporation, besides, in some cases, a certain amount of cash. The vendor, so called because he sells the stock and bonds of the new company, and these various companies, associate in this enterprise some Banking Institution, through which transactions are carried on, and which holds the bonds and stock of the new company. All parties interested proceed immediately to get the new issue of the bonds and stock of this new company underwritten. Some representatives of the Banking Institution, and some representatives of the vendor, or of some of the interested constituent parts of this new Company, proceed to England, France, or any other place where they can, by their representations, induce people to underwrite the bonds and stock of the new Company. They get everybody they can interested, by any promises they can make, in this underwriting, be it from the Governor of a great State, to the humblest laborer. It all seems perfect on paper.

If enough money is not raised to meet the cash obligations due at a certain fixed date to the various companies which have gone into this enterprise, the Banking Institution, or its officers may go so far, through the use of their names, and the endorsement, or direct making of notes to raise the necessary money, so that the project may be fully launched on the unsuspecting public who are eventually needed to buy the stock and bonds. By hook, or by crook, the money is raised. The new Company is started with all its hopes expressed on paper statements already issued, and many of its obligations on paper soon to become due.

The unloading of the stock commences. The public is swallowing

the bait. But as huge morsels of this kind are pushed down the throats of the public, the price of the stock falls, and the price of the bonds can only be kept up by means of pools. Then first rumors of trouble begin to float about. Then the institutions abroad which have promised to underwrite a certain amount, decline to carry out their agreements, claiming justly, or unjustly, that they have been deceived by the representations made them. A point is reached when it is difficult or impossible for the Banking Institution to go on with the affair. Large future obligations, undertaken to bolster up the enterprise, are about to become due. There is a caucus of directors. Something must be done to shift the responsibility from the shoulders of the Banking Institution, for, at such a stage in the game, an investigation by the Superintendent of Banks would mean suspension.

A syndicate is formed.

The members of the Board of Directors of the Banking Institution form a striking and conspicuous part of this syndicate. The syndicate agrees to take over all the bonds and all the stock in the possession of the Banking Institution, and to assume all of its liabilities. However, syndicates are not entirely philanthropic in their purposes. If the bonds have been underwritten at ninety cents on the dollar, or upwards, the syndicate will take them at the average of sixty. Should they be able to dispose of them to the public for more than sixty, they will divide what they get for them over the sixty with the Banking Institution.

It matters not that many have already underwritten at a much higher figure than sixty. It matters not that the representatives of the Banking Institution might be at that very moment persuading others to underwrite these bonds, or buy them outright, at anywhere from ninety cents on the dollar up. The Banking Institution must first be saved from the result of its reckless use of its banking powers. Afterwards the victims can be dealt with at leisure.

By this time the Superintendent of Banks investigates, the Banking Institution is found to have indulged in other questionable banking transactions, such as allowing officers to borrow too

large sums of money. Thereupon the directors are told that these things must be at once remedied, and made good. If the directors are rich enough men to do this, their institution, and their reputations are saved, and the Banking Institution totters along a Wall Street derelict—a menace or a warning to the public, as they may have eyes to see.

The Banking Institution, bereft of all power of usefulness, is still kept in existence. Its name may be changed. Its capital may be cut in half. But its poor stockholders still cling to the hope that as long as it keeps out of the hands of a Receiver, in some way, at some future time, they may get back the value of their stock. Their proxies in large numbers are given to directors who have perhaps, so generously, put money into this corporation which they have twisted out of all shape in their attempt to use it for purposes for which neither the law nor the people ever intended it.

In the meantime the politician who has underwritten brings no action, lest he be held up to ridicule as, relying on the false promises, he has been led to put out good money, which he ought to have known enough to keep.

The underwriters fear to start the harsh wheels of justice, for they may cause a depreciation in other stocks they own in Wall Street, for the exposé of the methods of high finance does not tend to induce the young and tender lamb into the fold.

The stockholder, the man who more than any other has the power to fully invoke the law—he sees the possibility of the last remnant left of his dollars going into the maelstrom unless he continues to rely on the generosity of those interested enough to keep the rudderless ship afloat, guided perhaps by a nominally unsalaried President, and a closely attached law office—piloting the wreck, not perhaps to eternity, but to a point where the slow months will have rolled around, and the two years' statute of limitations passed, and the directors may breathe, freed at last from the dangers of that rock generally described by the penal code under the head of "Misdemeanors."

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THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

THE SPHINX.

IV.

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores."

PRIDE is a complex conception and not easily defined. Its differential quality is no doubt a simple emotion. It is commonly thought to be both good and bad, according to its object and what attends it. It involves egotism. It leads one to make too much account of himself and not enough of others. It is closely allied to vanity and to self-righteousness, and looks down upon many as subordinates and not equals. This easily leads one to ignore the rights of others, especially those who are weak and unfortunate, and to arrogate to himself more than is just. It is the opposite of humility, which does not esteem itself too highly and concedes their just dues to all. The angels, according to Milton in "Paradise Lost," to which, no doubt, Emerson refers, were seduced from willing obedience and were not good subjects in their old allegiance, and would secede and govern themselves or have a new governor. They could think more of themselves in the new relations. They could get something in the new—the flattery of high position, the pleasure of being in some sort rulers with subjects under them. Did they persist in this or see, at last, its folly and have the grace of shame? Shame does not have quite meaning enough. The old word "repentance" would yield an element "shame" may lack. Shame and repentance would work for restoration. Herein we see the "fiend" also. It is the love, though fallen, for something better. So the subject is not quite lost. Shame, if enough of it, will lift him up again. "Love of the Best" will prevail. His shame and repentance, or remorse, bring "sweetest joy." A true repentance would put one above his sin, so that his sin should not again have dominion over him. Then

is he stronger than before; then is he higher for his fall. Longfellow gives a beautiful expression to this thought:

"St. Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!"

Goethe gave a similar thought as formulated by Tennyson:

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

What is this but to be—not dead in, but dead to, trespasses and sins? And that is to be high and not low. That is "love of the Best." One who has not sinned, who has not been tempted, does not know his strength and if he can stand should a trial come to him. It is a joy to know that we have trodden beneath our feet a vice and made of it the rung of a ladder. In this we have known the worst and then chosen the best.

"Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?—
I would he were nobler
Than to love me."

This is a somewhat paradoxical verse. The words are supposed to be said by a maiden. Here, too, is celebrated the "fiend" again,—namely, "love of the Best." The maiden loves in the lover what she thinks the "best." But he, on the other side, does not, for she is not the "best." These contrasted values are as they stand in the thought of the maiden. She says these words out of *her* estimate. It does not matter that she is not right as to the comparative merits of herself and her lover. The words are founded on her estimate, however much that estimate may do her wrong. It is sufficient that the valuation is hers. She is the victim of much illusion. The lover seems to her a hero, a prince, too high; and she, having no illusion in regard to herself, but the plain, bald fact

instead, seems to herself full of imperfections, and so there is no parity between them. A true judgment would make her his equal, and perhaps his superior. But she takes the case as it stands in her own consciousness. She loves the "best" and fain would have the "best" in herself as in him. But in her humility she is far, far away from it. But he does not love the "best." She is not the "best," and why does he come to her? He is not only "noble" but "free." Any princess would receive him. Why does he not go to his peers for a choice?

"I would he were nobler
Than to love me."

Then, I could worship him as true to himself and as claiming all his kingdom, and not by partial abdication coming down, down to me.

Why was not this written the other way?—

"Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?—
I would *she* were nobler
Than to love me."

Well, the maiden does not like to call herself a lover. The scruple is a delicate one, and yet it has entrenched itself in literary usage. No good writing ever calls the lady a lover. On the contrary, she is the one beloved. When she can hide herself in the plural number, when she can safely think of herself as one in the term "lovers," then she may have no objection to her position as a lover. The psychological as also the literary hesitation is gone. But for this it might have been written:

"Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?—
I would *she* were nobler
Than to love me."

Emerson states the case elsewhere in the interest of the lady. He says: "The lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her

as a star. She cannot be heaven if she stoop to such a one as I."

We have, thus far, two subjective saviors, two principles indigenous to man, two plants grown in his own garden, which together serve as self-heal, a medicine for ills and a stimulus for growth. These, we repeat, are the "Sphinx," a name for Intellect and Knowledge; and the "fiend," a paradoxical name for "love of the Best." These show the way to progress and amelioration, and give an impulse towards the same. Now, to increase the force of these two saviors another power is given, thus making a trinity of powers. What is the third power? We answer, Language, which is personified under the metaphor, "the Poet." We have quoted from Emerson's "Essay on the Poet" an expression of the way in which he identifies these conceptions, namely, the poet and language. We quote again a portion of this writing:

"The universe has three children, born at one time, which reappear under different names in every system of thought, whether they be called cause, operation and effect; or, more poetically, Jove, Pluto, Neptune; or, theologically, the Father, the Spirit and the Son, but which we will call here the Knower, the Doer and the Sayer. These stand respectively for the love of truth, for the love of good, for the love of beauty."

We can see this classification in the *dramatis personæ* of "The Sphinx." There is not an exact correspondence, point for point, as there never is in simile, symbol, metaphor, allegory, or other representative expressions, and the classification is poetry and not science. It is enough to show that Emerson will justify us in making the "Poet" stand as a personified synonym for language.

But when we come to the consideration of language as one of these great instruments for the salvation and elevation of the race, we shall be willing to waive a few breaks in analogy and welcome the third term in the trinity. Language gives to man the immense lever and advantage of "inherited experience." The animals, so-called, may show a little of this, but it is neither the sphinx nor the fiend—it is not knowledge or the "love of the Best," but rather instinct in their case.

By language man can give another, directly, what he knows, and

both can keep it, or keep it better by means of words for it, or by means of concepts which are determinations of the understanding going before words. Sir William Hamilton gives us the following in regard to the preservation of concepts by means of language:

“Language is the attribution of signs to our cognitions of things. But as a cognition must have been already there, before it could receive a sign, consequently that knowledge which is denoted by the formation and application of a word must have preceded the symbol which denotes it. Speech is thus not the mother, but the god-mother of knowledge. But though in general we must hold that language as the product and correlative of thought must be viewed as posterior to the act of thinking itself, on the other hand it must be admitted that we could never have risen above the very lowest degree in the scale of thought without the aid of signs. A sign is necessary to give stability to our intellectual progress,—to establish each step in our advance as a new starting-point to our advance to another beyond. A country may be overrun by an armed host; it is only conquered by the establishment of fortresses. Words are the fortresses of thought. They enable us to realize our dominion over what we have already overrun in thought; to make every intellectual conquest the basis of operations for others still beyond. Though, therefore, we allow that every movement forward in language must be determined by an antecedent movement in thought, still, unless thought be accompanied at each point of its evolution by a corresponding evolution of language, its further development is arrested. Thus it is that the higher exertions of the higher faculty of understanding,—the classification of the objects presented and represented by the subsidiary powers in the formation of a hierarchy of notions, the connection of these notions into judgments, the inference of one judgment from another, and, in general, all our consciousness of the relations of the universal to the particular; consequently all science strictly so denominated, and every inductive knowledge of the past and the future from the laws of nature,—not only these but all ascent from the sphere of sense to the sphere of moral and religious intelligence, are, as experience proves, if not altogether impossible without language, at least possible to a very low degree, admitting even that the mind is capable of certain elementary concepts without the fixation and signature of language. Still these are but sparks which would twinkle only to expire, and it requires words to give them prominence and, by enabling us to collect and elaborate them into new concepts, to

raise out of what would otherwise be only scattered and transitory scintillations a vivid and enduring light."

The Poet therefore, or language, is one of the trinity of powers by which the man-child is to be lifted to an equality with nature and a dominion over nature. Emerson says: "The world being put under the mind for verb and noun, the Poet is he who can articulate it." "But for articulate speech man would still be roaming the forest as a wild beast."

We come now, not to another personification, but another law attendant upon human experience as it runs its course in life.

"Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the center,
Heart-heaving away;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day."

We have already said that consciousness, as we see it, is a succession of events. Of course, these events have, not any content whatever, but their own peculiar content.

"Eterne," it need not be said, is a contraction for eternal. Emerson frequently resorts in his verse to such contractions, for the sake of measure.

"Eterne alternation" would seem to be one of the laws in the grand movement called by this general name of consciousness, and which sums up everything in which man has any interest. It is a comfort to believe that in much which seems evil in the phenomena given, "love" works the changes—love and not hatred or malice is at the center and is the "meaning sublime" in the dark, sad "pictures of time."

"Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day,"

can be only a poetical way of saying that the forces in the ceaseless variations are dynamic—that love is the dynamo—that the throbs,

the beatings, the heart-heavings, are from within outward; and this must be the beginning and direction of all remedies and reforms.

This verse closes the answer of the Poet to the Sphinx. But the Poet indulges in taunts and laughter as against the Sphinx. She has seemed blind and stupid. But the Sphinx has the last word and turns the laugh upon the Poet. Says the Poet:

“Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits;
Thy sight is growing blear;
Rue, myrrh and cummin for the Sphinx,
Her muddy eyes to clear!”

These premature shouts of victory before the battle was over, on the part of the Poet, have many precedents in long, polemical centuries with regard to

“The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man.”

“Blessed is the man who can give an answer which does not need to be answered.”

“The old Sphinx bit her thick lip,”

as if conscious of insult, and said to the Poet:

“Who taught thee me to name?”—

as if to say: “I have no name. I am not an independent, separate reality. I am a function, and you another function of one and the same mind. We are only actions and not actors.

“I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow,
Of thine eye I am eyebeam.”

“Each is the other and each is both,” the Sphinx would say, and what the Sphinx says to the Poet the Poet could say to the Sphinx. If intellect needs language, language needs intellect. The functions of that variously-endowed reality—the mind of man—never work alone, but always in tasks requiring the union of several; and the Sphinx or the intellect both asks and answers the questions. It is the same mind in both. Hence the words:

"I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow,"—

spoken by the Sphinx to the Poet. And again the Sphinx says:

"Of thine eye I am eyebeam."

The powers of the Sphinx and of the Poet were subjects and owners of the same eye. The Sphinx continues:

"Thou art the unanswered question;
Couldst see thy proper eye."

The word "proper" is well chosen. And what is the "proper eye"? We know that the physical eye is only an instrument. It is not the agent that uses it. It does not see. That wonderful event, which no science can fully explain but which mocks us with a residuum we cannot dissolve, that miracle—to see, is the "proper eye." We call it the soul. It is the "unanswered question." It is the sphinx of all the sphinxes. We think we know *that* it is; but we do not know *what* it is. The psychology of thousands of years has not told us. So of the soul, the "proper eye," we may say:

"Thou art the unanswered question."

But we assume that we have a few predicates of this unknown agent, and the Sphinx formulates this one:

"Alway it asketh, asketh;
And each answer is a lie."

Therein is the Sphinx a sphinx, and therein is the Sphinx the intellect. Is each answer a lie? Are no true answers given? Well, what is a lie, and what is a true answer? Emerson in "Celestial Love" has this line:

"And every fair and every good,
Known in part, or known impure."

How much have we in answers of which any more can be said,—
"Known in part, or known impure"? And what are answers but provisional answers, good only until the Sphinx asks another ques-

tion? But perhaps we should not say "each answer." The love of knowledge finds no final answer. It never can be satisfied. Always it will be asking, asking. Each seeming answer gives another question—many questions. We think we have killed the Sphinx, and lo! there are twenty more to take her place. The Sphinx still waves her wings, triumphant. In all this life, and in another life, as we believe, it must be said of the Sphinx, of the Intellect,

"Alway it asketh, asketh."

And the asking is never quelled; for Truth is infinite, but Knowledge must always be finite.

We have four lines more in this awful colloquy between the Poet and the Sphinx, in which the Sphinx says to the Poet:

"So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply:
Ask on, thou clothed eternity;
Time is the false reply."

We must do the best we can with these truly mystical lines. Let us not say they have no meaning. That is a dangerous thing to do in regard to a line of Emerson's. The hasty dismissal will only dismiss the reader and ask for a better reader. We have been caught too many times in a study of fifty years, and are shy of haste in condemning the author, lest we thereby pass sentence upon ourselves. Within two weeks and in the writing of this paper have we found some beautiful surprises, some new interpretations, which have eluded an earnest study for half a century. We hardly dare say we understand Emerson. Such understanding would be a process and not a consummation. It will take fifty years more to read Emerson. The exposition of Emerson will yet become a great literature. The task, not easy but very delightful, will be the translation of Emerson into the vernacular; and it will be found, some time in the century now begun, that he is more than an equivalent of all his contemporaries, as is true of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. How do we know this? Well, my dear little sphinx, asking questions, we do n't know it, but we believe it and risk the

saying, as we have not much to lose and shall not be here at the end of the century if it does not prove to be true.

The four lines quoted above, the closing words of the Sphinx in her reply to the Poet,—what shall we do with them? We have here the words “time” and “eternity.” What is time? St. Augustine said: “If you do not ask me, I know; but if you ask me, I do not know.”

The question, What is time? was prominent in speculation the first part of the last century. Kant had hints before this. Men were beginning to apprehend, not what time is, but what it is not. A scholar in those days, as the story goes, once met an honest, pious but illiterate laboring man, and to amuse himself asked the man if he could tell him what time was.

“Yes, sir,” said the man.

“Well, then, what is it?” said the scholar.

The man held his head down and thought a while, but said at last:

“Really I do n’t know, but it is something we all ought to think of.”

And yet it is something we do n’t need to think of, at least as an abstraction. Whatever time is, it takes care of itself. We use it freely, without any tax upon our philosophy or any consciousness of there being a philosophy about it. But philosophy tells us time is not anything, and that is why we cannot tell *what* it is. We feel quite sure *that* it is, as a mental principle. They tell us time is an intuition, which is a delicate differentiation in consciousness, but that time has no objective existence,—it is not a thing, in short. Yet we designate this intangible element in our thought by a noun-substantive. What is a “thing”? This word is one of the most common and one of the most extensive of our language; but in philosophy it has a limited application. A “thing” has thus been defined: “What can take and give an influence.” Try “time” by that test; we shall see that it is not a “thing.”

What of “eternity”? This word cannot claim to be a noun. It is, in import, only an adjective. Its power is merely to qualify the noun, “time,” by affirming a want of boundary. It is simply a nega-

tion. Accordingly, in our books on metaphysics we give a chapter to Time but make no account of Eternity. That is not a metaphysical element.

What did Emerson mean by the line:

“Ask on, thou clothed eternity?”

The line contemplates man as a living soul, that will live forever. It is an affirmation of “eternal” life. This takes the noun away and gives us the adjective, but puts the adjective with a real subject, and by two words gives a meaning to eternity—makes this poetical abstraction concrete.

“Clothed eternity.” What of this word “clothed”? This poem was presumably written about the year 1840. Carlyle had just given the world his new, strange book called *Sartor Resartus*. This book pretended to be a treatise upon the subject of clothes, but really had but little to do with literal clothes. Its burden, on the contrary, was metaphorical clothes. Nature is clothes for laws. Our bodies are clothes for the spirit. Civilization is clothes for our various wants. Our religions are clothes for the sentiment enclosed and for our various beliefs. Creeds in the same way are clothes. The State is clothes. All our institutions may be spoken of as clothes, and language is clothes for thought.

“I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?”

In this the word “vest” by an expanded connotation is made to stand for clothes, and clothes for all that is peculiar and particular in the condition of the churchman,—his Bible, his litanies, his architecture, his literature, his forms of worship, even his hopes of heaven. This is all beautiful for another, says the poem, when seen as “vest” for another, but not for one who does not choose it and whom it does not fit.

"Clothed eternity" gives something concrete to this abstraction of eternity, and is meant for man or the soul of man, as when the Sphinx says:

"Thou art the unanswered question."

Then comes this proud, defiant note:

"Ask on, thou clothed eternity,"

while the other line,—

"Time is the false reply,"

proclaims eternity for the Sphinx. And this further allies itself with a former line:

"His eye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive."

We shall never reach the last question; we shall never know all truth. The dread predicate of infinity attaches to our horizon on all sides. A question is not a question unless it is a special or particular question. A question in general is not what any one could answer. And hence this pretended question.

"Ask on, thou clothed eternity"

is not a question, and the pretended answer is not an answer.

"Time is the false reply"

is not a reply. This is only a graceful play upon words, having no logical content. It is well in a poem, but of course not worth anything in philosophy. It does, however, express the great truth that the question-asking soul will never get answers to all its questions. Indeed, "all its questions" is not allowed, since infinity is affirmed of the questions, and "all" implies boundary in the matter to which it is applied. We cannot say "all" of space or of time, since being infinite they are not "wholes," and are too large for enclosure by any of the concepts of number. The idea of infinity cannot be

handled as an element in arithmetic. It is out of mathematics, which contemplates only definite quantities.

"Time is the false reply."

Questions and answers are in time because they are events, and time is the correlate of events and a necessary intuition; but events can never make a term in an equation with eternity as the other term. In this way

"Time is the false reply."

Kant, Lotze and now the philosophers generally say that time is not a reality. This abstruse episode the reader is at liberty to omit. The author is in this merely writing monologues for himself, not, however, with entire satisfaction to himself. He hopes to do better after fifty years more of Emerson.

The Sphinx has had the last word and drawn the last circle.

"Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon;
She spired into a yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's head."

The Sphinx changes her old form and mode of existence, and now appears in the six objects enumerated. Are these all the new forms she now inhabits? This list is only to say that she may now be found in all objects; not in stone alone, not in these specially designated things alone. The Sphinx has become omnipresent and infinite; but the Sphinx has not changed. It is thought that has changed in regard to the Sphinx. We have learned to see the Sphinx in all objects. We do not know all that is to be known about the poorest and most insignificant thing that arrests our notice. To know,—that is to say, cognition, is a sphinx. No Kant, or Hegel, or Fichte has ever explained it. Being, which is a name for our last generalization and therefore contains the smallest logical

content,—do we know what it is? We say it is God, but what is God? Our definitions fail us. We stand dumb and unlanguage before this mystery, and like Browning in the presence of Abt Vogler's star in music, we can only bow the head.

The Great Mother, the "universal dame," has listened to the debate, and now speaks in the interest of the Sphinx:

"Through a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame;
'Who telleth one of my meanings,
Is master of all I am.'"

Her word is only humor—a tantalizing badinage. Who has told one of her meanings? Let another poet answer:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower,—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Alas for philosophy! "There are no ends in nature, but every end is a beginning."

"To vision profounder
Man's spirit must dive;
His aye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old."

The "sphinx" underlies all intellectual evolution. The "fiend" underlies all esthetic and moral advances and ascensions. The "flying Perfect" is the enchantment which leads us on and up. There are no goals. Emerson could have said to Browning: "No perfect round in heaven or the heaven of heavens."

Life is a circle with a broken periphery. Its awful content flows out and away, in glory away, but no archangel's wing is strong enough to follow it and report a return of the curve.

Waltham, Mass.

CHARLES MALLOY.

SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

THE *Cosmopolitan* in its March edition published an article on "Socialism in Europe," supposed to have been written by Max Nordau. I say, supposed, because the article contains so many misrepresentations of facts, necessarily known to Max Nordau, the famous journalist and politician, that it seems incredible that he can be the author.

The writer tells us that at the last election for parliament in Germany, the socialists polled nearly two million votes, while the officially-certified and published account gives them three million and eight thousand. He gives them a representation in parliament of forty-four, while the actual number is eighty-one.

The writer declares that the socialists of Germany were opposed to pension and insurance legislation, when Max Nordau knows—or at least should know—that the opposition of the socialists was against the inadequacy of the legislation against the low rates proposed.

The average pension for a sixty-year-old workman is about sixty dollars a year, with which magnificent sum for old age not even Max Nordau would be content.

This article contains other incongruities and manifest contradictions. From it we find that socialism has failed, because thirty-five years after the publication of Karl Marx's book, *Capital*, socialism is nowhere practically established. He claims failure, yet affirms that socialism has influenced the legislation of every civilized country. He claims failure, yet says that in spite of its theoretical absurdity it has already brought more amelioration in thirty years than all the wisdom of philosophers and statesmen in thousands of years. He claims failure, in spite of the fact that to-day the principles proclaimed by Karl Marx are the political shibboleth of over ten millions of men entitled to the ballot in constitutional countries. The ideas of failure given by the real or pretended Max Nordau are strange indeed.

What would have been his verdict if thirty-five years after Christ's death he should have judged the Christian religion?

Strange as it may seem, he declares himself to be a believer in the doctrines of socialism, though he gravely tells us that socialism only gains in weakened nations, and that it is endorsed by flabby and indolent men only, and at periods of national decay.

Does the writer not know that socialism began to spread in Germany, the classical land of its theory, *after* the successful war with France, when the self-consciousness and self-esteem of the Germans had been raised to a pitch heretofore unknown?

The number of socialists in Germany increased from seventy-five thousand in 1876 to over three millions in 1903, during a period of what capitalistic writers would call unprecedented prosperity. During the same period the wealth of the country was more than trebled, while the population increased forty per cent., and the nation rose from a fourth or fifth-rate commercial nation to a rival of Great Britain and the United States.

Many accusations could be raised against Germany, but that it is a decaying nation not even its most prejudiced enemies would contend; and that its inhabitants are indolent could be refuted by a geometrical demonstration, called *demonstratio ad absurdum*, by comparing the industrial development of Germany in the last twenty years with that of other countries, not even excepting the United States.

The writer vainly attempts to construct an impassable gulf between revolutionary and evolutionary socialism. He maintains that to the evolutionary socialists belongs the future. Now he should know, or if he does not know he can easily inform himself, that the so-called evolutionary socialists do not believe a whit less in socialism than the so-called revolutionary socialists. The sole difference between the two is a difference of tactics, about the best way to secure their object. And when Max Nordau or any one else maintains that the future belongs to evolutionary socialists, he practically proclaims himself a follower of Karl Marx, or rather of his idea, which is simply this—that the gradual centralization of capital in the hands of a few by the natural development of

economics will lead to society ownership, which is called socialism.

Another attempt to refute Karl Marx is the writer's contention that, contrary to the Marxian theory, men are getting to be better off every day. Let the writer compare the percentage of economically independent men with that of five, ten, or thirty-five years ago.

Karl Marx demonstrated that the centralization of industry will bring the expropriation of the small capitalists, and that the proportion of employés, or hands (the term used to-day for the words servant or slave) will increase every day.

Aristotle maintained that a slave had a lesser soul than a free man; that the faculties of an economically dependent individual have no chance of equal development. The question is, how long will the ever-increasing number of serving millions submit to the yoke of an ever-decreasing number of masters? What do the pages of history teach? If capitalists, or rather capitalistic governments, are wise, the transition from capitalism to socialism will be peaceful,—that is, by evolution; if unwise, by revolution.

The decision rests with the capitalists, not with the socialists. But were oppressors ever wise? Think of Charles of England; think of Louis XVI. and the French nobility; think of George III.; think of the slaveholders of the South.

The writer in the *Cosmopolitan* says socialism will come by evolution. Let us hope so; but we hold that the logic of events, especially in recent decades, proves that either by evolution or revolution, socialism is inevitable. Certainly its unprecedented growth cannot be called a failure.

L. F. STRAUSS.

Boston, Mass.

A FAIR ADVANTAGE.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

"HELLO, Mist. Johnson! whar yer gwine at?"
"Gwine 'bout my own business, dat whar I 'gwine at'."

A crowd of idle young negroes, loafing about the railroad station of a little town in middle Tennessee, were amusing themselves at the expense of a very tall, stalwart negro man who, in a threadbare suit of clothes, that had once been the "party dress-suit" of some society leader, upon whom the colored wearer had doubtless danced—a sort of cheap valet attendance—a battered, tall hat that wore an ex-ecclesiastical look, and a cheap cigar twirled jauntily between two fingers, was strutting gaily up and down the platform, waiting for the train that was to bear him away to the bosom of his family, some sixty miles distant; where he hoped, mightily *against* hope, to spend a peaceful sort of Christmas; so peaceful at least as the one beautiful silver dollar in the pocket of his pantaloons could purchase.

"Psher!" cried a boy with a jolly, round face, and a jolly, broad grin: "You aint got no 'business,' Mist. Johnson, 'cept dest ter look pretty."

"How many stories dat hat got ter hit, Mist. Johnson?" cried another, inching farther away.

"Ef I 'uz you," said another, "I 'd dest crawl up inter de top story en live dar, seein' as you aint got nair obercoat, en Christmas weather comin' long mighty soon."

"Aw, shet up!" sneered the boy who had introduced the hat subject. "You-alls dunno what yer talkin' 'bout. Dat ar aint no hat: dat 's de chu'ch steeple, he done borrid, ter go trab'lin' Norf in."

"'T aint no sech thing: hit 's de smock-stack off 'n de gas-house. Do n't cher see hit's *black*?"

"Yes, sah! Yes!" they cried in chorus, "Dat's right. Do n't-cher smell de gas?"

"H-u-u-m-m! How dat stack *do* smell! Whar's yer cinnamon draps, Mist. Johnson?"

A whistle, and the rushing in of the train cut short the fun. But as Johnson climbed up, someone shouted to the conductor: "Say, Mist. Conductor! dat colored gent'man w'arin' yo' stove-pipe on 'is haid. Ef you aint tek de top off yo' cyars he gwine ram it thoo de roof, I spec'."

From the platform Johnson made a grasp for his tottering dignity.

"Nem mine; you-alls dist wait till I git back, en gits out o' dese here Sunday breeches. *Den* you see!"

The shout that followed this was not all lost in the rumble of the moving cars: "Dat we wont! We aint gwine 'see' you widout dem breeches, Mist. Johnson. 'Ca'se, ef you pulls dem off you got ter go ter baid, en *stay* dar."

And then the engineer threw the throttle wide open; with sudden, easy swing, after the struggle of starting, the long train pulled out through the browning pastures of Belle Meade; and with a thought of the peace-purchasing dollar in his pocket, Johnson settled back into the soft luxuriance of velvet cushions, and gave himself up to solid enjoyment of the trip.

It had begun to snow—winter was putting in her appearance early this year. The ground was already lightly sprinkled with white. Johnson had not counted on that when he exchanged his old grey woolen coat for the Sunday "dress." But then, what difference did it make to a man shut up in such luxuriant warmth whether he wore jeans or broadcloth? Mr. Johnson smiled.

He had made many trips over the line; every spring and fall, when the Duck, the Buffalo, and the Tennessee sent imaginary calls to a certain little band of fishermen, back there in Nashville, Johnson was sure to receive a summons. For Johnson was cook, porter, pack-mule, minstrel-show, parson and general commissary to the fishing-party, chief head of which was the same conductor under whose captaincy he was this brilliant, crispy, snowy Christmas eve, speeding home to the bosom of his family. Indeed, it was this had induced Mr. Johnson to make the trip: the conductor was an old

acquaintance. Johnson had caught the minnows to bait that conductor's hook well,—the last ten years, anyhow. Ten years he had made fun for the camp on Buffalo, or Tennessee. He stood well with the fishermen.

The one mistake Johnson made was in not considering that a man who is a fisherman to-day may to-morrow be a merchant, a bank-cashier, a broker, a doctor, lawyer, or even a clerk measuring off other people's goods behind a counter. Or, for that matter, the conductor of a passenger train collecting other people's toll for them, and quite as much honor-bound to turn it over to its legitimate owners as the clerk who collects ten cents for a yard of ribbon is expected to drop it into the cash-drawer, rather than into his own pocket.

Another thing was, that while Johnson never once thought of this, the conductor never once forgot it.

So, blissfully secure and delightfully comfortable, Johnson traveled on, towards home and Christmas. Suddenly a big form in blue with brass buttons loomed up before him. Johnson was conscious of the bigness, even then; and of a faint feeling that somehow that man never seemed so large when in his "fishing things" and somehow there was a "policy" look about the uniform that Johnson did n't like at all.

"Hello, Johnson! Where you traveling?" The conductor held out one hand; in the other he held his "punchers." Johnson thought they were "tooth-pullers." And somehow they seemed about the biggest thing in the whole car.

"How you do, Mist. Larimo'? Yes, sah: I's gwine ter Wave'ly, ter see meh fam'ly."

"Good boy," said the conductor. "Ticket, Johnson."

Johnson showed his ivories:

"I aint got nair ticket, Mist. Larimo'. You knows I aint. Whar yer reckon I gwine git a ticket, Mist. Larimo'?"

And the traveler even ventured a laugh. So far his ability to travel on the friendship of the fishing-club was undisturbed by the very first, faint ripple of a doubt. And that villainous conduc-

tor actually stood there, as Johnson afterwards declared, "w'arin' dest de same, ole fishin'-club smile ez ever."

"Cool weather for walking, Johnson," and there was something in the words which Johnson interpreted to mean, "Your money, or your life, my man!"

With a gulp, the traveler sat bolt upright; the tall hat received a sudden "plunk" that left an indelible mark, as it came in sharp contact with the brass rack fastened to the side of the car above his head.

"See here, Mist. Larimo', you sholy aint gwine mek me pay no ticket dest ter go home?"

The conductor grinned, that sardonic grin of his, and said: "Ticket, Johnson."

"See here, Mist. Larimo'; I been ketchin' minnows en crawfishes, en grub worms fur dis here fishin'-club o' yo'n fur ten years hand-gwine. Aint I? You knows I aint got nair ticket."

"The money'll do just as well, Johnson. Fare, boy. Come down with the money, Johnson."

"Yes, sah; but I aint got no mo' money den what I is ticket."

The conductor reached for the bell-cord; he still wore the old, delusive fishing-smile:

"Come down, Johnson. Come down with the cash. *Else, I 'll ditch you right here.*"

And then Johnson understood that a man might smile and smile, and still be an ingrate. Also that he might fish and fish, and still be a railroad passenger-conductor.

He reluctantly thrust one hand deep down into the furthestmost recesses of his trousers' pocket, and fished up the dollar that was to purchase peace:

"Dat 's all I got," said he, "you 'll take me fur dat, I reckon, sho."

"Yes, Johnson, *just as far as that goes.* Then I 'll ditch you, unless you come down with the rest."

But Johnson did n't "come down." Or rather, he *did* "come down." And as he stood, ankle-deep in snow, clad in a threadbare dress-suit, a battered "stove-pipe" hat, and the old, heroic, broad-

gauge smile that takes half the sting from all disaster, the heartless Larimore leaned down from the platform to give the "down-hill dog" a parting kick.

"Next time, Johnson," said he, "remember I'm not hauling people 'round the country just for the sake of an animal show. This is n't a circus-wagon, Johnson."

And Johnson, shivering in the snow, grinned back:

"Yes, sah," said he, "I'll sho try en rickerlict dat."

And the train pulled out and left him there. Stranded: twenty miles from *anywhere*, and night not many hours ahead of him.

He stood on the track, his eye following the long, shadowy line of smoke that trailed behind the disappearing locomotive. As the last coach swung gracefully around a long curve and disappeared, the traveler lifted the "stove-pipe" from his shrewd, old head, and said:

"I'll git even with dat ar Mister Conductor-man, sah, *ef it's de la-a-s' ac'*. Good-bye, *white man*."

And buttoning the battered remnant of a better time more securely about him, Johnson bowed his shoulders to the storm, and proceeded to "count cross-ties."

Winter passed—so, too, did the cloud upon their friendship; for with the awakening of the Spring something awoke in the several bosoms of the several fishermen of the old club: that alluringly seductive whisper of deep, slow-moving water; the *whiz* of a line thrown; the jubilant hum of a reel spinning out the line that held a doomed bass in tow.

One morning Johnson received a summons, a list of instructions, and a railroad *pass*. And all from his old friend, Conductor Larimore, V.-P. of the Buffalo-Tennessee Fishing-Club.

It was March—tricky, uncertain March—when the club pitched tents one early morning, on the banks of Buffalo River in western Tennessee, the fisherman's paradise and the land of peanuts.

March wore a smile of joy that morning. So, too, did Johnson. None would dream of a "grudge" hidden carefully away under Johnson's broad-gauge smile.

The streams were pretty full, for the rain had been heavy, and the Tennessee had "backed" the smaller tributaries somewhat out of their banks. The creeks were deep as the rivers ordinarily were. Nevertheless, after a cold lunch, the tents being ready, the party set out to the creek's mouth, where it empties its waters into the deeper current, to stock themselves with bait.

Johnson, his big laugh ringing out above the rush of the water, bowed his broad shoulders and "mounted" each man across the stream.

It was sunset when someone cried "enough," and again the call was made for Johnson. Again he carried them over, reserving Conductor Larimore for the last trip. The elated V.-P. of the B. & T. F.-C. mounted his steed with a joke at "feeling a boy again." And then,—lo! the steed turned slowly down stream.

"Hello!" said the V.-P., "where are you going?"

Johnson took another step down, the water rose to his knees; the V.-P. lifted his legs against the negro's sides.

The crowd on the bank began to smile.

Johnson moved steadily on.

"See here!" cried the conductor, "What you mean by this? Take me out o' here, sir."

Johnson made a half halt.

"Mist. Larimo'," said he, "you put me off 'n de train dat time; did n't you?"

"Yes, I did; you black rascal. Now you get me out o' this creek, sir; else, I'll put you where the buzzards themselves, wont find you. See here! Hold on! You——"

The crowd on the bank roared; the conductor was swearing like a sailor; Johnson grinned his old grin, and moved a trifle further down stream. The water touched his middle; the conductor's legs stuck straight out before him, like wooden pegs. Then Johnson stopped; he cut one eye slyly 'round at the helpless V.-P. perched upon his shoulders, and said, with exasperating good humor: "Mist. Larimo', I wants my dollar back."

"If you do n't get me out o' this water, I'll cut your throat, you black rascal," said the conductor.

Johnson moved a step further.

"St-o-p!"

"Come down, Mist. Larimo'."

"Get me out of here, sir!"

Another step down, and:

"Come down, Mist. Larimo'. Come down with the cash."

"Come down, Larimore!" "Come down, Larimore." The men on the bank were shrieking the chorus. The conductor was fairly purple:

"If I ever *do* get you on that bank—"

"Come down, Mist. Larimo'; *else, I ditch you right here.*"

And Johnson's knees bent a trifle suggestively under the V.-P.'s weight.

"Come down, Mist. Larimo'."

"Oh, 'come down,' Larimore; 'come down.' Duck him, Johnson; ditch him, if he does n't come down. We'll stand to you, Johnson, to a man."

The bank was united on that, and so Larimore "came down."

As Johnson was about to deposit the dollar in his mouth, before starting up stream, he fired his parting shot:

"*Next* time, Mist. Larimo', ricklict I aint haulin' o' folks 'round free dest fur de pleasure of a anermal show. Dis aint no circus-wag'n, Mist. Larimo'." Then, as an afterthought, "aldo' it's a toler'ble good circus, too; yes, sah."

"I would n't have thought it of you, Johnson," said the conductor, safely landed, and a dollar short, or square, in his accounts. "I would n't have thought you'd take such an unfair advantage of a man, as that."

"Lor', Mist. Larimo'," said Johnson, "dat's dest percisely what I says ter myse'f, dat udder time. But dis aint no unfair advantage, sah; dis dest de fai'est advantage y' ever see. It hab evened us up a whole, squar' dollar's worf."

EDITORIALS.

WHY AMERICA SYMPATHIZES WITH JAPAN.

THE CZAR'S ambassador at Washington, as well as other high officials in the Russian government, have expressed their amazement and bitter resentment at the unanimity of sympathy expressed throughout the Republic for Japan in the present war. They insist that the position of our people is as inexplicable as it is astounding, because Russia is a Caucasian nation professing Christianity, while the Japanese are of the Mongolian race and pagans. Furthermore, they claim that the relations between the great republic and Russia have been singularly cordial, and during the long and bitter estrangement that existed between England and America, Russia showed marked friendliness toward our country. The fact that during the most of this time the antagonism between England and Russia was much greater and more deep-rooted than any hostility that was entertained between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, is apparently overlooked by the Russian statesmen, and the world is left to infer that any real or supposed friendliness manifested by the government of the Czar was prompted by pure love of the land of freedom, popular government and universal education.

To the superficial observer the universal and almost passionately sympathetic interest shown by the vast majority of our people for Japan is anomalous, and some writers have sought an explanation in the following facts:

(1) Russia's action after the war between Japan and China, when she robbed the former nation of the most-coveted part of the spoils and virtually appropriated them to herself.

(2) The fact that Japan would not be fighting to-day had Russia fulfilled her solemn covenant made with the powers, to evacuate Manchuria, and the further fact that in spite of fair promises she proved her determination to violate her pledge by enormously strengthening her position in Manchuria and displaying a hostility to the exercise of trade rights and privileges by the Japanese and other peoples, which she could only rightfully insist upon on territory which she claimed to be her own.

(3) The probability of freer and juster trade relations in the Orient, and especially in Manchuria, in the event of Japan's success.

(4) The fact that England is in such close relationship with Japan that at any time she may be found warring against Russia.

(5) The deep-rooted distrust of the sincerity of Russia's pretensions and promises, based on past history, and the further fact that in almost every instance where her troops have gone temporarily they have failed to leave.

Each and all these influences may and doubtless would affect special interests and to some extent political circles, but they are wholly inadequate to account for the universality and intensity of America's sympathy for Japan, especially when we place over against these things the influence of strong racial and religious prejudices that would naturally incline our people to Russia and the prejudice which a great many Americans of foreign birth cherish toward England. If these were the only factors, our people would be more evenly divided, or at least there would be a strong minority that would be pro-Russian, and there would be a general indifference to results on the part of a large proportion of the people, wholly absent in the present war. I have never known a conflict in which the United States was not an active participant where there was anything like the unanimity of opinion or intensity of sympathy which is felt in the republic for Japan. I have interviewed scores of our people, and I have yet to find a partisan of Russia. Seldom has the imagination of a great nation been so profoundly stirred or its heart turned so instinctively to another people as in the present war. And he must be a superficial reasoner indeed who can interpret this phenomenon as resultant from any or all the reasons mentioned above. No. Clearly we must look deeper for the fundamental causes that will explain this condition.

However perplexing the situation may appear at first sight, I do not think any student of history can fail to clearly see and understand the real or underlying reason for the phenomenon.

When the United States was established, Democracy rose full-statured in a world under despotic, monarchical, aristocratic and bureaucratic governments, of which Russia was the nearest absolutism in its rule of any Caucasian nation. The Declaration of Independence cast the gauntlet at the feet of every despotic and class-ruled land in Christendom. The new republic promulgated principles fatal to monarchical and aristocratic rule. It declared the right of the people to govern themselves; the right to freedom of thought, speech and of press. In the place of the union of the Church and State it demanded absolute liberty in religious thought and

practice, and it insisted upon popular and universal education. Against every one of these great fundamental demands Russia stood and stands in deadly antagonism. The establishment and success of the United States led to the French Revolution and the subsequent shaking of every throne in western Europe, with extension of constitutional rights everywhere west of Russia. The excesses of the French Revolution and the imperialistic reaction in that land served to stay in part the wave of republicanism which was so rapidly rising in Europe. But great things were wrought in spite of the temporary delirium of the revolutionists and the subsequent recreancy of the French nation, because all this time the United States held aloft the banner of Freedom and self-government and prospered marvelously while becoming the unquestioned moral leader among the nations of earth and the hope and day-star of unnumbered millions of upward-striving human souls. The influence of our republic proved fatal to monarchical and despotic rule throughout South America and fostered freedom wherever the Anglo-Saxon peoples dwelt. She stood before the world as the embodiment of Democracy, as Russia remained the incarnation of absolutism. She was the land of freedom and the asylum for the oppressed of all European peoples, glorying in freedom of thought, freedom of religion and freedom of education, while Russia remained the embodiment of despotism, refusing all demands for constitutional rights, for religious freedom and enlightenment for her millions through popular education.

Between these incarnations of the light and the darkness there could be no real community of interest. The two theories of government were and are mutually exclusive. Russia to-day has advanced somewhat from her position when the republic was founded; but how slow—how pitifully slow, has been that advance when compared with most of the other Caucasian peoples! To-day, as a century ago, she stands before the world, the most essentially reactionary and absolute great nation of Christendom.

How is it with Japan? In February, 1854, Commodore Perry sailed into Yeddo Bay with a fleet of seven vessels, which were soon reinforced by three other men-of-war. This was the greatest naval array that had ever appeared in Japanese waters. On the thirty-first of March of the same year a treaty was signed on the part of Japan with the United States, and the doom of the old order had sounded in the land of the Mikado. At that time the nation was as complete an example of feudalism as was England under William the Conqueror, and it was in almost all respects reactionary in spirit and absolute in its government. But with the opening of the door to western civilization, Japan awakened out of her age-long lethargy. The

appearance of civilization in her midst amazed, delighted and attracted her. She determined to learn all that she might acquire from the powerful peoples over the seas. Her progress was marked, even from the beginning of the new era; but with the accession of Mutsuhito, the present Mikado, in 1868, began the most amazing revolutionary epoch that is known to civilization. The Emperor was only sixteen when he ascended the throne. The government at that time was still feudalistic and no more advanced than was Europe in the fifteenth century when she emerged from medievalism into the dawning era of Modern Times. In the brief period of thirty-five years feudalism has given place to a progressive constitutional monarchy strongly tinctured with the spirit of democracy, as will be seen from the fact that unlike Russia, absolute religious freedom prevails in the land of the Mikado, and a spirit of progress and liberty is apparent on every hand rarely found outside of Anglo-Saxon lands; while instead of the education of the masses being discouraged and limited to narrow bounds, as in Russia, ninety per cent. of the Japanese have educational opportunities, and a culture and refinement of manners exceeding that of the French prevails. The youths of all classes and conditions are encouraged to learn and to achieve as they are in few lands. When Japan beheld how superior was western civilization in many respects to the civilization of the Orient, she determined to acquire its excellencies as speedily as possible. Accordingly she selected her most brilliant and promising youths in all walks of life, from the sons of nobles down to those in the humblest stations. Those who displayed the greatest intelligence, alertness and ability were given opportunities to go to America, England, France and Germany and learn all that was to be learned of the science of government, of war, and of the arts of peace,—in short, all that seemed to her rulers and wise men most important to place Japan in the front rank of civilization.

Wonderful students were those ambitious Japanese. The spirit and perseverance of a Franklin and of a Lincoln seemed resident in almost every one. Each sought to excel and carry away a rich treasure of knowledge that should add to the glory and power of "Great Japan," as her sons so love to call her. And marvelous indeed has been the transformation of a generation. What has required centuries upon centuries in other lands has been here wrought in a life-time, largely if not chiefly through the presence of the spirit of democracy and progress, with their most characteristic fruits—general education, tolerance and freedom of thought, all of which are doubly impressive when one remembers how lately the nation has emerged from the night of feudalism and absolutism.

Here, then, is the fundamental reason why America instinctively turns with loving sympathy to Japan. This is the true key to the situation; and to me the all but unanimous sympathy of our people for Japan is one of the most inspiring and encouraging signs of the times, because it shows that the heart of our people is still sound. We may wander from the path of Freedom, worship strange gods and exhibit temporary spells of mental aberration while under the baleful spirit of criminal aggression and imperialism; but the hearts of our people are true to the ideals of the fathers, as is strikingly evinced in this instinctive and irresistible out-going of passionate sympathy for the little nation that stands for constitutional government, for religious toleration and popular education, and which is battling against the greatest incarnation of absolutism in western civilization—the nation that has brutally destroyed Poland and which under the reign of the present Czar has perpetrated a similarly wanton outrage on Finland; the land of religious intolerance and reaction. Japan radiates light; Russia broods in the darkness of despotism. And because our people yet love and believe in freedom and progress, because the Declaration of Independence is still the shekinah in the Holiest of Holies of the public heart, we sympathize heartily with the little men of the Orient, fighting the battle of civilization against reaction and absolutism.

SIGNS OF PROTEST AGAINST THE SPOILIATION OF THE NATION.

I. THE REIGN OF PRIVILEGE AND REACTION DESTRUCTIVE TO THE REPUBLICAN IDEAL OF GOVERNMENT.

To THE earnest student of history who appreciates the peril and injustice resident in certain phases of modern American commercialism, the simultaneous protests from various quarters against the exactions of the trusts, monopolies and privileged classes—the raising of the exclamation and interrogation points by representative thinkers and opinion-forming agencies, are a reason for encouragement and renewed hope; for the exclamation and interrogation points are the staff and crook of progress. Not until they are raised by the conscience-guided leaders do peoples, nations or civilizations awaken from the lethargy that invariably overtakes humanity when sordid

desires and materialistic interests gain ascendancy in the public imagination.

To-day we have everywhere phenomena that our fathers would have regarded as incredible in the republic they had founded. On every hand is seen wealth suddenly acquired by indirection. Great industries and communities are being blighted or destroyed that a few privileged interests may control some great monopoly, public utility or branch of trade in such a way as to tax the nation extortionately or fail to give fair return for benefits received. Here, too, is the spectacle of a few—a very few men, many of them gamblers in America's trade-demoralizing and integrity-debasing Monte Carlo, Wall street—who, through special privileges, monopoly rights or speculation, are acquiring without earning vast fortunes at the expense of the State and the masses of her citizens. Here also is found that Dead Sea of want, crime and degradation—the ever-widening slums of our great cities.

Now so long as these essentially unjust and perilous conditions prevail, so long as vast fortunes are being acquired instead of being fairly, justly and honestly earned, the integrity of government will be more and more undermined and the basic principles of free institutions seriously imperiled, while millions fall under the spoliation of the few. But when from city and country the more sane and thoughtful people and especially the leaders, bravely state the facts as they exist, unmask the wrongs everywhere apparent, and demand the why and wherefore of these demoralizing conditions, the standards of progress are raised which will not be furred until the issues are joined and another phase of the age-long battle between human advancement and reaction has been fought while the life and death of a nation is hanging in the balance. At the present time there are everywhere signs of change. The hour is pregnant with promise of an onward sweep which shall not only check the rapid reactionary movements of recent years, but carry our great republic to a higher vantage-ground than she has occupied before. The evidences of this noble discontent that is the day-star of advancement and the hope of free government are seen in the press, in spite of the power of commercialism that so often imposes silence; throughout a large number of the leading magazines; in the pulpit; on the farm; in factory and mine. Below we give a few typical illustrations of this fact. On the fifth, sixth and seventh of March the press voiced the growing impatience of the farmers at unjust and arbitrary exactions, exposed the manner in which the criminal trusts are spoiling the people for the enrichment of the few, and reported the solemn and impressive protests of two distinguished representatives of the metropolitan pulpit.

II. HOW THE TRUSTS AND PRIVILEGED INTERESTS ARE OPPRESSING THE PEOPLE.

On March sixth the New York *Herald* devoted a whole page to an exhaustive discussion of the increase in the cost of life's necessities as shown by the market reports of March first of this year, as compared with the prices on the same day a year previous,—prices which in 1903 were considered to have reached the high-water mark. This paper, which bears marks of great care in its preparation, opens with these words, well calculated to arrest the attention even of the most shallow thinker:*

"Suddenly and with impressive force every householder in the metropolis has become aware of the increased cost of living. Almost every item, from bread to insurance, from beef to rent, has risen in this vicinity.

"Generally speaking, incomes have not increased, while the purchasing power of money has been diminished. The cost of commodities per capita, reckoned by the statisticians of the leading mercantile agencies, shows a sudden jump upward since February 1st.

"Reduced to figures, the cost of commodities per capita proportioned to consumption on February 1st was \$102,028, while on March 1st it had risen to \$103,615, an increase of \$1,587 in a month. Just a year ago the figures read \$101,067.

"This increased cost of living covers not only the metropolis, but an area comprehending Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Trenton, New Haven and Philadelphia."

The writer then proceeds to give a list of market quotations on thirteen articles of daily and general consumption, such, for example, as flour, beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, coffee, sugar, etc. And he shows that what according to the quotation of March 1st, 1903, cost \$14.49, according to the quotations of March 1st, 1904, cost \$19.66, or an increase of \$5.17 over the sum of \$14.49 of a year previous. In referring to the high-handed extortion practiced by the meat-trust, the *Herald* points out how, while the consumers were being taxed extortionately, the cattle-raisers were receiving less than they were a year ago for their products. On this point the writer observes:

"In the debate in Congress over the measure to have the Beef-Trust investigated Representative Martin, of South Dakota, stated last Tuesday that the price of dressed beef has steadily increased, although the price of beef on the hoof has as steadily declined, and he added that this was due to the continued combination of the beef-packers."

* New York *Herald*, Sunday, March 6, 1904.

III. THE PULPIT SHOWS SIGNS OF MORAL AWAKENING.

On the same Sunday that the *Herald* devoted so much space to the increase in the cost of living, two men eminent in the religious world of the metropolis spoke much as did the old prophets of Israel. One was the eminent Dr. Rainsford, who happens to be pastor of the church of which J. Pierpont Morgan is a deacon, and the other was the Rev. J. G. Phelps Stokes, the son of a very rich man, who has consecrated his life to the amelioration of the conditions of the poor and the suffering ones of earth much as did the great Galilean. Dr. Rainsford, in addressing the People's Forum at New Rochelle, said, in discussing the present corrupt and immoral stock-jobbing operations:*

"The motormen of New York are less reasonably paid than any other body of men in that city. The work they do should be the best paid of its kind. No other set of men work under such a nervous strain, and no other men labor under such unique responsibilities where neglect or negligence may always be counted upon to cause death. They are so poorly paid because the corporation for which they work is overcapitalized, so weakened by watered stock that reasonable wages and dividends are not both possible.

"Humanity demands a change in our laws to prevent stocking a company so that reasonable wages cannot be paid. There should always be available a working profit from which liability for accident and an old-age pension could be assured.

"The unskilled workingman is always within a fortnight of hunger. When a union man falls ill the wolf is always at his door.

"The bugbear that high wages can be paid only under a high tariff is the silliest of bugbears. A high tariff makes possible the very conditions which create the high caste which obtains its wealth by class-legislation."

Dr. Stokes spoke on the same day before an East-Side club, and in the course of his remarks he favored the social ownership or control of the great natural monopolies, such as the railways, telegraphs and kindred utilities, in the following unmistakable words:

"Society can control these enterprises as it does now in many countries. I would like to see the railroads, the telegraph, water-works, street-railway systems and large industrial plants under society's control. Society can control industrial combinations, and some day will do so.

* Verbatim utterance, given in the *New York American*, March 8, 1904.

"So long as society controls the sources of the products of those things necessary to every-day life, its social responsibility will be very far reaching.

"Some day, and it may be nearer than we think, organized labor and organized capital—I do n't like either term, as both sound harsh—will cease the old strife, and fair dealings and right will reign.

"It is the old question; we see it on every side—the continual attempt of the employé to get all the money he can from the employer, and the continual attempt of the employer to impose longer hours and days upon the employé.

"It is this perpetual strife that reduces men and women and children to poverty and distress. The poor, the weak, will never be free from the oppression of the strong until society steps in and interferes on behalf of the oppressed."

In speaking of poverty he said:

"Poverty to a great extent is due to disease, and poverty and despair, as you all know, will breed crime. Among the causes I may mention an insufficient earning capacity for wage-earners to have proper food and exercise to give them the strength and vigor necessary for the life-struggle.

"Society has the right of eminent domain, and society should exercise its supreme power whenever the safety of the public is at stake to secure reforms that are needed."

Of the causes of our troubles and the needs of the hour Mr. Stokes observed:

"The true cause of our troubles, is desire to advance self at the expense of others. Our school-systems and kindergartens, which are doing splendid work, will some day instill the principle into the minds of the children that self-advancement at the cost of injury to one's fellows is the most undesirable thing on earth, and it is when this lesson is at last taught that we may expect to see a country without policemen, jails or property. What a grand thing it would be to see this effacement of self and to see the dawn of an unselfish era."

Here we find two famous clergymen of the metropolis, one the rector of one of the richest congregations in America, the other the son of a millionaire, speaking words of truth and wisdom in trumpet-tones and reflecting a sentiment that is rapidly taking hold of the conscience element of our land.

IV. THE FARMERS DEMAND A REASON.

On March fifth, the day before the New York *Herald's* exposure of the spoliation of the people by the beef and other trusts and monopolies, the *Orange Judd Farmer*, one of the most-widely circulated agricultural weeklies in America, published the following open letter to Mr. J. J. Hill, written by the editor of the weekly, which voices a protest that is being heard throughout the length and breadth of the land from the more thoughtful farmers:

"EDITORIAL ROOMS, *Orange Judd Farmer*,
"Marquette building, Chicago, February 25, 1904. }

"JAMES J. HILL, Esq., President,

"Northern Securities Company, St. Paul, Minn.:

"DEAR SIR—The following statement is submitted to us as a truthful presentation of facts:

"Flour is hauled from Minneapolis 2,000 miles to the Pacific coast, thence shipped 6,000 miles by water to China, at a rate equivalent to 24 cents per bushel of wheat for the whole 8,000 miles. The eastern Washington farmer is charged within a half a cent as much for the carriage to China, though he is 1,600 miles nearer the coast. Again, he pays 11½ cents per bushel for the short haul of 400 miles to the coast, while the rate from Minneapolis is only 12 cents for the long haul of 2,000 miles. If a Washington farmer wishes to bring a car of corn from Minnesota for feed, the railroads charge him \$10 per ton for a 1,600-mile haul, while in the same train will be flour for the Orient, made of Minnesota wheat, which they transport 8,000 miles for \$8 per ton."

"To what extent is the above statement correct, and why should not the eastern Washington producer and shipper have relatively a much lower rate for the short haul to the coast than the various roads in your system charge for the longer haul? The farmers of the west and northwest, who are largely included in the clientage of our *Orange Judd Farmer*, will read your reply with interest, and the same is respectfully invited. Thanking you in advance,

"Yours very truly,

"HERBERT MYRICK,

"Editor, *Orange Judd Farmer*, President Orange Judd Co."

The Northern Securities of course is by no means the only offender. The Inter-State Commerce Commission, the last Farmers' Congress, Governor LaFollette, and other great organizations and leading individuals cognizant of facts and not under corporate influence, have so frequently

exposed the iniquity of the secret rebates and the discriminations of the railway companies that the farmers that are fairly intelligent and capable of reasoning are rapidly coming to see why they receive so small a percentage of what should be theirs. With the steel-trust, as we have shown some time since, selling steel in London at from six to eleven dollars a ton less than it charged the American consumer, the public beheld one striking object-lesson; and with the Northern Securities Company, as it now appears, charging the American farmer who lives in the State of Washington, ten dollars a ton for a sixteen-hundred-mile haul of grain from Minneapolis, though in the same train the flour of the great elevator companies is being carried from Minneapolis to China, a distance of eight thousand miles, for eight dollars a ton, we have another of those significant explanations of why a few men or corporations can pay millions of dollars into campaign funds or to otherwise gain special legislation favorable to their ends, or to enable them to successfully evade laws already enacted which would bring relief to the people.

Happily the hour approaches when the conscience of America's noblest sons and the awakened reason of her millions of wealth-creators will decree the doom of the acquisition of wealth by indirection. The integrity of government and the life of free institutions no less than the cause of justice and the well-being of all the people demand that equality of opportunities and of rights take the throne which has been too long usurped by privilege and lawless greed.

HOW THE ASSOCIATED PRESS FAVORS REACTION AND PRIVILEGE IN MAKING PUBLIC OPINION.

FOR YEARS the friends of free institutions and progressive democracy have charged the Associated Press with suppressing, condensing or garbling legitimate news matter that was unpalatable or antagonistic to privileged interests, corporate wealth and reactionary sentiments. Much space, it was alleged, was being given to the views and decisions of reactionary politicians and judges, while equally able arguments from the opposition

were overlooked or dismissed with the briefest notices, a notable case in point being found in the action of the Associated Press on the matter of the constitutionality of the Oregon Direct-Legislation Amendment. When the lower court decided against the amendment the fact was heralded far and wide as a matter of first importance. So much was made of it that editors from the Atlantic to the Pacific felt called upon to discuss the decision at length, many assuming that the views of the lower court settled the whole matter, as the anti-republican reactionary corporate interests so earnestly hoped it might be settled. But when the Supreme Court of Oregon upheld the constitutionality of the measure, delivering an extended and masterly opinion completely refuting the position of the lower court, the Associated Press failed to find it an item of sufficient importance to make any special note of it. Thus, according to the opinion of the Associated Press, the views of the judge of the lower court, favoring reactionary ideals, were of vastly more importance than those of the Supreme Court on the same question.

As a rule the great dailies and conservative weeklies of the land paid little attention to the unceasing protests of the friends of free government against the claimed discrimination of the Associated Press in favor of privileged interests and reaction; but the latest offence of the great news-gathering association, which was committed at the time when it was indulging in self-glorification over succeeding in obtaining the raising of the censorship over war news at St. Petersburg, has called forth some vigorous protests from the more conservative papers, a fair example of which is found in the following editorial from the *New York Nation*, of March 17th:

"It is a little odd to read of the Associated Press congratulations on having induced the Czar to remove the censorship in Russia, at the very moment that this same news-gathering association declines at home to disseminate information of the highest significance. It refused to send out the news of the organization of the 'Philippine Independence Committee.' Yet the names of the gentlemen composing it are of such weight and distinction that anything they are united in advocating acquires thereby news-value. If President Eliot makes an address on labor at Boston, or writes of the government of Bar Harbor, the fact is immediately put on the wires; but when he and eight other college presidents, together with eminent clergymen, authors, and publicists, have something to say about Philippine independence, it immediately becomes of no consequence, and the news is 'killed.' Why, if those men were on a committee simply to dig a ditch, the fact would be eagerly published by every real newspaper in the land!

If the formation of a powerful 'Philippine Independence Committee' is not news, then nothing is news. The upshot is to leave the Associated Press, by this refusal, in a kind of head-in-the-sand attitude, while the news gets circulated just the same."

The above strictures not only lend additional force to the oft-repeated protests of progressive democrats, but also serve to indicate one of the many subtle ways in which public opinion is warped and distorted, and how the old-time ideals of the republic are obscured, or rather replaced, by the Russianized, reactionary theories that fit the purposes and ends of class interests.

"MOONBLIGHT":

A SOCIAL STUDY OF PRESENT CONDITIONS, INSTINCT WITH TRUTH AND WARNING.*

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK.

IN *Moonblight* Mr. Beard has given us a romance appealing to the reason, the heart and the conscience of American manhood. It is a work that could have been written only by a man of strong moral convictions and possessing a far clearer conception of political economy based on justice than is evinced by popular conventional economists, blinded as they almost invariably are by the subtle spells of precedent, prejudice and privilege.

If, as many thinkers hold, a writer consciously or unconsciously reveals the interior workings of his brain and soul in his work, then in the mysterious labyrinth of the brain of the author of *Moonblight* there lurks at once the clear-seeing moral philosopher and the grim and uncompromising satirist, who from the vantage-ground of justice "sees things as they are" and dares to tear aside the mask that hides the truth. Here also is found the man of imagination, unblinded by cunning sophistry, and the rigid practical economist, whose sense of moral proportion is so keen and accurate and whose grasp on the fundamental principles of free institutions is so sure that he has been enabled to make romance a vehicle for a strikingly lucid exposition of the basic laws that must govern a just social order. Here, too, is the artist and the idealist, whose thought is tinged at times with a lofty mysticism, and the moral enthusiast overmastered as were Wilberforce, Garrison, Mazzini and Henry George, by a passion for justice and human rights. It is seldom, indeed, that a romance reveals so many sides of a thinker's life or appeals to tastes so varying as does *Moonblight*.

* *Moonblight* and *Six Feet of Romance*. By Dan. Beard. With introduction by Louis F. Post. Illustrated by the author. Cloth. Pp. 240. Price, \$1.25 net. Postage, ten cents. Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt.

II. THE STORY.

The romance, though a simple tale, is in many respects ingenious and unique. The hero, who is also the narrator, is a millionaire New York clubman, who through the acquisition of large tracts of land stored with nature's rich treasure provided by Infinite Wisdom for all the children of men, and through union with other coal-operators and the corporations that control the public highways that tap the coal-fields, has become one of a few master-monopolists who have the miners on the one hand and the consuming public on the other, so completely in their grasp that they are enabled to acquire untold millions of gold through oppression and extortion. True, this undemocratic, unjust and demoralizing condition could not have obtained, had it not been for a union of the privilege-fostered trusts with political machines and corrupt party-bosses. But that is a phase of the question with which the appendix of the volume rather than the romance is concerned.

This rich young operator at the hour the story opens is the favored suitor of one of the fairest and most attractive maidens in the Keystone State. He is by nature a man of taste and refinement, a great lover and somewhat of a collector of rare, old books, though his principal business concern is the acquisition of a princely competence through the appropriation of a lion's share of nature's rich store of one of life's necessities and the digging and marketing of the same at a minimum cost for a maximum return. His leisure hours are spent largely either on his magnificent yacht or in the luxurious rooms of a metropolitan club to which he belongs. Just now, however, he has been called to the mines, as an important meeting of the operators has been arranged for, where, after further examination of the properties, plans are to be proposed for the further reduction of the wage.

The accommodations in the wretched hotel of the mining town are such that they accentuate the tragic aspect of the life seen on every hand—life that in the very nature of the case has little of comfort or joy and whose environment is unfavorable to growth and development. True, the hero is quartered in a room belonging to a man of taste and refinement, who is temporarily absent; and here he finds a rare collection of ancient books and other evidences of easy circumstances and culture that appear incongruous in such a hotel and especially in such a town, where squalor, poverty and hopelessness rest like a pall over life. But whatever seductive charms this room afforded at the hour of the opening of the tale, they are more than

overmatched by an acute spell of dyspepsia, the result of an insulted stomach protesting against the greasy and poorly-cooked food with which the newcomer has been regaled. The day also is cheerless. A drizzling rain and a moaning wind add to the young man's mental depression. He is standing at the window, when suddenly his attention is attracted by a long train of men and boys wending their way from the mines. They are so black and begrimed that they might be negroes. They are carrying little tin dinner-pails that clank as they walk; and by the law of association the hero is vividly reminded of an old print representing slaves in ante-bellum days.

Turning from the unpleasantly suggestive picture in the street, the writer's eye falls upon the regular boarder's antique books, and with a connoisseur's delight he selects one of the oldest and most worn of the volumes in the hope that its examination may banish the unpleasant picture and the trains of thought it has awakened. The title of the volume is *Moonblight*. It is evidently the work of a monk who lived in the morning-time of printing, but this volume is hand-wrought and richly illuminated. It deals with dreams and phantasies, and in old-time verbiage the writer explains moonblight as the persistence during waking hours of illusions that have crept into the brain during slumber or in unguarded moments. The victim is unable to distinguish between the real and the false. He ceases to "see things as they really are," and becomes the slave of false concepts. The effect of the book, instead of being to dispel the depression of the reader, serves to intensify his melancholy. His mind reverts to the picture of the black slaves seen in other days and to the spectacle of the black faces which he has so recently witnessed in the street; and the two seem somehow related. He suddenly finds himself mentally cowering before the possibility of being a victim of moonblight.

"Like a mendicant at the doorway of the mind, Fear ever stands begging for mental food and shelter. If alms are constantly and emphatically denied, the importunities of the mendicant become fainter and fainter until they are inaudible and we are unconscious of the pauper's presence. But food makes Fear a lusty beggar, whose strength and impudence are in direct proportion to the amount of nourishment he receives; and if but once he gains an entrance to the house of the mind, like a burly tramp, he will wreck the edifice and evict the tenants whose hospitality he has accepted."

To dispel his fears and dread, the hero repairs to the hotel bar and tries to make himself one with the miners who are lounging in the dingy room. He treats all present, relates a number of stories, and sings some songs; but

one by one the uncomfortable workmen upon whom he has thrust himself, slip from the hotel, until he finds himself alone with Sam, the bar-keeper. Shortly after returning to his room, Sam knocks at his door and is invited to come in. The bar-keeper is a typical backwoods philosopher and a diamond in the rough. Frankly he informs the rich boarder that it is useless for him to try to make friends with the miners. "They's on ter yer, and know that you're one of the mine-owners. They're afraid of yer." Sam then explains the virtual slavery of the poor, dependent upon the lords of land and money; and incidentally in his homely phrases he explodes the oft-repeated sophistry of apologists for predatory wealth, that the poor to-day have the same opportunities to earn a competence as did their fathers. When leaving he apologizes for coming, saying in extenuation that he thinks the mine-owner "might as well see things as they really are."

This last remark sets the hero thinking again. What did he mean by "seeing things as they really are"? He meditates and finally becomes conscious of the fact that he does not wish to see things as they really are, "for fear the truth might be unpleasant." But the thought persistently haunts his mind until at last he experiences a change of mental attitude and exclaims, "I wish I could see things as they really are!"

Not being able to rest, and fearing to again take up the suggestive volume on moonlight, he selects another antique work. It purports to deal in magic, and the author, after discoursing learnedly on the power of the human eye to influence men and animals, suggests that here may lie the secret of fascination. It is, however, the chapter dealing with the transmutation of metals that especially attracts the hero. Turning to the pages indicated he reads:

"Beware of flattery, self-love, and covetousness, so wilt thou thrive; and be diligent in thy occupation, so shall thy body be fed. Idleness is offensive to the Deity. Industry shall sweeten thy brown bread, and the fruits of it shall warm thy heart with gratitude to Him that blesses thee with *enough*. Seek for no more, for it will *damn thee*. It has been said by Him who never spoke in vain, *that man shall get bread by the sweat of his brow*.

"When thy spiritual eye is opened, thou shalt begin to see to what end thou wert created, thou shalt want no necessary thing, either for thy comfort or support. Only keep the rules: Love thy neighbor as thyself; arrogate nothing to thine own power, for he who desires spiritual knowledge cannot obtain it by any means but by first purifying his own heart."

These words, so at variance with the nonsense he expected to find, arrest his attention, and he finds himself saying:

"I wish I could see things as they really are. And I believe I am beginning to. Can it not be possible that beneath all this apparent nonsense some great truths are hidden?"

"I began to wonder whether the old alchemists, who claimed to be able to manufacture gold, might not have told the truth, not in the sense I had always supposed they meant, but in a higher and better sense.

Again I turned to the strange volume and read:

"When thou shalt have so far purified thy heart, as we have spoken is indispensably necessary for the receiving every good thing, thou shalt then see with other eyes than thou dost at present. Thy spiritual eye will be opened, and thou shalt read man as plain as thou wilt our books. . . . All philosophers agree that, the first matter being found, we may proceed without much difficulty, for the *Prima Materia*, I say, is to be found in ourselves; we all possess the *Prima Materia*, from the beggar to the king. . . . I pray thee, my friend, look into thyself, and endeavor to find out what part of thy composition is this *Prima Materia* of the *lapis philosophorum*, or of what part of thy substance can the first matter be drawn out."

"In myself, then, is this *Prima Materia*," said I, closing the book, "and in myself must I look for it if I wish to see things as they really are, and read men as books. The crude metal—the lead, the mercury, the iron—is the slave-gangs, with their begrimed faces, and of them I can make so much pure gold."

There are times in life when a word, spoken perhaps at random, perchance a song or a thought thrown off by tongue or pen, seems to unlock as by magic a secret compartment of the soul, from which flows a new light, radiating wisdom and revealing new meanings to what was meaningless; while under this illumination life assumes an august meaning never before realized, and with this spiritual enlightenment one apprehends what Mazzini felt when he declared that duty was divine and that life was a mission.

Now in the pages of these ancient volumes the hero has come upon the message that opens the door into the holiest of holies of his soul, and lo! the shekinah floods his consciousness with a new light. The passionate desire of his heart to see things as they really are, in order that in so far as lies in his power he may go forth and right the wrongs and further the cause of justice, gives him the seeing eye, the spiritual vision. He for the first time sees things as they really are.

"Again a file of miners passed, trudging through the mud. The merry song of the bird had no effect upon them, and I saw them as they really were—a band of degraded, disheartened slaves. I read them as I might a book, and in this human book I read my own disgrace. I, an American, whose father fought to free the black slaves of the South, whose grandfather fought

in the war of 1812 to free the sea of slave-sailors, whose great-grandfather fought for that grand document which declared that all men were born free and equal—I, the American, in the 'land of the free and the home of the brave,' was part owner of a band of miserable white slaves, and was here, in this town, in this little hotel, the 'American House'—for what purpose? principally to consult with the other slave-drivers about restricting the output of coal, that I and they might raise its price by causing untold suffering to these already miserable miners, and add to the expense of living for the poor, taxed and rack-rented people of the city—that we might have more money to spend on yachts!"

When the mine-owners assemble, the awakened one sees into the heart of each and reads all that is there. He sees the essential savage lurking under the veneer of civilization. The master-spirit among the great representatives of the coal-combine seeks to close a debate upon a plan for the further acquisition of wealth that in justice should go to others, with these trenchant words: "Business is business. Our business is to look out for *our* interests: that of others to look out for *theirs*. I think that settles it."

The changed outlook on life which the hero now experiences naturally puts him out of touch with his brother operators, and he is filled with a desire to remedy the wrongs connected with his mines and to establish, in so far as possible, just conditions. The other operators regard his change of mind as a clear indication of insanity. Altruism is something that does not appeal to natures thoroughly engrossed in egoism and steeped in the desire for sordid acquisitions. They become furious and vainly seek to devise plans for his incarceration in an asylum, lest he should adopt a course which would compel them to pay their employes approximately what they earn, or at least a living wage.

In the meantime the hero engages his own superintendent and Sam, the one-time bar-keeper, who has ever loathed his work, to assist in the establishment of a new mining village, which he christens Moonblight, where conditions all tend to promote happiness, prosperity and the development of all that is best in life, through the reign of justice. Then, naturally enough, the miners who are in virtual slavery to the great neighboring operators, seeing the little heaven on earth which is the result of one man being great enough to be just, strike, and the operators introduce an army of irresponsible detectives, many of whom are thoroughly brutal men in whom the savage and criminal nature predominates—men who are willing to do almost anything for hire.

The succeeding pages read like history. The now well-known tactics are employed to incite the miners to deeds of violence, that State troops

may be summoned from an all-complacent governor. With the spirited, dramatic and tragic events that ensue we have not space to deal. Sufficient to say that they contain more recent history than romance. They are pregnant with lessons of vital importance to every patriotic American. They contain ominous warnings that should fall on the brain of the reader as the peal of an alarm-bell falls on the ear of the sleeper in the silence of midnight. But the warning voice is complemented by the sturdy faith and courage of the true prophet of progress. If the danger signals are raised, there is also the path of safety, prosperity and emancipation clearly pointed out. The volume is pitched on a high ethical key. Justice and love are the remedies. With justice the book is chiefly concerned, but on one occasion the hero thus explains how he has found the pearl of great price:

"I have searched for that *lapis philosophorum*, and found it. So have you, but you were unconscious of it. It is love. With love you can make the blind see; love will transmute the baser metals into pure gold, but there will be only as much pure gold as there is 'essence of gold' in the baser metal. I agree with you in most things. You have aided my sight most wonderfully, and unless that sight betrays me, there is but one thing taught from the beginning to the end of the gospel, and that is love."

Few social studies that have appeared in the present wonderful era of economic ferment have been so provocative of thought as this volume; few have presented an exposition of the root-causes of present unjust and reactionary conditions so clearly; and few indeed have so cogently indicated the primary demands of the hour as has Mr. Beard in this remarkable book. It is a work that every earnest American who wishes to see things as they really are, who dares to think, and who loves justice, should read.

The thought of the text is further illuminated by more than fifty of Mr. Beard's incomparable drawings and cartoons. It is seldom that an author is artist enough to satisfactorily illustrate his own work, but the author of *Moonblight* possesses the rare power of making his pencil no less than his pen arrest the attention while it forces home great and vital truths upon the consciousness of the reader.

III. "A PROTEST THAT IS ALSO PROPHECY."

For students of social progress the appendix will prove the most interesting part of the volume. Here, under the title "A protest that is also prophecy," is found one of the most startling and unsparing unmaskings of

predatory wealth and corporate domination that has ever appeared in print. If it is the boldest and most scathing arraignment of conscienceless wealth, it is also the most authoritative of recent discussions of a similar character. At every turn the most conservative and undisputed authorities are cited in support of the amazing revelations, while from the very lips of the modern commercial brigands proceed the admissions and confessions of iniquity. This appendix will be well calculated to arouse to action the millions of users of coal whose pocket-books have been depleted by the high-handed exactions of the law-defying coal and railway-combines. It will prove a veritable magazine of invaluable ammunition to every friend of progressive republican and democratic government in his effort to supplant the government of the corporations, by the machines and party-bosses, for the enrichment of the few through the exploitation of the many, by the government of the whole people, by the whole people, and for the mutual benefit of all and the guaranteeing anew of an equality of opportunities and of rights to all persons under the folds of our flag.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

THE YOKE. By Elizabeth Miller. Cloth. Pp. 616. Price, \$1.50.
Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE EMINENT German scholar, Egyptologist and novelist, George Ebers, did far more than any other individual to familiarize the general public throughout Western civilization with ancient Egypt. In *Uarda* and his other delightful and accurate historical novels he made the dead past live again for tens of thousands of readers who never would have delved into the volumes of the great archaeologists who rediscovered Egypt but who addressed their writings to the scholarly few. For the masses this German savant and fascinating story-teller opened a closed door, or rather unsealed the tomb of a lost civilization which had been virtually closed to the public for thousands of years, but which under the magic touch of romance wedded to facts lived again in story, rich in barbaric splendor, opulence and power—a civilization that stands among the most imposing and self-confident of the great peoples who are passed forever into eclipse.

Acting on the privilege, claimed as a right by many novelists, of representing life in remote ages as subjectively the same as at the present (a partial truth, surely, but by no means all the truth; for nothing is more clearly proven than that humanity is ever rising—that the orders instinctively obeyed are onward and upward), George Ebers proceeded to create great pictures of Egyptian civilization in which human interest, the charm of Oriental life and the witchery of romance served to lure the unsuspecting reader in search of amusement or entertainment into the realm of ancient history, where his mind was not only correctly informed touching the externals of this great and all-but-forgotten civilization, but the portrayal of the habits of life, the customs, the labors and the results of those labors, as well as the daring aspirations and ambitions of some of the master-spirits, were so pictured as to leave an indelible impress on the mind. Thus the great Egyptologist, who was ever conscientious with his facts and essentially a teacher who knew how to employ the novel to serve the ends of the pedagogue, taught the western world many things which otherwise only the schol-

* Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, THE ARENA, Boston, Mass.

arly few would have clearly perceived. When he passed from earth civilization suffered a very real loss; but happily the illuminating torch of historic romance which in his hand had done so much to enlighten the popular imagination concerning ancient Egypt did not go out when he died. Rather it passed over the seas into the New World, to be again lifted aloft by an American author—a woman, who in her remarkable novel, *The Yoke*, has proved her right to be ranked as a worthy successor to the great German in the field of romance literature as it pertains to the civilization of ancient Egypt.

In this novel we have a powerful and fascinating historical romance of the period of the Israelitish Captivity and the Exodus. The work reveals at once a rich, vivid, and indeed an almost Oriental imagination, a magnificent grasp of the historical and legendary lore of the days of Moses, obtained from extensive and painstaking study of such authorities as Rawlinson, Ebers, Wilkinson, Birch, Erman, and the Bible; a splendid command of language, and the charm that obtains only where the power of idealization is possessed in a marked degree. In some respects I think this work surpasses the best of Ebers'. Its principal characters are admirably drawn, if we concede the right of a novelist to model the principal attractive creations after the finest types of present-day civilization. The action is swift, after one gets well into the story, and the interest is admirably sustained. Often the tale becomes absorbingly interesting, and at times highly dramatic.

The novel deals with the bondage of the Children of Israel at the time when Moses appeared to lead them to the Promised Land. The love interest centers in the high, pure and deathless passion of an Egyptian noble, a young sculptor, for a slave-girl, the beautiful Rachel of the Children of Israel. The love-story of these two is an exquisite piece of writing, marked by wealth of feeling and a noble delicacy and refinement of thought which wins the sympathy and compels the interest of all who love that which is finest, purest and deepest in human life. There are many passages connected with the love episodes in which the author seems to be so overmastered by the lofty theme that the language of the lovers approaches prose poetry of a high order. The panorama of life in the great cities of Egypt, and especially the intrigues of court life, is splendidly presented, as is also the picture of Israel's sufferings and its proud spirit, its faith, endurance, and its deathless resentment.

Excellent as is the romance, however, it must not be supposed that it is free from blemishes. In common with most historical novels of its character, the element of improbability at times weakens rather than strength-

ens the interest of the reader by taxing his credulity,—something which should always be avoided. Then again, the element of melodrama is carried past the danger-point at times,—notably when the author describes the hero, Kenkenes, during the night of the destruction of the first-born. The spectacle suggested to the imagination, in which the Angel of Death is flying around the noble Egyptian, apparently undecided whether to smite him with the rest of his countrymen, instead of impressing the mind with sentiments of awe is liable to strike the reader as being ridiculous; and thus the opposite of the desired effect is obtained.

There is, however, to my mind a weakness in the novel far more serious than these blemishes (which at most are far less pronounced than in many of the recent popular historical novels), and that is in the placing of such essentially noble and fine characters as Kenkenes, Rachel, Hotep, Mentu and others—all characters which would honor the ranks of the most enlightened men and women of the twentieth century—in juxtaposition with the remorseless and vengeful God of the Israelites, with His unparalleled assortment of plagues which affect the innocent and unoffending lives far oftener than the guilty ones. To very many present-day readers the result of this will be unfortunate, in that it will break the illusion, which up to this point was so complete that it invested the story with the charm of verity, and therefore afforded unalloyed pleasure. No fact in history stands out in bolder relief than that a people's concept of Deity is tinged by the temper of the public mind at the given period. Take Israel for example. At the time of this story Jehovah was a god of hate and vengeance, a jealous deity and a partisan of the Hebrews. He is represented as delighting in the savor of burnt offerings and the slaughter of innocent life for sacrifice. The orders He is supposed to have given to the invaders of Palestine are among the most ruthless and bloody that mark the pages of history and were undoubtedly largely responsible for most of the frightful persecutions which darkened the religious world in later centuries. It is a far cry from the God of the Egyptian Captivity to the God of Isaiah, who declares: "I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats," and a still farther cry to the All-Father, whose triple name is Light, Truth and Love, of the Christian dispensation. Since the savage days of the despotism of the Pharaohs and the vengeful hate of Israel for the masters; since the morning-time of history, when legends, wonder-stories and historic facts are woven into the fabric of a people's annals, as they are in the early history of all primitive races, humanity has been slowly but steadily evolving, and the ideals of the world have expanded, broad-

ened and grown nobler with each successive cycle. The high-water mark of every age has registered a distinct advance from the farthest upward-reach of civilization in the preceding cycle. Now when our author represents Kenkenes, Rachel and other characters in the guise of broad tolerance, having pure souls wholly wanting in the spirit of hate and revenge, and overmastered by exalted ideals of right, by love of truth and uprightness of heart,—in a word, when she takes as models for her leading characters the finest expression of present-day civilization, and then suddenly reveals to us a Deity sowing death and destruction on every hand because of the obstinacy of a despot and his advisers, destroying millions of living beings and reddening the waters and sands with blood, and filling a great nation with cries of lamentation, merely because, forsooth, a single ruler is obstinate,—we say, when such a Deity is placed over against the more lovable characters of this story, not only is the illusion that must be sustained if a novel is to serve the intended ends, suddenly dispelled, but the enlightened reader recoils from a god who falls so far short in shadowing forth the high, fine ethical and spiritual verities that are exemplified under the most varied and trying conditions by the principal Egyptian characters described. If the wonder-stories of the plagues were to be introduced and the Deity of the ancient Israelites was to be held up before the reader, the stage of civilization which we would necessarily find present when such a conception of Deity was accepted should have been reproduced; for the human mind naturally shrinks from a God that is represented as lacking the Godly attributes expressed by the children of men. Here, to my mind, is the serious weakness of this otherwise distinctly great novel—a weakness that would be fatal were it not for the superior excellence in almost all other respects.

THE ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY. By Louis F. Post. Cloth. Pp. 400. Price, \$2.00 net. New York and Chicago: The Moody Publishing Company.

IT WOULD be difficult to overestimate the value to the cause of democracy at the present crucial moment in our history of this masterly volume. It is a strong and lucid appeal to the rationality and conscience of the reader—such an appeal as would do honor to the noblest statesman. The author is one of the most fundamental thinkers of our generation, one of the few leaders who “see things as they really are” and who insist on measuring every political, social and economic problem by the Golden Rule of Justice.

Like Henry George, his great master to whom he dedicates his work, he is steadfast in his demand for "equality of opportunities and of rights for all the people." He holds with many of our greatest thinkers that the earth,—the gift of a beneficent Creator to all His children, cannot be appropriated by a part to the exclusion of the others unless there is an adequate return to society for its use, without working great injustice and eventually resulting in the dependence or virtual slavery of a large portion of the landless. And he also sees as clearly as did Thomas Jefferson, that the noble ethics of the Declaration of Independence hold empearled the hope of free government, and that every reactionary step, every attempt to ape monarchical despotisms or class-ruled lands, imperils the cause of democracy no less than it works injustice and evil to the individual and the State.

The work is virile, vital and sane. It is clear and convincing. It has the breadth of vision of the large-minded philosophical statesman, the moral passion of all work that comes from a brain ablaze with the noblest ethics, and it places justice, freedom and human rights above all other considerations. It is a book that every American citizen should read, talk about and circulate, for it will make for the cause of true democracy and the happiness, prosperity and moral upliftment of the people.

There are seven principal divisions in which are discussed "The Democratic Optimist," "Individual Life," "Business Life," "Economic Tendencies," "Politico-Economic Principles," "Democratic Government," and "Patriotism." Under these general divisions questions of the most living interest and pressing importance are discussed as only a logical mind can discuss themes when it has laid hold firmly upon basic principles. One may not always agree with Mr. Post in his conclusions. Indeed, very many readers of *THE ARENA* would fail to sympathize with his extreme individualism. Yet no sincere lover of the republic can fail to be immensely benefited by the perusal of this volume, and no reader can fail to feel that the author is a man who places justice and human rights above all other considerations—a man who discusses the great problems of the hour from the vantage-ground of true democracy, and who is at all times dominated by high ethical and altruistic principles. Among the subjects discussed in the seven parts are "Spurious Optimism," "Optimistic Pessimism," "Destruction for Construction," "Success," "Respecting the Respectable," "Justice or Sacrifice," "Service for Service," "Great Fortunes," "General Business Concentration," "The Rage for Trusts," "The Trend of the Trust," "The Trust as a Natural Evolution," "The Trust and Socialism," "The Trust and the Single-Tax," "Political Economy a Science of Tend-

encies," "The Laborer and His Hire," "The Wages System," "Our Foreign Trade," "Social Evolution," "Self-Government," "Universal Suffrage," "Crime and Criminals," "Public Debts," "Trial by Jury," "Imperialism," "What is Patriotism?" "Patriotic Ideals," "Trampling upon Patriotic Ideals," and "The Great Order of Things."

Mr. Post's discussion of optimism, genuine and spurious, is one of the most suggestive presentations of a subject about which there is at present much loose thinking and frivolous talk. He draws a clear line of demarcation between "that vulgar optimism which is after all nothing but reckless indifference to social wrong-doing or wicked love for it, and the wholesome and effective kind of optimism which abhors and condemns what is wrong and inculcates what is right." And on this subject he continues:

"With this difference distinguished, the way is clear for an exposure of some of the pitfalls that yawn for young men as they step over the threshold of youth and advance along the pathway of serious social life. These are not the pitfalls of personal immorality of which young men are properly but abundantly warned by other writers. They are pitfalls regarding which it is held in high places to be pessimistic to give warning. As a rule, such pitfalls are scrupulously and often artistically hidden from the sight of young men by the affectionate folly of their experienced elders. It is regarded as only a fraud of the pious order to assure them that there are no dangers of that kind. So young men fall into these hidden and decorated pitfalls, in shoals—fall into them helplessly, without knowing that they exist. They are even pushed in, to make a causeway over which a few of their privileged fellows may pass on to ignoble success. Democratic ethics demand that this pious fraud be exposed, to the end that young men may appreciate the dangers that characterize our undemocratic social life, and may strive for a realization of the democratic principles under which no man's failure is necessary for any man's success."

Further on, in discussing "Spurious Optimism," he says:

"Think for a moment of the attitude of these spurious optimists. It is not for them to consider indications of social stagnation or decadence, nor to work for social improvement. 'Leave all that to God! To doubt the certainty of progress is to doubt Him.' Are we as a nation breaking away from our democratic moorings and drifting as the republic of Rome did, into a whirlpool of imperialism? 'Never fear! God will take care of us. Do n't blaspheme Him by urging that the prow of the ship of State be turned in another direction. He will do that Himself if it is for the best. Let us enjoy the exciting voyage. Do n't be a pessimist!' Are our institutions making classes of very rich and very poor, of luxurious idlers and impoverished workers? 'Impossible! God is too good to allow that, and He

is too wise and powerful to need advice or help from us. Let us laugh at these idle fears and enjoy the unparalleled progress we are making. Do n't be a pessimist!

"That is not genuine optimism. It is only the pathetic optimism of the child in a boat, gliding swifter and swifter down Niagara river, on toward the brink of the thundering cataract, that claps its hands in baby glee at the flowers along the banks as they rush by, until the boat topples on the very edge of the abyss. It is too late then for genuine optimism.

"Optimists of that spurious sort, who are really the most dangerous of pessimists, never tire of cheerfully assuring everybody that 'the world moves onward and upward in spite of grumblers and fault-finders.' They seldom reflect that it is those they call grumblers and fault-finders, the people who 'rail,' as they would put it, at community evils—the anti-monarchy Sam Adamases and Patrick Henrys, the anti-slavery Garrisons and Beechers, the anti-monopoly agitators of our own time—who compel the world to move onward and upward. Yet evils must be rejected if progress is to be made. No community any more than an individual soul ever learned to do well without first ceasing to do evil. It is contrary to the natural order. 'Cease to do evil; learn to do well,' expresses the universal sequence of human progress."

The true optimist is thus described:

"To live toward the development of righteousness is to be an optimist; to live indifferent to righteousness—no matter whether sadly indifferent or cheerfully so—is to be a pessimist."

This is a volume that it is the duty of those who appreciate the perils of the present and the glorious promise of a true republic to circulate widely.

HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Morris Hillquit. Cloth. Pp. 372. Price, \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THIS is a clear and on the whole an admirable history of socialism in the United States. The subject is one which no thoughtful American can longer ignore if he would keep abreast of the times, for it has not only assumed commanding proportions, but its growth has been such as marks permanent rather than ephemeral movements. The book is very comprehensive and is characterized by that judicial temper that is so essential in historical works. Though himself a prominent socialist, being at the present time National Committeeman for New York, the author nowhere dis-

plays strong partisan bias, nor does he allow his enthusiasm to affect his reasoning. Indeed, the work might have come from the pen of any broad-minded thinker whose knowledge and aptitude qualified him for the work. We mention these facts because the intense convictions of reformers usually impair to some extent the value of their writings as historical works.

Mr. Hillquit devotes one hundred and forty-five pages to a concise history of the various communistic and socialistic experiments that mark the early history of our country. These are considered under the headings of "Sectarian Communities," "The Owenite Period," "The Fourierist Period," and "The Icarian Communities"; and under these titles the most important facts relating to the history of these communities are grouped.

For most readers, however, the last half of the volume will hold special interest, as in these pages the author gives a broad, impartial and authoritative history of political socialism in the United States. The chapters devoted to the tempestuous early days and the vicissitudes of the infant period of the party, its various attempts to unite with other reform elements, and its fruitless efforts to enlist the active support of the Knights of Labor and of the American Federation, are vividly described. The pages devoted to descriptions of the great strikes at Homestead, Cœur d'Alene, Buffalo, and the famous Pullman strike, constitute a valuable chapter in modern history which we are glad to see here admirably handled. Doubtless these strikes, more than any other one influence, made the laboring man of the country take an interest in socialism. The arrogant, insolent aggressions of capitalism and its power in summoning to its support the militia and the judiciary wherever there seemed any prospects of the strikers proving victorious, serve to make thousands and tens of thousands of American workers students of political economy, who otherwise would have continued to thoughtlessly follow the advice of scheming politicians and other interested representatives of the capitalistic order. As the bread-winners have more and more thoughtfully studied political conditions and contemporaneous history, they have become more and more interested in socialism, and this is one of the reasons why we believe that socialism is destined to become a great political factor at a very early date. Its outspoken adherents are for the most part intelligent men and women, convinced alike that the best interests of society no less than the amelioration and betterment of the condition of all toilers, would be greatly promoted by socialism; and thus, with the intelligent comprehension of the philosophy of scientific socialism and the knowledge of its steady and surprising growth

throughout Christendom, and with the firm conviction that it is conducive to the moral and spiritual no less than the physical betterment of conditions, these party converts have cast their lot with that great movement that is working for the establishment of the coöperative commonwealth, where they believe conditions shall prevail where all shall work and all shall enjoy the fruit of their labor; where there shall be no poor and no unduly rich; where all the children shall be free to grow and to enjoy the advantages of full-orbed education; and where justice and freedom shall foster fraternity and promote the reign of the Golden Rule on earth.

THE MONARCH BILLIONAIRE. By Morrison I. Swift. Cloth. Pp. 317. Price, \$1.00. New York: The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

THIS is a social romance, but inasmuch as its primary and dominating purpose is found in the social and economic discussions for which the story is merely the vehicle, we place it among social and political discussions. Like almost all stories in which the writer has some definite message and merely employs fiction as a rack upon which to hang his theory, this novel, considered as a story, is of small value. The work, however, coming as it does from the pen of one of the noblest and most sincere social reformers of our time, is rich in helpful suggestions for friends of economic progress. Especially will it appeal to those who expect the revolution of society and the emancipation of the toiler to be achieved along the lines now pursued by the trusts, that is, by the operation of the commercial methods of the modern corporations, with the element of selfish greed supplanted by the spirit of practical altruism as the motive-power, and in which the interest of all instead of the ends of the few is the master-thought. The book is full of food for reflection and will prove a valuable addition to the volumes of its class.

PLAIN TALK IN PSALM AND PARABLE. By Ernest Crosby. Paper. Pp. 188. Price, 40 cents. New York: The Comrade Coöperative Publishing Company, 11 Cooper square.

WE ARE glad to be able to announce that a paper-bound edition of Mr. Crosby's valuable volume of social and reformatory thought, *Plain Talk in*

Psalm and Parable, has been published. This book has been reviewed at length in *THE ARENA*, so that most of our readers are acquainted with its character. To new subscribers or those not familiar with its contents we would say that it is one of the very best volumes of virile and pungent social thought presented in the form of psalms, parables and Whitmanesque poems that has been published. In the present cheap form it should have a very wide circulation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Yoke. By Elizabeth Miller. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Young Man Entering Business. By O. S. Marden. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company.

The Future of War. By Jean de Bloch. Cloth. Price, 50 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company.

Discourses on War. By W. E. Channing. Cloth. Price, 50 cents net. Boston: Ginn & Company.

Addresses on War. By Charles Sumner. Cloth. Price, 50 cents net. Boston: Ginn & Company.

The Story of the Lopez Family. Cloth. Price, \$1. Boston: James H. West Company.

The Holy Grail. By M. H. Ford. Cloth. Price, \$1. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company.

The Lovers' World. By A. B. Stockham. Leather. Price, \$2.75. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company.

Parsifal. By H. R. Haweis. Cloth. Price, 40 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The Trouble Woman. By Clara Morris. Cloth. Price, 40 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The Socialization of Humanity. By C. K. Franklin. Cloth. Price, \$2. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

The Rainbow Chasers. By J. H. Whitson. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Second Reader and Teachers' Manual for Second Reader. Standard Reader Series. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

In the World Celestial. By T. A. Bland. Chicago: T. A. Bland & Company.

In the Bishop's Carriage. By Miriam Michelson. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

OUR POSITION.

IN THE autumn of 1889 I wrote a preliminary announcement or prospectus of *THE ARENA*, outlining the scope, aim and purpose of the proposed review. At the head of this prospectus I placed the words, "In the crucible of free discussion is found the gold of truth." That sentence expresses to-day, as it did when penned, my profound conviction. In proportion as we have in the daily, weekly and monthly press absolutely free, fair and fearless discussion, we shall become intellectually great, morally healthy and in the truest sense enlightened.

In establishing *THE ARENA* it was the purpose of its founders (to afford the American people the opportunity to become familiar with the ripest thought and conclusions of the ablest thinkers throughout the world holding advanced or progressive views and ideals, and who, not being in harmony with conventional, conservative and reactionary opinions, found the great reviews, magazines and periodicals closed to them; while at the same time we proposed presenting opposing views on the most vital economic, social, political, ethical, religious and philosophical questions.) The editorial position of *THE ARENA* when under my management was always outspoken, direct and unequivocal, and my aim was at all times to appeal to the moral nature as well as to the reasoning faculties of the reader, holding, as I have ever held, that any view of the great issues of life that excludes the moral equation leads sooner or later towards the darkness that destroys.

Yet I have always believed that the cause of truth is furthered far more than retarded by the strongest possible presentation of the opposition. It is said of Lincoln that when he had a great case in hand he almost invariably stated the contention of the opposing side so strongly and masterfully that his presentation was frequently far more comprehensive than that of the opposing counsel. But when this was done he proceeded to argue

point by point in such a way that if he had the cause of justice on his side his conclusions were almost irresistible.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I believe this is the true way to arrive at a right understanding, and the best method of training people to think and reason broadly and logically from premises that are truly fundamental; and for this reason, while **THE ARENA** is, as it has ever been, outspoken in favor of social, economic and political advance in alignment with the genius of democracy, it will be glad to accord a reasonable space to the other side by publishing the views and arguments of reactionary thinkers and friends of corporate wealth, of present-day commercial feudalism and of imperialism, provided only that the arguments be strong and able, that the spirit be fair, and that the expression be dignified, as suited to a great review of original opinion.

A PROGRAMME OF PROGRESS.

Perhaps never before in the history of the republic has the genius of free institutions been in greater peril than at the present time. Through the union of corporate wealth, the political bosses and the partisan machines a new and almost invincible power has appeared in municipal, State and national life that is as demoralizing and corrupting in its influence over the people as it is reactionary in spirit. It represents a union in which privilege, through the prostitution of politicians, is acquiring not only added power and opportunities for the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many, but it is actually the first concern in government, just as the throne and the aristocracy have ever been the first concern in monarchical and class-ruled lands. The revelations of corruption and graft honeycombing public life, from the municipalities to the legislative and administrative departments of the national government, have recently been so astounding as to startle the conscience element in American political life. While corporate wealth and privilege have been industriously intrenching themselves in our government, Switzerland, New Zealand and other commonwealths have steadily met changed conditions and dangers with adequate measures and innovations which, while being in strict alignment with

the spirit of republican government yet have been so framed as to protect the genius of democracy from the mastership of privilege and reaction. The American people are beginning to awaken to the fact that they have slept over-long, and on every hand are appearing strong, clean, brave and able men who are ready to lead an aggressive campaign for the restoration of the republic to its former high position as the moral leader of civilization, and to purify our public life, from the city-halls to the nation's capital.

THE ARENA will make a strong feature of a *programme of progress*. Able papers on what has been and is being accomplished for the cause of freedom and popular government in foreign lands will be given. Practical measures for overcoming present perils will be ably presented. The conscience and rationality of American manhood will be appealed to in such a manner that I believe the influence will be marked and far-reaching. Economic and political problems, however, are but part of the discussions that will be embodied in our programme of progress. Among other features that will be accorded a foremost place in its pages will be authoritative discussions relating to Education, Literature, Art, Music and the Drama.

EDUCATION, PROGRESSIVE AND PRACTICAL.

Behind the workings of a government, however, stands that which writes victory or defeat over the brow of national life—the character of the people. High ideals, lofty moral concepts and intellectual training which comprehends the teaching of men and women how to think and to reason from basic facts to logical conclusions,—these things are vital to a nation that aspires to perennial youth and to be a leader in the vanguard of progress. Education, popular, universal and compulsory, and embracing ethical and industrial as well as intellectual training, should be the goal toward which our statesmen and educators should strive.

ART FOR PROGRESS.

America has wrought mighty things in the fields of material achievements. In science and invention her savants and wizard-like geniuses have frequently amazed the Old World. But our art, literature, music and drama have not kept pace with material and scientific advance. Signs are

not wanting, however, that indicate that we are on the verge of a great awakening in art. I believe that the next twenty-five years will witness the out-blossoming of a glorious national art, in which, to the perfection in technique, the matchless grace and physical beauty of Grecian sculpture and Italian painting, will come the psychic or soul out-picturing and a moral quality such as has never before dominated the world's art. Those who are conversant with the work of many of our finest young leaders in sculpture and painting cannot, I think, fail to feel how compelling is the soul-side of life as evinced in their thought and in their handling of themes, or how completely moral and ethical enthusiasm is filling their brains. There is behind the pen, brush and chisel of many American artists to-day that same imperious spirit that has time and again broken from tradition and made epochs in the upward march of man. Unless I greatly mistake the signs of the hour we are on the eve of a forward movement which will give America a great, noble and worthy art of her own.

LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Literature, music and the drama also show signs of permanent growth which, if there comes a general moral or ethical awakening in the political and social life of the republic, will inevitably develop into a mighty force for the furtherance of human growth and happiness. All that is needed is the quickening influence of a far-reaching moral wave such as quickens the dormant spiritual energies and high ideals in the brain of a people. That such an awakening is at hand I sincerely believe; and with it will come a summer-time of glory in the fields of art and literature, of music and the drama. A marked feature of *THE ARENA* will be extended and critical reviews of the most vital literature of the day, while special efforts will be made to further all measures calculated to foster and encourage original and worthy art, music and dramatic work, as we believe that our people as yet fail to realize their potential value to a great and enduring civilization.

THE EDITOR'S POINT-OF-VIEW.

While in the nature of the case I shall present many views and theories in the general discussions which will differ radically from my own convictions

and beliefs, in the editorial department I shall be outspoken as ever in defence of those things that I believe to be for the best interests of civilization and the true prosperity, happiness and development of the individual. Nor shall I refrain from criticizing what I believe to be pernicious. Old readers of *THE ARENA* need not be told where I stand on the issues of the hour; but to new subscribers I would say that I am old-fashioned enough to believe in, to love and to reverence the Declaration of Independence and the ideals of the fathers of this great nation. The fundamental concepts of Jefferson and of Lincoln in regard to human rights and the genius of free institutions I heartily endorse. I believe equality of opportunities and of rights must be a basic principle in any true democracy. I am unalterably opposed to placing money above manhood and to the granting of privileges that will so enrich the few as to place the many at a disadvantage, and at the same time make privileged interests a menace to pure government. I believe that changed social, economic and political conditions call for modifications and changes in the methods and machinery of government which shall be at once in strict conformity with the genius of democracy and at the same time so meet changed conditions as to prevent the republic becoming the prey of a plutocracy of privileged classes and interests,—such changes, for example, as the initiative, the referendum and proportional representation. I believe that the interest if not the very life of the republic, no less than the rights of the producers and consumers, demands that the people shall own and operate their public utilities, as is being so successfully performed in the commonwealth of New Zealand. I am opposed to imperialistic, Hamiltonian or reactionary ideals which are being so actively fostered by corporate wealth and reactionary politicians to-day.

I believe the employment of children of tender years in our factories, mines and elsewhere to be one of the greatest of the crying evils of the day, a three-fold wrong, being a crime against able-bodied manhood, which is too frequently displaced by child-labor; a crime against the children, who are entitled to education and the normal free life so necessary to the physical, mental and moral well-being of youth; and a crime against posterity, which will be cursed by a generation whose child-life has been blighted, dwarfed and shriveled through the greed and rapacity of capital and the indifference of a great republic. Without an educated, free and properly developed youth to-day, we can hope for no enduring greatness

as a nation—no republic that shall light the path of freedom for the nations of earth.

I believe it is one of the true functions of government to foster and conserve a free, self-supporting and self-respecting manhood; and for this reason I believe the nation should provide labor for every willing out-of-work on great productive national enterprises that would increase the wealth of the nation while supplying the worker with ample means of support until new and more congenial conditions might open to him—work like the reclamation of our arid lands, the building of permanent levees that would reclaim vast stretches of rich alluvial soil now idle, the erection of great highways and other works that would add to the permanent wealth of the republic and prevent a fresh addition to the great army of tramps and slum-dwellers with every period of financial depression.

I believe in voluntary coöperation and hail with pleasure the rapid and successful growth of great coöperative organizations among the farmers and other producers and consumers of this nation. In a very real way the coöperative movement of the Old and New World is solving some of the gravest economic problems that have confronted modern civilization.

I believe in arbitration and hold that the United States should take a foremost place in aggressive work for international peace, and that the present imperialistic mania and all exhibitions of criminal aggression on the part of our republic should be strenuously opposed by all those who place justice above expediency and the right above sordid motives.

I believe in evolutionary progress rather than forcible revolution, in the supremacy of justice and the orderly operation of law, and I hold in abhorrence the rapidly growing mob-spirit that has risen simultaneously with the ascendancy of present-day low business ideals, the imperialistic craze and the fostering of the war-spirit throughout the nation. I believe in extending the same justice to others, be they black, brown or yellow, that I would ask for myself were circumstances reversed. I believe that freedom and justice are the handmaids of progress, and believing this I would work to make freedom, justice and fraternity a practical working creed instead of an empty shibboleth.

Such is the position THE ARENA occupies in the aggressive and strenuous conflict of the hour between the ideals of reaction and of democracy,

of stagnation and of progress, of the supremacy of the ethical verities and expediency and material considerations, of the moral leadership of the republic through its becoming the standard-bearer of justice, peace and the ideals embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and the reactionary theories which are imitating the monarchical and despotic nations of earth, against which the republic was the first, greatest and most effective liberal protest.

THE ARENA AS AN AUTHORITATIVE REVIEW OF OPINION: *THE ARENA* aims to be thoroughly authoritative in its discussions. In so far as possible we strive to present the views of the most careful and conscientious thinkers who are by education, position and experience complete masters of the subjects they discuss—experts in their special fields. Thus, for example, in the masterly exposition of "The Sphinx," which is finished in this issue, our readers have enjoyed the ripest thought and conclusions of a scholar who stands without a peer among those who have made a life-study of the poetry of America's greatest ethical philosopher. For fifty years Mr. Malloy has made a profound study of the poetry of Emerson. Few men in the New World are so conversant with the metaphysical philosophy of the Far East or with that of the Greeks and Germans, or with the poetry of Robert Browning, as is this author who for many years has been president of the Boston Emerson Club. His lectures have always proved a delight to all thoughtful people who are attracted to the inspiring and uplifting thought of the master ethical and metaphysical thinkers. Never before has this great poem of Emerson's, "The Sphinx," been so luminously or so effectively treated on either side of the Atlantic as in the four papers that have appeared in *THE ARENA* this year.

Again, in Professor Parsons' timely and extremely valuable paper on the revolution in New Zealand that laid the foundations for peaceful settlements of industrial disputes, we have a discussion by a foremost American economist who in the New World and the Old has exhaustively studied the general subject of strikes, lock-outs and industrial war; while in his new volume, *The Story of New Zealand*,—by far the most important historic work on this most progressive of present-day commonwealths, he has gone into every phase of the question, giving the time and painstaking care

which only a critical and conscientious student would devote to the subject. I know of no writer in America, Europe, or even in New Zealand, so thoroughly well equipped to discuss this subject authoritatively as Professor Parsons.

In Mr. Ingram's able paper on "Public Ownership *versus* Private Ownership or Control" we have the ripe thought of an expert. Mr. Ingram, as Superintendent of Public-Lighting in Detroit, demonstrated the enormous saving and the improvement in service enjoyed by a city under municipal ownership; and beyond this, he has for years taken the keenest interest in the subject, being one of its closest students and ablest advocates in the New World.

In Professor Maxey's paper on "The Future of Santo Domingo" we have another expert opinion, and though we may differ radically from his views and conclusions, nevertheless we must accord him the thoughtful attention which one merits who is a specialist and has made a careful study of the theme considered. Professor Maxey is a member of the faculty of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia, and for some years he has made a special study of Diplomacy, holding the degree of Master of Diplomacy. All questions relating to international relations and the general sweep and course of political events have received his special attention.

In the papers by Walter S. Logan, Esq., formerly President of the New York Bar Association, and Clifford W. Hartridge, Esq., we have papers by leading members of the metropolitan bar, each especially qualified to discuss the topic in hand. Mr. Logan is counsel for New York for the American Bar Association, and for years he has taken a deep interest in social, economic and political questions which bear special relation to the rights of the people and those fundamental democratic principles which differentiate a true republic from a class-ruled nation. While among the more brilliant members of the New York bar, few have taken a more active or intelligent interest in efforts favorable to sound morality and municipal integrity than Mr. Hartridge. In discussing "Business Reasons *versus* Business Morals," he is thoroughly at home with the subject—a subject which indeed is one of the most vital now before the conscience of American manhood.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL IS THE BULWARK OF THE NATION:
There is nothing connected with the government of the United States that

is dearer to the hearts of the people or of which they are as justly proud as the public-school system. From time to time assaults have been made upon it by religious fanatics who desire to have the church become the custodian of the education of the young; but the object-lesson presented by Spain, Austria, Italy and other nations which were long under the absolute influence of the church has proved warning enough. Ignorance among the masses, intolerance and opposition to free thought and all physical scientific progress that seemed to run counter to religious dogmas, have been written in letters of blood across the pages of history in every land where dogmatic religion has been entrusted with the education of the people. Happily for the great republic, the old democratic ideals still prevail which hold that free institutions can only hope to exist where education is universal and untrammelled by creed and dogma. That the public-school system has its weaknesses and imperfections all will admit, but it is steadily remedying its flaws and strengthening its weak places. That the fundamental ethical verities and industrial training should be more emphasized is certain, and other progressive steps in the general scheme of education will undoubtedly be introduced, as suggested by Mr. Pomeroy in his masterly paper in this issue of *THE ARENA*. But of one thing let every American be jealously watchful, and that is that the great public-school system shall not be undermined or weakened, and that public funds shall not be diverted for any sectarian education. We trust all our readers will carefully peruse Mr. Pomeroy's paper. It is one of the most notable contributions of recent years to the vital subject of popular education of the future, and it constitutes one of a series of papers which we shall publish from time to time dealing with different phases of education and character development.

HAS THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT BEEN JUSTIFIED?

Students of United States history will be deeply interested in the lucid discussion of the Fifteenth Amendment and the aftermath, as presented by James E. Boyle in this issue. This author is not, as many readers would surmise, a southerner. On the contrary, he is a native of Kansas, a graduate of the Nebraska University, in which institution he spent four years, after which he took a two years' course in the University of Kansas, receiving the title of A. M. from that institution. He has specialized in history, sociology and kindred subjects, and consequently is admirably fitted for the discussion of this interesting subject about which there seems to be such diversity of opinion.

MAX NORDAU'S WEAKNESS AS A CRITIC: In a very brief article Mr. L. F. Strauss, A.M., points out some of the many examples of contradictory statements made by Max Nordau in a recent issue of the *Cosmopolitan*. Those who have read Mr. Nordau's *Degeneration* will, we think, be quite prepared for the confusion of thought and lax methods of reasoning so conspicuous in his latest effort. Moreover, this author seems to us to be one of a number of writers in whom prejudice at times clouds the intellectual perspicacity. This is very marked in his attack on Wagner and other master-spirits of the nineteenth century against whom he harbored prejudice. He is also a writer prone to regard all who fail to see exactly as he views a subject as being "muddle-headed." In this respect he resembles the old Quaker, who on one occasion solemnly observed to his friend: "Everyone is queer but thee and me, John; and *sometimes* I think *thee* is a little queer." We know of no person who makes pretensions to scientific accuracy whose thought is so frequently confused or who is so unmistakably loose in the handling of facts and terms as this otherwise brilliant essayist.

MISS DROMGOOLE'S HUMOROUS NEGRO SKETCH: The serious and earnest essays which make up the table of contents of this issue of THE ARENA are relieved by the charming little sketch of negro life in old Tennessee as deftly pictured by Miss Dromgoole in her inimitable style. We are receiving many expressions of appreciation from our readers which testify to the popularity of the innovation we made with our January issue in introducing a monthly story from the ever-popular pen of this gifted Southern writer.

OUR BOOK-STUDIES AND REVIEWS: During the past no department of THE ARENA has proved more popular with our readers than our book-studies and reviews. Many of our patrons have written us that they depend chiefly upon THE ARENA for the books they purchase for their libraries, and even when they cannot buy the publications noticed, they are deeply interested in the reviews, because they give a clear conception of the character of the volumes described. The late W. H. H. Murray wrote, shortly after we published a study of his remarkable volume, *How I am Educating My Daughters*, saying that he had sold more books from that review than from all the other notices of the book that had appeared.

It is our purpose to give special attention to this feature of *THE ARENA* in the future. Books that have moral worth, that have a practical value, or that are calculated to make people think, and especially works which are instinct with the spirit of democracy and progress, will receive special attention; because we feel that the circulation of such books is among the most important work of the present.



CHARLES MALLOY

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.*

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DIRECT LEGISLATION IN ILLINOIS: A STORY OF TRIUMPH FOR POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

THE total irresponsibility of representatives, in representative government, has been and is being demonstrated in Illinois and its political subdivisions as nowhere else, and the consequent necessity of direct participation in matters of legislation by the people themselves is made more and more manifest.

On May 11, 1901, the legislature of Illinois enacted a law providing for the "Submission of Questions of Public Policy." The statute is as follows:

"An Act providing for an expression of opinion by electors on questions of public policy at any general or special election.

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in general assembly: That on a written petition signed by twenty-five per cent. of the registered voters of any incorporated town, village, city, township, county or school-district; or ten per cent. of the registered votes (voters) of the state, it shall be the duty of the proper election officers in each case to submit any question of public policy so petitioned for, to the electors of the incorporated town, village, city, township, county, school-district or state, as the case may be, at any general or special election named in the petition. Provided, such petition is filed with the proper election officers, in each case not less than sixty (60) days before the date of the election at which the question or questions petitioned for

are to be submitted. Not more than three propositions shall be submitted at the same election, and such proposition shall be submitted in the order of its filing.

"Sec. 2. Every question submitted to electors shall be printed in plain, prominent type upon a separate ballot, in form required by law, the same as a constitutional amendment or other public measure proposed to be voted upon by the people."

It will be noted that the law requires a petition of 25 per cent. of the voters in any political subdivision less than the State and a petition of 10 per cent. of the voters in the State itself to submit questions. The bill as originally introduced provided for a petition of 5 per cent. of the voters in the political subdivision and 2 per cent. of the voters in the State, and passed the lower house of the legislature with the smaller percentages, and was sent to the senate. The senators, who controlled legislation, declared they would not let the bill be passed, but it being pointed out that the defeat of a bill so elemental in character and conferring upon the people a right so fundamentally theirs might entail disastrous consequences upon those responsible for its defeat, they agreed to let it go through, but that they would amend it to provide for a petition of 40 per cent. of the voters in the political subdivision and 25 per cent. in the State. Again they were told by the politicians in the lower house that it would be better politics to kill the bill altogether than to let it pass with percentages absolutely prohibitory in the amount of signatures required, and that if the percentages were made 25 per cent. and 10 per cent. respectively, the percentages would be practically prohibitive, and without making too manifest the desire to make them so; this argument won and the measure passed.

Immediately thereafter, the Referendum League of Illinois was formed for the purpose of submitting questions of public policy to the voters of Illinois and the political subdivisions thereof.

The League was started in Chicago, in May, 1901, and by reason of the many important questions under discussion there, it was determined to initiate the work there, and a petition was started asking the election commissioners to submit the following questions to the voters of Chicago, at the election to be held April 1, 1902:

"For ownership by the city of Chicago of all street railroads within the corporate limits of said city.

"For ownership by the city of Chicago of the gas and electric-lighting plants, said plants to furnish light, heat and power for public and private use.

"For the nomination of all candidates for city offices by direct vote of the voters at primary elections to be held for that purpose."

In view of the fact that at the Presidential election held in November, 1900, some 416,000 votes had been cast, it was necessary to obtain the signatures of at least 104,000 voters as a prerequisite to submission.

The task was far more laborious than the most pessimistic had forecasted and required almost seven months of ceaseless energy. There was but little difficulty in obtaining the signatures of the voters when once the petition was placed before them, as they signed readily, but the labor of placing the petition before a sufficient number of voters was far and beyond the amount figured upon by those who started the petition and had it not been for the assistance rendered by the Chicago Federation of Labor, Chicago Turners' Societies, Chicago Teachers' Federation, and the Chicago American, it is doubtful if the necessary signatures would have been obtained; but as it was, on January 31, 1902, the petition was filed containing 109,428 names.

Up to the moment the petition was filed the newspapers generally ignored the matter and the public-service corporations treated it as a jest, but the moment the petition was filed the corporations woke up to the possibilities of a vote upon the questions of public ownership of the transportation and lighting systems and instituted a contest upon the petition which after a hearing of several weeks was overruled and the questions placed upon the ballot, with the following results:

"For ownership by the city of Chicago of all street railroads within the corporate limits of said city. *Yes*, 142,826; *No*, 27,998.

"For ownership by the city of Chicago of the gas and electric-lighting plants, said plants to furnish light, heat, and power for public and private use. *Yes*, 139,990; *No*, 21,364.

"For the nomination of all candidates for city offices by direct vote of the voters at primary elections to be held for that purpose. *Yes*, 140,860; *No*, 17,654."

The majorities in favor of the different propositions simply astounded friend and foe alike, for, while it was supposed that the questions would carry, that they would carry by the vast majorities they did, was unexpected, and was a source of congratulation to the advocates of public ownership.

The figures are more significant when it is recalled that but 210,000 votes were polled for candidates at that election, and a larger percentage of voters voted upon questions at that election than ever before.

The Referendum League, encouraged by this success, prepared a State petition to submit three questions to the voters of the State, containing the following questions:

"Shall the next General Assembly submit to the people of the State of Illinois, at the next State election, a Constitutional Amendment providing for the control of legislation by the people by means of the Initiative and Referendum; said amendment to provide for the initiation of legislation upon a petition of eight per cent. of the voters of the political divisions affected; and for the reference of legislation upon a petition of five per cent. of the voters of the political divisions affected, the action of the majority of the electors voting to be final; thus restoring to the people the power they once held, but which they delegated to the General Assembly by the Constitution?"

"Shall the next General Assembly enact a statute by which the voters of the political subdivisions of the State of Illinois, may be enabled to initiate desired local legislation, by filing a petition therefor, signed by eight per cent. of the legal voters in said political subdivisions; and to have referred to the voters any legislation enacted by the several local legislative bodies, by the filing of a petition therefor of five per cent. of the legal voters of any such political subdivision; the action of a majority of those voting to decide in each case?"

"Shall the next General Assembly take the necessary steps under Article 5, of the Constitution of the United States, to bring about the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people?"

This petition was circulated throughout the State and received the hearty and enthusiastic support of many labor organizations; the press generally giving news, but not editorial space to the questions. The distinctly party organs and the personal organs of political bosses throughout the State (of which there are far too many) vigorously opposed the petition. The reason for the opposition was so apparent that it helped rather than injured the petition.

The labor organizations very generally aided the obtaining of signatures, and on Labor Day, 1902, over 60,000 signatures were obtained.

The law required the signatures of 10 per cent. of the registered voters of the State. As there was no way of determining the registered vote itself, the vote of the State in the Presidential election of 1900 was taken as a basis; and as there was polled at that election 1,131,894 votes, it was determined to obtain 112,000 signatures. After as thorough a campaign as means permitted, the petition was filed on September 6, 1902, with the signatures of 147,000 voters of the State.

Accordingly, at the election held in November, 1902, the questions were submitted to the voters of the State, with the following results:

"Shall the next General Assembly submit to the people of the State of Illinois, at the next State election, a Constitutional Amendment providing for the control of legislation by the people by means of the Initiative and Referendum; said amendment to provide for the initiation of legislation upon a petition of eight per cent. of the voters of the political divisions affected; and for the reference of legislation upon a petition of five per cent. of the voters of the political divisions affected, the action of the majority of the electors voting to be final; thus restoring to the people the power they once held, but which they delegated to the General Assembly by the Constitution? *Yes*, 428,469; *No*, 87,654.

"Shall the next General Assembly enact a statute by which the voters of the political subdivisions of the State of Illinois may be enabled to initiate desired local legislation, by filing a petition therefor, signed by eight per cent. of the legal voters in said political

subdivisions; and to have referred to the voters any legislation enacted by the several local legislative bodies, by the filing of a petition therefor of five per cent. of the legal voters of any such political subdivision; the action of a majority of those voting to decide in each case? *Yes*, 390,992; *No*, 83,377.

"Shall the next General Assembly take the necessary steps under Article 5, of the Constitution of the United States, to bring about the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people? *Yes*, 451,319; *No*, 76,975."

This vote, so emphatic and withal so discriminating, has determined the question of Direct Legislation in Illinois. It may, and perhaps will, take a few years to beat down the barriers erected by generations of lobbyists, but the result is as certain as the existence of the State.

To obtain the necessary legislation a constitutional amendment is necessary. A constitutional amendment in our State is a matter of much deliberation and difficult of accomplishment, as the submission of an amendment to the State Constitution requires a two-thirds vote of both houses.

When the legislature met in January, 1903, a constitutional amendment was introduced and came within a few votes of the necessary two-thirds in the house. It was also introduced into the senate, but was buried in committee in that body, and the session died without any action looking to the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum.

However, the legislature, with a great fanfare of trumpets, and as the resolution expressed it, "in obedience to the expressed will of the people," memorialized Congress to bring about the election of United States Senators by the people, unanimously in the house and with only one negative vote in the senate. As the adoption of the memorial did not in any way curtail or interfere with the barter of privileges in the legislature, the reason for the unanimity of the vote can be comprehended.

By reason of the situation in Chicago (which will be treated of in another article), the Referendum League again prepared petitions submitting the following questions to the people of that

city—the first question using the Municipal-Ownership Enabling Act, passed by the legislature:

“Shall the act of the General Assembly, commonly called the Mueller Law, be adopted and in force in the city of Chicago?”

“Shall the City Council, on the adoption of the Mueller Law, proceed without delay to acquire ownership of the street railways, under the powers conferred by the Mueller Law?”

“Shall the City Council, instead of granting any franchises, proceed at once, under the city’s police-powers and other existing laws, to license the street-railway companies until municipal ownership can be secured, and compel them to give satisfactory service?”

“Shall the Chicago Board of Education, be elected by the people?”

And the same agencies that assisted the League in its former work, again lent their assistance with the result that on February 4, 1904, a petition containing the names of 181,000 voters was filed with the election commissioners. The results of the vote at the ensuing election were as follows:

“Shall the act of the General Assembly, commonly called the Mueller Law, be adopted and in force in the city of Chicago? *Yes, 152,434; No, 30,104.*

“Shall the City Council, on the adoption of the Mueller Law, proceed without delay to acquire ownership of the street railways, under the powers conferred by the Mueller Law? *Yes, 129,944; No, 50,893.*

“Shall the City Council, instead of granting any franchises, proceed at once, under the city’s police-powers and other existing laws, to license the street-railway companies until municipal ownership can be secured; and compel them to give satisfactory service? *Yes, 120,181; No, 48,156.*

“Shall the Chicago Board of Education be elected by the people? *Yes, 115,558; No, 58,432.*”

So much for the physical and clerical work of the League. The moral and political effects are largely matters for the historian of the future; but in so far as moral and political results have already been observed, I shall briefly recount them.

Morally, the people, or at least a majority of them, are interested

in the question of Direct Legislation, and debating, church, and other societies, are making it a subject for discussion; the simplicity of this method of legislative control, the utter and immediate abolition of venality in legislative bodies, the automatic elimination of "boodlers" from legislative halls, the bringing of the government to the theory of the founders, appeals to the average citizen, and to obtain advocates, it is only necessary to obtain auditors to an explanation of what it means.

Politically, every party in the State of Illinois (except the Republican party), has declared for it in their State conventions, and it is believed that the Republican party will declare for it at its coming State convention, since as large a percentage of the Republican voters of Illinois and Chicago have voted for the Initiative and Referendum as of other parties.

The most remarkable feature of the failure of the Republican party to declare for direct legislation lies in the fact that the heavily Republican wards of Chicago not alone show heavier majorities for it than do the Democratic wards, but that a larger percentage of the people in the Republican wards voting for candidates voted on the question.

Almost all candidates for office in our city and State make the "Referendum and Municipal Ownership" cardinal planks in their platforms.

The work for Direct Legislation will continue, and before the nation is in the throes of the next Presidential campaign, we expect that our State will have adopted the only method of government that insures to the people representation by their representatives, and makes the government what Jefferson desired, and what Lincoln declared it should be: "A Government of, for, and by, the People."

DANIEL L. CRUCE.

Chicago, Ill.

A POLITICAL FORECAST.

I.

PROPHECY is satisfactory or unsatisfactory to the reader, according to his point of view; usually disastrous to the reputation of its maker, but fascinating to both. This fascination, egged on by the editor, has drawn me into the interesting task of writing that most disastrous and most contentious of all forms of prophecy, a political forecast. But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." If my prophecy appears foolish to you, remember this proverb; but I hope that six months hence I shall be able to retort with the exasperating "I told you so."

Our system concentrates the political activity of four years into about four months. That period is at hand. The political pot is simmering and will soon be boiling.

II.

Time works its revenges. Four years ago, the astute Platt thought he had safely bottled up that strenuous and dangerous Roosevelt for four years in the Vice-Presidency. The corporation element thought they were sure of four years more of the good, smooth and eminently safe McKinley, with the steering apparatus in the hands of one of their number, the resourceful Hanna, and with the wires already laid for Hanna's succession to McKinley. The Republican machine had been well oiled. It worked with unprecedented smoothness; in fact, so smoothly did it work that its managers did not, and do not now, see the silent and growing opinion adverse to this astutely respectable and subtly quiet governing in the corporation and rich men's interest. If McKinley and Hanna had lived, Hanna would have gone to the White House next March, so perfect was the machine and so well were the wires laid. But before the end of Hanna's reign, there would have been a political upheaval more surprising to Hanna and his friends than was the French revolution to Louis XVI. It probably would

not have been violent, but it would have been as complete.

Managers of men rarely consider mortality as a factor. They take not God into their schemes. The providential removal first of McKinley, the instrument, and then of Hanna, the executive arm and brain, has put Roosevelt at the head of the Republican party. And he is an entirely different sort of a man from his predecessors. He comes of good, old family; has a sufficient fortune and lacks that common lust for money which gives the capitalist interest so strong a grip on many men when they really become needful; his private life is irreproachable; they cannot say he is not respectable, which is the common weapon of the upper-classes against the real democrat. He has strength of mind and courage to act. Also, though generally fighting the machine, he has considerable political faculty and uses it with much astuteness.

Time works its revenges, and the man whom Platt thought he had safely bound, is now in the saddle. With the master-tool and the master-mind gone, his seat is so firm that he cannot be shaken off. He will probably be nominated by acclamation at the Republican convention. Some one acceptable to him will be nominated as Vice-President and another made national chairman. The machine will be under his control.

But will the machine work as it has worked? That depends on the answer to the question: "Is Roosevelt a thorough democrat or not?" I use that word in its true meaning, and not as a party appellation. The corporations, because they feel that they cannot take any chances are inclined to think he is; the people, because they must take chances, and in the past have been forced to take very slim chances, are also inclined to think he is. But neither is sure. His birth, breeding, and most of his associations, are not democratic; his independence, virility and many of his activities are democratic. Some of his acts are; in others, he has yielded to party associates, and he is not democratic. But then the manner in which he became President made it necessary that he should not break with either McKinley's friends or policies. But one thing is certain, money, the management of men and the swinging of the influence of the great corporations, will not be the great factor of the Republican

campaign that it was four and eight years ago. Roosevelt's personality, the belief in his integrity, courage and real sanity of vision will be a great factor. In fact, Roosevelt has turned the Republican party around. Under McKinley and Hanna, it was depending more and more on money and influence to carry its campaigns, and was entering a period of what appeared like splendid victory and achievement but what was really one of decadence, spelling ultimate ruin.

If Roosevelt is elected next fall—and that has seemed probable for nearly a year,—he will be elected because he really represents, better than any other man, the present indeterminate attitude of the great middle-classes in this country. At present, the fear of the corporations has grown very strong in them. But the upper middle-classes have shared in the gains of the very rich and they still hope they may share in the future; so they want to keep that channel for money open and do not see that it is being rapidly closed by the very rich themselves. With the rest of the middle-classes there is no clear vision of the way out, and the working-classes are still led by the middle-classes. A few of them are awake, but not enough to rouse the rest to action. So Roosevelt's indeterminative position (and I think he is strictly honest in that vagueness) is characteristic of the majority of those people who really decide elections in this country at present. They are sure of his honesty, admire his vigor and courage, and share this uncertainty whether they are real and true democrats or not.

We are moving rapidly. Public opinion is clarifying. After Roosevelt is elected, if he is elected, it is likely that public opinion will move faster than he will grow. Before the end of his term he will be left behind, and his reputation, which now looms so large, will have subsided to that of an honest and courageous man. And that is a noble reputation.

III.

The Republican party moves with the smoothness of a well-made, thoroughly-oiled and carefully-tended machine. The Democratic party is like an old race-horse, which seems beaten in the

beginning of the race, but which somehow, when the race gets well under way, limbers up, starts at a surprising gait for so old a creature and actually frightens her opponent into the belief that she may win—and sometimes she does. That wonderful resuscitation is just now taking place. It is beginning earlier than usual, and with it the Republican fear is also beginning. But the Democrats have troubles of their own. In the South the same element, the corporation influence which controls the Republican party, controls the Democratic party; but it does not dominate society as it does in the East, and so its control of the party is not as strong. In the East and middle West, the reorganizers are that element. But the regulars are radicals. Under Bryan's leadership, they control the national organization. Eight years ago, they got that control. If Bryan or some radical had not been nominated in 1896, the Populist party would have succeeded the Democratic party, which by this time would only have been a faction confined to a few Southern states and the Tammany organization in New York.

But, while the corporations elected McKinley and defeated Bryan, the politicians who had been their tools in the past could not swing over so easily. The bulk of them stayed with the Democratic party and were covertly supported by the same element in the South. Now, the real politician wants to win, and he does not care much how he wins, save that he prefers a full campaign fund.

The politicians in the Democratic party have twice tried a radical because without such an one there was sure defeat, with the end of the party in sight. And heaven forbid such a disaster! Also, the campaign funds have been very lean and the pickings small. They feel certain, after two defeats, that against Roosevelt who has won over many of the moderate radicals, a third Bryan campaign would end in a third defeat. They see that Roosevelt has offended many of the corporations and that they are distrustful of him. They know that with some good corporation man, such as Cleveland or Olney; or an old-line politician, such as Gorman or Hill; or an unpledged man, such as the unknown and sphinx-like Parker, who issues interviews laudatory of Jefferson and issues long dead, that the corporations will subscribe liberally. In fact, they have begun.

They would far rather go to defeat with a full campaign fund than with almost none. They think that even if Roosevelt is elected, that the broncho-buster may do something to utterly drive off the corporations and then, O what fat pastures! So they are fighting for their living as they did not fight in 1896 or 1900.

But the radicals, how do they feel? They have had a taste of a new party. They know what independence means in their experience with the Populist party. They know how hard it is to build up a new party and they are in the saddle in the Democratic party. They are determined, they are perfectly willing to beat the Democratic party if it nominates such a man as Cleveland, Gorman or Hill. These two elements in the Democratic party are really farther apart than the distance between either of them and the Republican party.

To-day Bryan is the best known and most influential man in his party. But in my opinion, he is to-day at the height of his influence. Bryan is preëminently a great orator, and strong on moral issues. He has had the training of a politician and is an able and an honest one, though not a really great one. His paper, which I am told has a circulation of over 100,000, has, in the West, very much the influence that Greeley's *Tribune* had in the sixties. Bryan is thoroughly honest and he is an old-fashioned democrat of the Jefferson or Jackson kind. At heart he is an individualist and is not in sympathy with the socialistic trend of the times. As compared with the real thought-movement of the day, he is conservative. There is no disguising the fact that the whole radical thought of our time is through government control to government ownership and operation of public monopolies such as the railroads, telegraphs and express business in the nation and street-cars, lighting and water-plants in the cities. It is a trend toward socialism. If Bryan were willing to disguise his real sentiments and advocate this trend, he could become its great popular leader and idol. With his great gifts for oratory, his personal magnetism and political sagacity, he could, if he would advocate that socialism which is immediately practicable and not too radical, wield the greatest visible influence of any man in the country for some years to come.

But he has not shown any signs of this belief, and he is honest. If he were willing to shade off his utterances and become even slightly the tool of the corporations, he could get their support and, with that, apparently wield as large an influence as ever for years to come; but he is honest, and will not pay the price they ask. In fact, Bryan is like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth with no apparent support. I think his sympathy with the common people will lead him to support the radicals, but it will be with mental reservations. He will have large influence; but never again, unless either I am mistaken in my opinion of his views about socialism or unless his views change, will he wield the dominating influence he now has.

Next to Bryan, the most important man to-day in the Democratic party is one almost unknown eight years ago outside of his former home. Four years ago, he was known as a successful editor and thought of as a freak. To-day he is the most talked-of man for the Democratic nomination. How and why is that? A look at the man's real character will answer this question.

Hearst had the misfortune to be born a rich man's son, and probably his early manhood was as surrounded by flattery and as wild as the average rich man's son. But the pertinent fact is, that instead of becoming a weakling or a *debauchee* as nine-tenths of them become, he rose above it and has given his life to an active pursuit. He said once: "I do not care for money; I have more than I can spend; I want something to do." And he has done something in this world. Let the average rich young man go into editing a newspaper and he sinks his fortune in it and leaves the enterprise after a few years. Not so with Mr. Hearst; he worked on his San Francisco *Examiner*; made it a power; made it pay money. As one of his staff once said to me, he is a newspaper man to his fingertips, he knows how every part of a paper should be made up. Many is the editorial he has written with his own hand, and they have gone in without any revising. After the San Francisco paper came the New York *Journal*, and many were the prophecies of failure. He came to New York after Pulitzer had made his great success with *The World*; Hearst out-Pulitzered Pulitzer till to-day more copies

of the New York *Journal* are sold than of all other New York papers put together. Yet, curiously enough, he has not seriously interfered with their circulations. He has reached out and built up a new *clientele* of his own; he has made people read who have never before read, and the *Journal* is their whole literature, history, *belle lettres*, fiction, biography, adventure, everything. Better than any man of the time, he has seen what the average man wants and he has given it to him. He has stirred them up and made them think. Purists sneer at him and his papers. Mugwumps hold up their hands in holy horror. The aristocrats say he is not even respectable. He does not care a fig for their opinion; in fact would prefer to have it contemptuous and derogatory because the gulf between the masses and the classes has grown so wide and deep that the contempt of the classes aids him with the masses.

I do not compare Hearst with Washington or Jefferson or Lincoln, but the same people who derided them when they were actually doing things, say Mr. Hearst is not respectable, as if that ended the question. It does not end it. After the New York *Journal* had gotten safely going, he started his Chicago paper and lately the Los Angeles *Examiner* and now his Boston paper. Syndicates and syndicated papers we have known, but they have been the combination of many able men. But such a rapid growth of really great papers has never been known in newspaper history. Ah, they say, it is the men he gets to work for him. The highest genius is he who can pick out other men to work for him and give them the work they can do. One of his editors tells me that Mr. Hearst is not at his desk in the New York *Journal* office for half an hour without the whole office buzzing with work as it has not before done. He will lounge in, apparently the idler off the street, stretch himself in his chair, ask a few questions, jot off a note to the artist in the floor above, another to this reporter, another to that writer, and some new and virile line of work is laid out for each to do.

He pursues the same tactics in Congress. There has been a new party formed in the House of Representatives. At present there are but six men in it, Hearst and five others who recognize him as

their leader because he has a keenness of insight, an audacity of attack and a resourcefulness that no leader in that able body has had. He will lounge in, looking as if it all bored him, speak to one or two, watch what is going on without much apparent interest, cock his feet on his desk, jot down a note and give it to a page and then another as if he was canceling a dinner engagement because it really was not worth while. But these notes will go to his friends. The Republicans will find an unexpected attack coming up here and another there. They will hardly know how it happened, but some man will go on record in a manner that will greatly hurt him at home, and the whole house will be in an uproar. It was Hearst that forced the Republicans to go on record as opposed to the increase of the postmen's wages. Only the most astute of the Republican leaders are beginning to realize how dangerous a man they have to contend with.

He lacks the outward signs of a leader. He is shy, almost painfully so; a lady speaks to him and he will blush and utter commonplaces. He is not a good mixer. He can talk simply and straight-out, but he has none of the gifts of the orator. He does not make friends easily and is not magnetic. But three gifts he has in greater degree than any man of his time: First, keenness of insight into the heart of the great common people and what they want; into the minds of men to know what they can do and will do if pushed; into the plans of opponents to see where they are weak. Second, a vigor and resourcefulness in seizing the seen opportunity, whether this consists in advocating new measures, using the known qualities of men or beating his opponents. Third, a purpose, and I think that purpose is a moral one, though I am not wholly sure as yet. But a man who can overcome the disadvantages of being born rich and make the great success of a great business that he has, must have at least a strong will and a purpose in life to be something more than merely rich. Then, too, money (and especially inherited money) narrows and makes its owner conservative. He may go on making more money, or idle and either get dyspepsia or lay on hog-fat. Rarely does he rise above his money, cease to be its slave,

make it his servant and serve the people. As Christ put it two thousand years ago: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God."

Mr. Hearst is something more than the tool or the fool of his riches. I think he is a true democrat, though as yet I am not wholly sure. He is advocating what the people want, and he has not shown a sign of bending the other way. His personal life, I am told, is simple and his tastes are plain. He is married, and the couple do not care for society.

Of course this aspiring for the Presidency is a most valuable advertisement for his papers. It is one and a very important reason why people buy his papers, and now that the boom has gotten into other papers, he is getting an enormous amount of free advertising.

There are two other points about Hearst that are generally overlooked. His papers prevent his advocating anything or carrying into effect anything that is not popular or that is sectional in its nature. Should he attempt to carry into effect a measure favoring the trusts, the other papers trying for the same circulation that *The Journal* and other Hearst papers have would at once pounce on it, make it public, and call him a hypocrite. Should his San Francisco paper strongly advocate any purely sectional matter, his New York detractors would at once make it public in the place where it is unpopular. Bryan could be sectional if he would; he could be a leader of the West alone, and to a very limited degree he is; but Hearst must be a national leader, or, if not, he suffers financially at once. He cannot be sectional. The United States Senators can and do carry through measures that are not popular, but they are not directly dependent on the people. Hearst is dependent on the people for the sale of his papers. Never before has quite such a situation faced any public man.

What do his critics say? I read with interest the editorial answers in *Collier's Weekly* to a correspondent asking about Hearst. It impugned his motives, said nothing about his abilities, nothing about the policies he advocates, nothing about his training. The last resource of an unjust critic is to say that a man is working for his own personal aggrandizement and that he is a demagogue. The

Pharisees and the Scribes did that of Christ. A sort of a shudder of holy horror goes through many people at Hearst's name. This is hypocritical cant. There is some valid objection to him for such a high office in that he has had little experience in public office, but we are so apt to take men from the office or the lawyer's desk and put them without previous training in public life, that that is hardly an objection. Nearly half of every President's cabinet have not before served in public office. Many of them could not be elected to a high office, yet they are usually good officials.

Another set of critics say: "O, he is only putting up the money for this; it is all a paid agitation; he is buying or trying to buy the nomination." It is true Mr. Hearst is putting a good deal of money into political activity, but I do not believe he is spending his income from his papers, which are very profitable despite the high wages he pays. But unless there was a real sentiment behind him, his money would count for little beside the money on the other side. He has the machine to fight. And back of this machine are the corporations. It would be a great deal better if only such sums of money were used in the campaign as the common people could contribute as is the custom in Switzerland, but it is a lamentable fact that political campaigns cost money, and big money, now in this country. The expenses of a national campaign run up into millions. Who pays these expenses? Small sums are collected from patriotic men, but that source is drying up. The large amounts come from corporations who do not invest their funds unless they can see a return, and a big one. They get that return in franchises granted, taxes reduced, favors given. Putting the very worst construction on Mr. Hearst's motives, it is better that the money of a man ambitious for the Presidency should foot the campaign bills rather than that of the corporations, who demand favors from the legislatures and executives in return. At the very worst, the one wants an office high in public sight and the other wants to rob the people.

Another set of men declare that Hearst represents only the trades-unions, and that he is inciting these to strikes and violence; that the solid farmers and the strong middle-classes will utterly

reject him. They claim that he has stirred up strife in the country. There is enough of truth in this to make it the strongest argument against him. Hearst's papers voice the sentiment of the masses, though they have not created it, save in a very limited degree. It was there and growing before ever his papers were started. He has seen this sentiment and voiced it more clearly than any other one man. His editorial advice regarding strikes and violence has always been to be moderate and careful; but he has wanted the men to get their rights, and to get them by their own efforts. He is popular with the trades-unions, but not for that reason unpopular with the farmers.

It is almost certain that the reorganizers will not have a two-thirds majority at St. Louis. It is almost equally certain that the Bryan and Hearst radicals will not have two-thirds. It is also improbable that either side will run so counter to the strong force of precedent as to abolish the two-thirds rule for the nomination, though the radicals will be willing to abolish the unit rule. It is probable the radicals will have a majority, and they will have the silent, brainy leadership of Hearst and the oratorical leadership of Bryan, which is a combination they have never before had. This will count for much. But the reorganizers are fighting for their very existence. They know that without the Democratic name and party machinery, their political life is ended. They are desperate. Should the convention put forth a radical platform and nominate Hearst, few of the politicians would bolt. The fate of the Gold Democrats in 1896 is sufficient warning. Hill knows that to take away his stock saying, "I am a Democrat," will strip him of his power. So, while a few of the more honest may go off, the mere politicians will stay, hoping for a turn of the wheel, but they will be shorn of their power to make deals.

This feeling is so strong that it may lead the reorganizers to attempt control by trickery, and, when they have once gotten it, to ride rough-shod over the regulars, even suppressing speeches. Of course, this would mean a bolt, and they would know it. Yet the feeling on each side has become more and more intense and bitter, so that this course is daily becoming more probable.

But it is different with the radicals. They do want control of the convention and of the Democratic machinery, but such control is not necessary to their existence. In fact, a few think that the formation of a new party by a large and effective bolt from the St. Louis convention would rid them of a lot of political hacks. They prefer Roosevelt to Hill, Gorman, Parker, Cleveland, Olney or any one of that stripe. They are perfectly willing to defeat the Democratic party if it does not have the platform and candidate satisfactory. In other words, they stand for principles. The reorganizers know this, and if they have a majority they will try to fool the other side because they know that success is impossible otherwise. But the radical sentiment is strong, and sees clearly and knows that it is growing stronger, and that the man who aids in cheating it will be turned down later.

If the reorganizers control, and try their smooth politics, nominating an unknown man like Parker, letting the radicals write a strong platform, I think the radicals will bolt. This will make Roosevelt's election a certainty. The old-line Democrats will carry nothing but the South, and though they will have a full campaign fund, it will probably be the last National campaign of the Democratic party, as the new and radical party will grow rapidly in the West and soon get a good following in both the Middle states and the East, and by 1908 it will be the second and perhaps the first party. There is no room in this country for the Republican party and an understudy of it. One party must be radical; if the Democratic party is not radical and truly democratic it will go out of existence.

But probably both sides will be so strong that neither can win with the two-thirds rule. There will be much maneuvering, considerable intrigue, and it may end in a drawn battle with, as in 1860, an adjournment and two or more Democratic conventions later. If so, the radical side will grow, even if the other has the bigger campaign fund.

A friend thinks that after some days of fruitless balloting, a large number will want to get home; that some one with powerful lungs, at the right moment, will rise and nominate Bryan, who will pro-

test, but that the convention will override him, and in the enthusiasm enough of the wavering ones will be swept over to give him the nomination. I think this would be a misfortune for the radicals, because Bryan does not really represent the growing radical sentiment. He would hold the Democratic party together, be defeated easily, and I am afraid that the radical sentiment unvoiced in either of the great parties would at first swell the vote of the Socialist party, and then finding no effective outlet there, would turn to violent and secret means. But I think that Bryan has the speaking ability to prevent such a nomination and the honesty to use that ability.

I look for much from the executive leadership of Hearst. Should it become evident to him that he could not be nominated, his influence and leadership will be strong enough to prevent the nomination of any one but a moderate radical.

If such an one or Hearst is nominated, there will be a good chance of his being elected. Six months ago, I would have said that Roosevelt's chances of being elected if nominated by the Republicans were 80 out of 100. He stood a larger chance of being defeated for the nomination by Hanna. But the Hearst sentiment has rapidly grown. And Roosevelt's chances against Hearst, if regularly nominated by the Democrats, are now not more than 60 or 65 out of 100. If the tide continues rising as it has, it will be a close election.

IV.

The Prohibition party is dead, but a few of the men at its head do not know it, and go through the forms of party activity. It is now an utterly negligible quantity.

The Socialist Labor party has been so virulently managed and so merged in the popular mind with the Socialist party that it, too, is no appreciable factor.

The Socialist party is more alive, but it is still so small that it, too, is a negligible quantity so far as this election is concerned. It has 20,000 paying members, which really means at least 200,000

voters, but what is this compared with the 13,000,000 voters in the country. Still, it represents principles and a class. And it will grow during the coming campaign. Its activity will be very valuable educationally and also to the Democratic party, as it will draw off the extremists and take away from the Democratic party the sting of being too far in advance of the people. It will perform for the Democratic party the same function that the Abolitionists performed for the Republican party in 1860. The Republicans then pointed to the Abolitionists and said: "We are not abolitionists." In the coming campaign, the Democrats can point to the Socialists and say: "We are not socialists."

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THE LATEST DECISION AT THE HAGUE.

SOME legal decisions are of importance because of the amounts, others because of the principles involved. Though the amount involved in the case of the "Allied Powers" *versus* the "Peace Powers," recently decided by the International Tribunal at The Hague was small, the principle involved in the decision thereof is one of vital importance. In fact it would be difficult to select a legal question the decision of which would affect more closely the peace, the happiness, and the progress of mankind.

The facts in the case are briefly these: Venezuela was indebted to several nations, and owing to internal revolutions she had not the money to pay these debts as they came due. Germany, England and Italy grew impatient and formed a coalition for the purpose of resorting to force in order to collect what they claimed was due them. Their combined navies proved superior to that of Venezuela, and after blockading certain of her ports and bombarding others their superior force induced the helpless Republic to sign a protocol providing for the payment of their claims out of her customs receipts. At this point the United States intervened diplomatically and secured an agreement upon the part of all the creditors of Venezuela to submit their claims to arbitration and to refer to the International Court at The Hague the question as to whether or not the Allied Powers should have a preference over the others in the payment of their claims. And it may not be out of place to stop long enough at this point to say that this triumph is among the most brilliant in American diplomacy. It increased the influence of The Hague tribunal and gave to it an opportunity to establish a precedent which would be of such usefulness to the nations of the earth as to make them debtors unto it for all coming time. That it did not avail itself of this opportunity was no fault of the United States.

It is evident from the above facts that the parties in interest before the Arbitration Boards at Caracas for the purpose of deter-

mining the amount of the claims were the several creditor-nations on the one hand and Venezuela on the other; but at The Hague the parties were those creditor-nations which had resorted to force against Venezuela and those which had not. To Venezuela it made no financial difference whether the Allied Powers secured a preference in the time of payment or whether they did not, as thirty per cent. of the customs receipts of two of her principal ports are to be applied to the payment of the debts in question until the same are extinguished.

As the Judges in the Court at The Hague do not sit permanently as do the judges of most courts, it became necessary to select for this case three from the list of those already nominated by the various nations. The selection was made by the Czar of Russia. He chose M. de Martens, Count Muravieff and Henri Lammasch, the first two being Russians and the third an Austrian. Count Muravieff was made chairman, and it was he who delivered the opinion of the Court.

The issue in the case before the Court was clearly this: Is a resort to force such a meritorious thing that it gives to the nation or nations resorting to it *early* a preferred standing in a Court created for the purpose of maintaining international peace and justice? The Allied Powers maintained the affirmative and the others, to wit: Holland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Mexico, Venezuela, France and the United States, maintained the negative of this issue. Never before has a law-suit included so many important nations as parties litigant.

It is difficult to see how a court established for the purpose of furthering the peace of the world could decide this issue in the affirmative and thus put a premium upon violence. But such was the decision of the court. A glance at the make-up of the committee of judges will help us somewhat in understanding the decision handed down by them. It is impossible for men, even when sitting as international arbitrators to divest themselves of inherited ideas and methods of thinking. The national ideas afloat in the atmosphere will permeate and become an indissoluble part of a man's mental equipment. It is therefore natural that

both the Russians and the Austrian should bring to the bench full-grown convictions as to the efficacy of force as a factor in the government of mankind and not equally enlarged conceptions as to the rights of weaker nations.

Undoubtedly the judges had the right to decide in accordance with their own convictions as to the law and equities in the case. But it is unfortunate that they could not have reached a different conclusion. Therefore it seems to us that it would have been better in the present instance to have selected judges from countries where the "mailed fist" is not quite so much an object of worship as it is in Russia and Austria. As the rules of the court render ineligible judges from those countries which are parties to the controversy the field from which judges could be chosen was very much narrowed in this case, yet it would still have been possible to choose them from such countries as Switzerland, Greece or Portugal, *i. e.*, from countries which would have the least incentive to render a decision which would exalt brute force over peaceful methods as a means for settling international controversies.

The most encouraging thing in connection with the decision is the almost universal disgust with which it has been received. A disgust which is not an outgrowth of a sense of loss due to the postponement of the time at which certain claims shall be paid, for the amounts are so small that the financial loss is felt to be inconsiderable, but arises rather from the fact that a peace court should have placed its seal of approval upon the methods of the swashbuckler and discourage in so far as it had the power to discourage a reliance upon the peaceful methods of diplomacy. Another encouraging feature is, that having agreed to submit the matter for arbitration there is no disposition not to abide by the award, notwithstanding the almost universal disapproval of its terms. This acquiescence rests upon the general conviction that even though a tribunal of justice may at times make mistakes, it is, upon the whole, preferable to the tribunal of arms.

Apologists for the decision attempt to justify it upon the ground of an analogy between the preferences given in courts of law to judgment-creditors over ordinary creditors and the preference

given in this case to the Allied Powers over the Peace Powers. At first blush this analogy seems sound. But let us examine it a little more closely. Whatever preference a judgment-creditor has over his fellow-creditors he has secured not by forcibly seizing his debtor by the throat or by seizing or destroying or threatening to seize or destroy his property and thus compelling him to sign an agreement under duress, but rather by virtue of the fact that he has submitted his claim for judicial adjudication and has in advance of his fellow-creditors established the fact that he has a valid claim. Had the Allied Powers secured an award from an arbitration tribunal while the other creditor-nations were doing nothing they could then with reason claim a preference in the payment of the the amounts due them. They would then stand in a position analogous to that of judgment-creditors. The giving of a preference as a reward for such a course of conduct would not be saying to the nations of the earth: If thy neighbor owe thee anything lose no time in proceeding against him with shot and shell lest some other nation anticipate thee and cause the payment of thy claim to be postponed until he shall have first been satisfied. In other words, it would not be promulgating the dangerous doctrine of shoot first and arbitrate afterwards.

If we were to admit that technically the law would permit of the decision rendered in the present case we should still be forced to insist that the equitable rights of the parties demanded a different decision. The court evidently took the view that it was a court of law only and not a court of equity as well. This is most unfortunate and will be especially so if it is followed as a precedent for future decisions. For, if this is not to be a court of equity as well as of common-law jurisdiction, what provision is left for equity jurisdiction in the field of international justice? If there is in municipal law need for a "correction of that in which the law by reason of its universality is inadequate," there is certainly an equal if not greater need for it in international law. Had the equities of the case been considered, the court would not have held the protocol of February 15th, executed under duress, a sufficient basis upon which to rest a decision, and particularly as one of the

conditions upon which the case was submitted to the court was that said protocol should not be considered binding. That such is the fact appears from an impartial study of the negotiations.

Viewing the case as a whole, this much is certain: that if adherence to the rules of international law necessitated the decision rendered in this case, then there is an imperative need of a conference of the nations to amend the law upon this point. For it is inconsistent and irrational to hold, as civilized nations do, that peace is a thing to be fostered and at the same time enforce a rule in a peace court which encourages a resort to war.

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THE MERGER TANGLE.

FOUR courses are usually open to judges dealing with the application of a statute, and sometimes a fifth line of action is available. An act may be enforced according to its letter, on the ground that the legislators meant just what they said; or according to a modified interpretation based on the idea that the legislature did not contemplate unreasonable consequences; or according to the concrete purpose of those who framed and passed the act, on the ground that the known legislative intent should govern throughout; or according to the underlying reason of the law as it presents itself to the judge, on the ground that the reason of the law is the law. If none of these methods of interpretation produces a conclusion satisfactory to the judge's sense of justice, he may find reason to declare the act unconstitutional, as against either the express provisions of the constitution, state or national, or against the fundamental principles underlying our constitutions and which they were made to enforce.

In the case of a well-drawn and carefully-reasoned law all methods of interpretation should lead to the same result, but clumsy legislation leads to divergence—the letter does not agree with the concrete purpose, nor either of these with the underlying reason that justifies legislation on the lines in question. It rarely happens, however, that the law gets into such a muddle as to lead to four or five different decisions on the same question in the same court. But this is the case with the recent merger decision in the United States Supreme Court.

The majority opinion, or rather the plurality opinion, in the Northern Securities Case, delivered by Justice Harlan and concurred in by Justices McKenna and Day, declares that the Sherman Anti-trust Act makes unlawful all contracts or combinations in restraint of trade among the States, whether the restraint is reasonable or unreasonable. Every agreement aiming at monopoly of any part of interstate commerce or tending to shut out competition

in such commerce, is void. The Northern Securities Merger did this, and therefore came within the prohibition of the Sherman Act.

Justice Brewer held that Congress must be presumed to have meant to outlaw only such contracts as are in *unreasonable* restraint of trade, but the Northern Securities, he thought, constituted an unreasonable restraint of interstate commerce and was within his interpretation of the law.

Justice Holmes said the statute was a penal act, and could not be held to punish as a crime what had always been lawful, unless such intent is expressed in clear words. He did not expect to hear that Mr. Morgan could be sent to jail for buying the majority of the stock in two or more railroads, and such purchases as an individual may lawfully make a corporation may be authorized to make. The act says nothing about competition. It covers contracts in restraint of trade, and these limit competition; but a contract may result in limiting competition, as in case of a fusion, and yet not be a contract in restraint of trade.

Justice White held that if the Sherman Act applied to the acquisition of the stock of two or more railways by an individual or a company, the enactment was beyond the power of Congress. The power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce does not extend to dictation of the ownership of properties engaged in interstate commerce.

Chief-Justice Fuller and Justice Peckham also dissented from the majority decision, but filed no separate opinions, though there were still one or two diverse lines of argument open to them.

Four for literal construction and enforcement; five against, but one of the five believing a liberal construction still covered the Northern Securities case; judgment went against the company by a vote of five to four.

The rules laid down by Justice Harlan in the plurality opinion would, if fully enforced, strike down every labor organization in the country that might in any way touch interstate commerce; every partnership, too, and every consolidation of competing plants even by individual purchase. When the facts are presented for decision, none of the judges will probably go to this limit. The

court has already held in the sugar case that the mere fact of ownership of refineries in various states by the same persons or company was not within the law. It would be startling indeed if it were held a criminal offence for a man or a company to own two or more factories or plants of any kind, whether in the same or different states; which affected in any way trade between the two states. Individual liberty must yield to the public good, and if it could be shown to be essential to the public good that ownership shall be limited to a single plant, I suppose the limitation might in time be enforced; but it would certainly take a long time to overcome the popular prejudice in favor of the right of any man to buy properties of the same or different kinds in the same or different states. The right of a state to authorize a corporation to make purchases that would be lawful for an individual to make is equally clear; and the right of the owners of various properties to form a partnership and manage the properties as partnership business can scarcely be doubted, either on the settled principles of the law or clear considerations of the public good. Yet such partnerships or purchases, whether by a company or an individual, seem clearly within both the letter and the spirit of the Sherman Act, where they result in the union under one management of sugar-refineries, rolling-mills, railroads, etc., which otherwise might compete with each other in interstate commerce; and such unions, ever growing larger and larger, tend to monopolies, the powers of which may be used to the great disadvantage of the public.

So we have this dilemma: On the one hand fundamental principles of property and contract leading to unions for economy and power, which involve monopoly and subject the people to oppression; on the other hand Federal and State legislation seeking to prevent this oppression by breaking up monopoly and union and fracturing the fundamentals of free contract and business organization.

No wonder the Supreme Court is shivered into fragments. It can hardly be considered its fault. The blame is with Congress, or rather with the lack of economic education of our people, in which lack Congress shares.

The union of railways, manufacturing plants, etc., is of the highest importance to civilization. It is part of the organization, integration, coördination of business. It means elimination of the wastes and debasements of competition. If the powers of the union are used in the public interest and its benefits duly diffused, it is a blessing of the first order. Legislative effort should be directed, therefore, not to the destruction of union and combination, but to the infusion of coöperative and public-spirited methods in their management, and the prevention of abuse. Combination will go on in one form or another, whatever Congress or Court may do. The movement is in obedience to the law of industrial gravitation and the growth of coördination. You cannot make men fight who have evolved to the stage of having sense enough to work together. But you can make them work together in accord with the public good, and when our legislators get wisdom enough to aim at this instead of at the destruction of combination, the solution of the trust problem and the railroad problem will be in sight.

In spite of its imperfections, the Sherman Act may be made useful, pending better legislation, by careful enforcement, personal penalties and all, not against combination *per se*, but against aggressive and evil-minded combinations. If the government would make it clearly understood that the law would be vigorously enforced against persons and companies watering or inflating capital, raising prices unduly, or keeping them too high, paying wages unduly low or ill-treating labor in any way, refusing to open their books to the inspection of public officers, or otherwise manifesting the spirit that has made monopolies in private hands obnoxious, while it has made equally clear that well-behaved combines would not be molested, the anti-trust law might accomplish a great deal of good. The discriminating use of a poor law may often secure much of the benefit to be obtained from the full use of a good law.

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THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

DAYS.

HESIOD wrote a poem which he called "Works and Days." If some sharp realist had asked Hesiod the question, What is a day? he would have thought the question too simple, almost, for a sober answer. But nobody has ever answered this simple question. The most shocking answer would be that a day is n't anything. It is one of an innumerable class of words which have not any content, and when we seek for a reality corresponding to the word we find a great many ideas none of which and no combination of which gives us a concrete counterpart which can stand alone and prove itself a thing. It dissipates itself into thoughts as we follow it in vain.

The astronomer will tell us that a day is one complete turn of the earth on its axis. But when does it begin and when does it end? Not only when, but where? When it is sunrise in Boston it is sunset in the Philippines. Perhaps that is why some of our Boston friends say they do not belong to us. We cannot make them agree with us in this flying conception, and the components of a day turn out to be parts of two. Then comes our great metaphysician, Professor Bowne, who, after Kant, tells us that time is not a reality; and the commission that tried him for heresy did not even notice this heterodox opinion. But if time is real we cannot hold it long enough to make a day of it. What confusion the laborers are in as to what constitutes a day! Hesiod did not know the cause of the divisions of day and night, and no doubt thought them two realities instead of one.

In the fall of 1844 I was living in the town of Dover, New Hampshire. The Miller doctrine reached its climax at this time. The day was fixed by the believers, and not the day only, but the hour. It was to be at twelve o'clock. But it is twelve o'clock somewhere all the time. Each meridian has its own twelve o'clock. Why should so great an event as the end of the world be appointed by

the time of day in a little town in New Hampshire? Nobody thought of that, so the event refused to come, greatly to the disappointment of scores of men who otherwise seemed sane and sensible.

A day seems to be an experience attendant upon the union of what we call one side of the earth facing the sun and the same side turned away from the sun, and these periods change according to the season of the year, but are always a changing quantity though the average may not change. We call this collocation a day and know well that the period is a special one for our earth. A day on Mars is different.

The complex effects with reference to us and our life in these local phenomena make the subject in part of the poem "Days."

Emerson says: "All good poetry is personification." So the phenomena called Days are personified, and by this rhetorical device of personification we will agree to treat a Day as if it were "somebody."

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days."

Time underlies the days as periods. The days come out of time as a sort of matrix or cause, and so may be called "daughters." I do not think the chivalric poet meant an unkind reflection on the sex when he calls these daughters "hypocritic." They deceive us because we like it and are willing to be deceived.

"A score of airy miles will smooth
Rough Monadnock to a gem."

The illusion and deception are true of space as well as time.

Owen Meredith has a poem by the argument of which a criminal is condemned to exile at the "Blue Hills." They travel with him from morning to night and at last reach the "Blue Hills," but the blue is gone. He looks back in the direction whence he came and sees the blue. What place is that? he asks. They tell him that is the place from which he started in the morning. Distance had given it the "azure hue," the blue, which Emerson uses as a type for this mendacity attending both time and space.

"O! poor dupe," he exclaims, "will you never slip out of the web of the master-juggler—never learn that as soon as the irrecoverable years have woven their 'blue' glory between to-day and us, these passing hours shall glitter and draw us as the wildest romance; and the homes of beauty and of poetry; how difficult to deal erect with them!"

"This element of illusion lends all its force to hide the value of present time."

"Behind us as we go all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do afar off."

"Sailing falsely in the sphere,
Hated mist of it comes near."

"People forget that it is the eye which makes the horizon and the rounding mind's eye which makes this or that man a type or representation of humanity, with the name of heroic saint."

"There is in woods and waters a certain enticement and flattery, together with a failure to yield a present satisfaction."

"The pine-tree, the river, the bank of flowers before him, does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere."

Time, like space, must have perspective.

"Is it that beauty can never be grasped, in persons and in landscapes equally inaccessible? The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven while he pursued her as a star. She cannot be heaven if she stoop to such a one as he."

Thus the days and the miles and beauty are "hypocritic." Emerson means this in the lines from his "Ode to Beauty":

"Thee gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind.
Thou eternal fugitive,
Hovering over all that live.

E'en the flowing azure air
Thou hast touched for my despair."

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes."

The dervish is a Turkish or Persian monk. He affects great poverty and an abstemious life and goes barefooted, but often in the rags and tatters of his miserable apparel he may conceal a priceless gem. This deception betters the simile and justifies the epithet of "hypocritic."

"And marching single in an endless file."

"Space gives the order of coëxistence and Time the order of succession," it has been said. We have seen that the days overlap when the whole planet is considered, but poetry does not mind this fact.

What do the days bring? They

"Bring diadems and fagots in their hands."

Diadems are symbols of the great gifts. Fagots are symbols of small gifts. Literally but few diadems are given, but by a figure of speech even diadems are often given. But many, alas! ask only for fagots. The very poor can go on any man's land and gather fagots.

"To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all."

We are still in figures of speech. Bread would mean much more than bread. Bread would imply everything which commands bread, as money and property generally. This by most people is considered the substantial gift of all. Money stands as the equivalent of things or commodities.

Kingdoms, as we have intimated, had better be interpreted as a large endowment of personal power, as by education, art, philosophy, poetry, science, and a commanding virtue.

What shall we think of as standing over against this word "stars"? Well, a conception, an ideal, an invention, may be thus designated. Emerson says: "It takes a long time to earn a hundred dollars, but a thought may come in a moment which makes the light of our lives." How gratefully we look back to the day which gives us such "stars," and the "tide that leads on to fortune" is often the choice of a moment.

"And sky that holds them all."

What will answer to this great all-enclosing gift so well as character? This embraces all choice and means "Bread, kingdoms, stars," in one term.

"I, in my pleached garden."

What shall we do with "pleached" and "garden"? Pleached, from pleach, to fold, lay or wind together; to unite by interweaving, as branches of trees. Thus Tennyson sings:

"Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
Bramble roses, faint and pale."

And Shakespeare speaks of a

"Pleached bower."

As applied to garden we may substitute neglected, and garden may mean the little sum of cares and duties, largely forgotten in the spectacle of the passing days, without object, purpose, aspiration, and with only the pleasure of the moment.

"Forgot my morning wishes."

This is a significant sentence. Our morning wishes are often large and high. We think in early life we shall strive for good things, and do not doubt we may attain to them. But some form of pleasure by the way draws us aside, and we "forget our morning wishes"—the garden is neglected, becomes a "pleached garden," and with

"Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all,"

we take only a few herbs and apples,—names for cheap, transient things, and the grand offers of the day are unheeded.

"We see young men who owe us a new world, so readily and lavishly they promise, but they never acquit the debt. They die young and dodge the account; or if they live they lose themselves in the crowd."

Emerson in "Works and Days" gives the prose version of the day:

"The new study of the Sanscrit has shown us the origin of the old names of God,—Dyaus, Deus, Zeus, Zeupater, Jupiter,—names of the sun, still recognizable through the modification of our vernacular words, importing that the Day is the Divine Power and Manifestation, and an indication that those ancient men in their attempts to express the Supreme Power of the universe called him the Day, and that this name was accepted by all the tribes."

"He only is rich who owns the day. There is no king, rich man, fairy, demon, who possesses such power as that. The days are ever divine as to the first Aryans. They are of the least pretentious and of the greatest capacity of anything that exists."

"They come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant and friendly party; but they say nothing; and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away."

"How the day fits itself to the mind, winds itself round it like a fine drapery, clothing all its fancies!"

"There are days when the great are near us, when there is no frown on their brow, no condescension even; when they take us by the hand, and we share their thought."

"The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and present time. They are majestically dressed, as if every god brought a thread to the skyey web."

"That work is ever the more pleasant to the imagination which is not now required. How wistfully, when we have promised to attend the working committee, we look at the distant hills and their seductions."

"And the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

It is well that something in the universe whips us with the scourge of scorn as we dream and dawdle with indifference while the days offer in vain their great but often unreturning gifts. And yet we get much, in spite of ourselves.

"If any of us knew what we were doing, or where we are going, then when we think we best know! We do not know to-day whether we are busy or idle. In times when we thought ourselves idle we have afterwards discovered that much was accomplished and much was begun in us. All our days are so unprofitable while they pass that 't is wonderful where or when we ever get any of this which we call wisdom, poetry, virtue. We never got it on any dated calendar

day. Some heavenly days must have been intercalated somewhere, like those that Hermes won with dice of the moon, that Osiris might be born. Men have learned of the horizon the art of perpetual retreating and reference."

"Divinity is behind our failures and follies also."

"The years teach much which the days never knew."

"No man ever came to a good which was satiating, but his good is tidings of a better. Onward and onward!"

"Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffer no savor of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus;
And turns the woe of Night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight."

We may always expect a great deal from the fermentation which "by its own craft" brings good out of seeming evil. This is by the "Celestial Bacchus."

We will close with a thought which emerges in a study of the "Song of Nature":

"Mine are the night and morning,
The pits of air, the gulf of space,
The sportive sun, the gibbous moon,
The innumerable days.

Time and Thought were my surveyors,
They laid their courses well,
They boiled the sea, and piled the layers
Of granite, marl and shell.

But he, the man-child glorious,—
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

My boreal lights leap upward,
Forthright my planets roll,
And still the man-child is not born,
The summit of the whole.

Must time and tide forever run?
Will never my winds go sleep in the west?
Will never my wheels which whirl the sun
And satellites have rest?

Too much of donning and doffing,
Too slow the rainbow fades,
I weary of my robe of snow,
My leaves and my cascades;

I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is played;
What without him is summer's pomp,
Or winter's frozen shade?

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate."

"The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile."

What are these events good for but for beauty? And what is beauty good for but for the man-child? He is the only creature that could greet them or miss them. They shine and gleam as predictions of his coming who alone will ever want them.

Why so much "donning and doffing"? The rainbow fades quickly, and yet too slowly for the impatient Nature. She will have the "summit of the whole." She will ask no more approximations, no more couriers coming only to the gate, and she says:

"Twice I have moulded an image,
And thrice outstretched my hand,
Made one of day and one of night
And one of the salt sea-sand."

What meaning can we find in these strange lines?

"Twice I have moulded an image."

Let us say these images are man and woman.

"Thrice outstretched my hand."

Can we not say that this third act is in the races of man and woman? In man and woman we have "twice" or two images. In three basal races we have the "thrice," and corresponding to this we have

"One of day and one of night
And one of the salt sea-sand."

Now we have said that day and night might have no cosmical or metaphysical content; they are not substance out of which anything could be made. I shall choose, therefore, to treat them as metaphors for color. Day stands accordingly for the white race. Night stands for the black race. No third race could be thought of as made of the salt sea-sand. This stands grammatically coördinate with day and night, and logically it must be also a metaphor for color. It would thus mean a mixed race—somehow a blending of the two first. These three races or colors are enough, with geographical and climatic modifications, to explain all the colors. The salt sea-sand would be yellow or tawny.

What gave Emerson this idea with regard to the races and colors?

Fifty years ago I spent an evening with Emerson, and as Emerson had used the term "New philosophy," which I had learned came from the Germans, I asked him where I could find some book in English which would tell me about the "New philosophy." He said the best book he knew of was a volume just published by J. B. Stallo and called *The Philosophy of Nature*. He spoke of Mr. Stallo with a great deal of admiration. He had come from Germany, his native land, when about twenty years old, had learned our language academically, and published his book when twenty-three. He was at this time professor of mathematics and chemistry in St. John's College, New York. I bought the book immediately, but for a long time the "Philosophy" was too much for me. I kept reading the book, however, because Emerson had recommended it. It so abounded in long words and was written in such a pedantic style that I sometimes gave passages of it as a burlesque on transcendentalism. Meeting Emerson two or three years after this time, I asked him about Stallo, and he told me that he had gone to Cin-

cinnati, where there were many Germans, and was doing well as a lawyer. He was for a long time known as Judge Stallo and played a prominent part in abolition agitations. Thirty-five years after this first book, he published another called *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Science* in a charming style, in which he expressed regret at having published the first book, saying it was written in his "intellectual infancy and when he was under the spell of Hegel's ontological reveries." I may add that in President Cleveland's first term he was sent as minister to Italy. He died two or three years ago. I write this to show how curiously we sometimes come by a fact. Mr. Stallo's last book is No. 38 in Appleton's "International Series." Now there is a foot-note in the old book which no doubt Emerson read but which I did not read for fifty years, and it throws some light on these four mystic lines in our poem. The foot-note in question may be found on page 325 of Mr. Stallo's first book.

Oken distributes mankind into five races: Ethiopian, Malay, American, Mongolian, Caucasian. In this he agrees with Blumenbach. These were first attempts at classification under concepts. So far as the order of their coming in time and their advance in civilization are concerned, C. G. Carus regards each race as following the course of the day, which is from East to West. The Ethiopian he calls the Nocturnal race; the Malay or Mongolian he calls the Matutinal race; the Caucasian he calls the Diurnal race; the American he calls the Vesperian race. For the purpose of a history of civilization the division adopted in a recent work by Gustave Klemm, says Stallo, appears to be highly appropriate. It is simply that into an active and a passive race, the active race embracing only the Caucasian race, marked by restless activity, aspiration, progress and the spirit of doubt and inquiry; the passive division comprising all the remaining races, which are marked by an absence of or an inferiority in these traits, and by a colored skin. This does not hit the Japanese of to-day. The American, he thinks, may well be called the Vesperian or evening-twilight race.

All this I find in Stallo's book, which was presumably well read by Emerson.

Now Emerson improves upon and simplifies this in his terms of "day," "night," and "the salt sea-sand." Instead of four or five classes, he has only three corresponding to his lines:

"Twice I have moulded an image,
And thrice outstretched my hand,
Made one of day and one of night
And one of the salt sea-sand."

Why two twilights as symbols of color? Is not twilight the same morning and evening? And is twilight a color, save on Goethe's mistaken notion that color is made of light and darkness? Goethe lost his temper in trying to maintain this opinion in opposition to Newton's theory of light.

Nature in Emerson's song has now arrived at man and woman, and at three races of man and woman. Now she would sing of individuals under a race:

"One in a Judæan manger,
And one by Avon stream,
One over against the mouths of Nile,
And one in the Academe."

It is generally thought that by

"One over against the mouths of Nile,"

Emerson meant Homer, and we do not know but that he did. We should rather say Moses, one of the most colossal and richly-endowed men of the early ages of history. Homer was only a poet. We do not know what he was as a total personality. "Over against the mouths of Nile" would describe the Land of Goshen, the portion of Egypt assigned the Israelites, to which people Moses belonged. In the interest of variety we do not like that two of these ideals should be poets, and that two should be found in Greece.

CHARLES MALLOY.

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A HEBREW PROPHET OF SOCIAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

IN 760 B. C., when Amos, the first of the Hebrew literary prophets, appeared at Bethel, the kingdoms of Judah and of Israel had existed for about one hundred and eighty years. Judah had two centuries more to live; Israel not quite forty years. Azariah (Uzziah) was on the throne of Judah while Jereboam II. ruled over Israel. Under their royal leadership the two kingdoms had enjoyed great material prosperity. Trade everywhere followed the victorious flag of the Hebrews. Since the days of Solomon there had not been such an expansion of territorial domain, accompanied by such a development of domestic resources. The grim and terrible figure of the Assyrian was not greatly feared for the attention of the Assyrian monarchs had been diverted from the West by troubles in the far East. True, the Assyrian hosts had been battering at the walls of Damascus for many years but the thoughtless Hebrews would welcome the fall of their hereditary foe; the far-seeing prophets, however, knew that the fall of Damascus meant the destruction of the last barrier between Israel and the Assyrian armies. One hundred years before the time of Amos, Jehu had paid tribute to Shalmaneser II., but the self-confident and prosperous Hebrews paid no heed to this and other omens of impending disaster.

There was one man who viewed the political, social and religious state of Israel stripped of all glamour and delusions. He was not deceived by the ephemeral glory of a corrupted and dying nation. This man was not a priest, charged with the solemn responsibility of guiding the moral life of the nation. He was not a statesman whose duty it is to lead the people in the paths of political integrity. He was not a teacher whose function is to prepare the youth for self-sacrificing citizenship. Strange how often the professed leaders of a nation fail her in the hour of direst need! The man who stepped forth from the ranks of the deluded worshippers of a false ideal to speak God's truth to a soul-starved nation was a shepherd

and a tender of sycamore trees. Jahweh took him from behind the flock, filled his soul with a love of righteousness and justice, opened his eyes to the true condition of the church and of the government and sent him forth to arouse the conscience of the imperiled nation. He was the first great Hebrew seer to escape the seductive enchantments of a prosperity founded upon oppression and falsehood.

Having shown that Jahweh was the author of the doom to fall upon the Syrians, Philistines, Ammonites, Moabites and other surrounding peoples, Amos declares that the same God who would inflict punishment upon pagan nations for their sins would not spare His chosen people who sinned against the light and abused their privileges. There is no talk of sin in the abstract or languid denunciations of the sins of men long dead. Undismayed by the enmity of priests and princes, scorning to gain a cheap popularity by flattering the wicked prosperous, never employing flippant and vulgarly sensational language to attract attention, the noble man of God addresses himself with a serious appreciation of his solemn calling and a quiet dignity to the task before him. He lays bare the corruption of the times. He pleads with manly earnestness for needed reforms. He threatens the evil-doers in words that still arouse the soul.

Summarizing the various indictments upon which the prophet based his predictions of coming disaster we have the following picture of the times in which Amos lived:

The poor were robbed to make the rich richer. There was no mercy displayed to the overtaxed peasant. The righteous were sold for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes, which probably means that the guiltless and the unfortunate were unable to obtain justice in the courts, owing to the prevalence of bribery. The rich reclined beside the altars of religion on the garments of the poor, taken in pledges. Violence and oppression were substituted for justice and mercy. Reformers were scorned and the truth-speaker hated. Greed and dishonesty characterized business. While outwardly observing the Sabbath and other holy days the merchants

secretly grumbled at these temporary checks to their increasing profits. "When will the new moon be gone," they cried, "that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat?" Like many a modern worshiper their thoughts roamed from the house of prayer, loathe to leave the arenas of commercial struggle. Balances and measures were tampered with. By these and other practices did the rich increase their gains.

The common people were crushed by taxes to support the idle nobles. Living in houses of hewn stone, anointed with the choicest oils, dining on the finest lamb, the rich gave no heed to the affliction of Joseph. Recklessly indifferent to the moral consequences of their misdeeds they abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of their ill-gotten treasures.

This deplorable social and political condition was made worse by the low state of religion. The privileged classes, including the priests, fanatically believed that Jahweh, their special patron, was pleased with their sacrifices and religious forms, and was pledged to defend them against all foes. They pointed to their ritualistic observances and to their desire for the day of the Lord as proof of their religious zeal and their faith in Jahweh. So the prophet Amos proceeds to open their eyes by declaring to them the true nature of God and of his claims upon His people. God, the Creator, was a righteous God who demanded righteousness of those who profess to believe in Him. But Israel was not righteous. She was basely ungrateful to the God who had ordained prophets to teach them and Nazarites to serve as object-lessons of purity and self-control. But degenerate Israel had made the Nazarites to drink wine and had forbidden the prophets to teach. What greater crime against God can any nation commit than that of despising its true saviors.

When the people answered these charges by pointing to their love of religious ceremonies—their zealous churchmanship, it might be termed—as proof of their fidelity to God, the indignation of the prophet knows no bounds. He breaks out in those memorable words, which forever stand as a rebuke to the religious formalist of every age, whatever his creed may be: "I hate, I despise your feasts, and I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies. Yea, though

ye offer me your burnt offerings, your meal offerings, I will not accept them; neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of your songs; for I will not hear the melody of your viols. But let judgment roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." Ridiculing the false zeal of the sensualist and the oppressor, who boasts of his delight in church services, the prophet ironically cries: "Come to Bethel and transgress; to Gilgal, and multiply transgression, and bring your sacrifices every morning, and your tithes every three days . . . for this liketh you, O ye children of Israel, saith the Lord God." So sacrifice and ritualism are of no value in themselves. As the expression of true faith and the normal product of a truly righteous life, worship is pleasing to God, but when ceremonies and tithes are substituted for social and individual righteousness, the Holy God spurns the praise and the offerings. It is as if the prophet should thus address the modern Christian: "It is no recommendation to divine favor that a man believes in Christ instead of Buddha or Confucius, or that he pays his pew-rent in a Christian church instead of supporting a pagan temple. The vital question is what does his faith in Christ mean? What does it make of the man as a politician, a business-man, a father, a citizen, a teacher or a minister? Does he make the Gospel of Christ the rule of his life?"

In view of the sins of the people, Amos declares that God, weary of the pomp of ritual and the social injustice of the land, will destroy the nation. With a heavy heart he sings:

"Fallen, never to rise,
Is the virgin Israel.
Prostrate upon her soil she lies;
There is none to raise her."

The prophet laid down the principle that a nation should learn by the experiences of the past and from the ruin which had overtaken other nations for their sins. One is reminded of Carlyle's striking comment on the French Revolution: "And Hell, very truly Hell, had power over God's upper earth for a season. The cruellest Portent that has risen into created Space these ten centuries; let us

hail it, with awe-struck repentant hearts as the voice once more of a God, though of one in wrath. Blessed be the God's voice; for It is true, and Falsehoods have to cease before it." Israel, the prophet pointed out, had had many warnings; she heeded none of them.

All the evidence we have is that the one man who should have heard Amos with a repentant heart set himself against the prophet. Amaziah, the high-priest of Bethel, sent a messenger to Jereboam charging Amos with treason. The only man who has the truth which can save the nation is charged with conspiracy against the government by the sworn priest of God. Amos is the troubler of Israel. Amos is the disturber of social peace and the fomenter of social discontent. It is an old, old charge, heard again and again in our own time. One recalls the story of Ahab and Elijah. Although Ahab was leading the nation to ruin, yet when he meets the prophet who was trying to save the people, he asks: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

Amos replies to the high-priest: "I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet—no professional preacher am I. God took me, a simple herdsman from behind the flock, gave me a message and I have delivered it." So with a solemn prediction of disaster for Amaziah and his wife, as well as for Israel, the weary prophet goes home to write down his utterances that future generations may judge between him and the corrupt rulers of Israel.

The prophet was dominated by the conviction that he owed allegiance to none but God and therefore, no matter how disagreeable and unpalatable were the truths God gave him to proclaim he could not soften his message to suit the taste of a corrupt nation. In an easy-going age the preacher of righteousness is sorely tempted to shirk the solemn responsibilities of his office. As Tolstoi says: "There are so many ties." The church of to-day is confronted by the same spirit of worldliness and formalism which disgraced and ruined the people of God in ancient Samaria. The desire for ecclesiastical preferment, for popularity with the worshipers of conventionalism, the dread of being classed with social agitators, and a natural love of ease are temptations assailing the preacher of a gospel of sacrifice and equality.

As G. A. Smith says in his *Isaiah*: "Men who drift into the ministry, as it is certain many do, become mere ecclesiastical flotsam and jetsam, incapable of giving carriage to any soul across the waters of this life, uncertain of their own arrival anywhere, and of all the waste of their own generation, the most patent and disgraceful. God will have no driftwood for His sacrifices, no drift-men for his ministry. Self-consecration is the beginning of service, and a sense of our own freedom and our own responsibility is an indispensable element in the act of consecration."

A second lesson is that Amos did not denounce the rich merely because they are rich. It was the corrupt means by which riches were acquired and the indifference of the rich to the needs of the poor which aroused his righteous wrath. Thomas B. Reed remarked once: "When I walk up Fifth avenue in New York, and see the long rows of magnificent palaces I have a feeling which some people call political economy but which I know is downright envy." It is easy to mistake envy for sympathy with the poor. There is a tendency in many quarters to indulge in an unreasoning and indiscriminate abuse of rich men which can surely avail nothing in the cause of social reform.

But when it is established that many rich men are employing corrupt means to promote their own interests, as has been proved in the suits against several of the great corporations of our time, the minister of God has no moral right to hide behind the specious plea that it is his duty to stick to the simple gospel of Christ. Oh, if he only would! Amos contended in specific terms that no man had a right to steal, to bribe, to oppress the poor. He did not deal in glittering generalities which leave the conscience of the hearer undisturbed and enable the preacher to keep on the best of terms with everyone. He preached to his own age on the sins of his own age in the most simple, direct and forceful way.

Thirdly, Amos was a social reformer with a remedy. Some one has said: "When I hear a public speaker propose a remedy for the ills of society, I feel like moving to adjourn." Yet Amos had a remedy, one that went to the heart of the matter. He found the root of sin in the characters of men. His remedy was a vital

and genuine faith in God, and in God's laws as the rule of life. Changes in institutions and laws are not to be despised as agencies for the promotion of the social well-being of men, and yet many of these changes are advocated as panaceas for all our social diseases, when, after all, they are powerless to reach the seat of the trouble. Tariff reform, woman's suffrage, direct legislation, prohibition, ballot reform, civil service—all may be good enough in their way—but if the characters of men remain untouched all such reforms will prove to be most disappointing. Human nature is much the same in the poor as in the rich. The disheartening revelations of corruption among the labor-leaders of New York, and the astounding reports concerning alliances between trade-unions and employers in Chicago, for the purpose of acquiring an unjust monopoly, to the detriment of the people at large, are instances of the fact that social and political problems are often, if not always, at bottom, moral problems, and of the further fact that workingmen need ethical instruction as well as the employers. The need of the hour is constructive work, not so much what is popularly known as reform. "A fence at the top of a precipice is better than an ambulance at the bottom" is a truth that should be understood by the whole people. Beginning with the children, character of the nation must be built up on a firm ethical foundation. It is not the spasmodic uprising of the people against corruptionists so much as the quiet, daily work of faithful, honest teachers, preachers, and literary men and women, that tends to create a truly patriotic and righteous character. Grant that cunningly-devised industrial plans enrich the nation beyond the fairest dreams of antiquity, in what respect are we benefited if sensuality, bribery, social injustice and selfishness are everywhere active. An intellect dedicated to God and to humanity, a spirit of love and of justice, loyalty to ethical ideals, these are the only effective bulwarks against national decay. Ballot-laws will be evaded or broken, factory legislation will be inadequately enforced, improved city charters will prove useless, unless along with the striving for and the attainment of these reforms there is carried on a broad, and soundly ethical religious instruction. President Hadley never said a truer thing than this: "It must be

constantly borne in mind that the training of a free citizen is not so much a development of certain lines of knowledge as development of certain essential qualities of character and habits of action. Courage, discipline and loftiness of purpose are the things really necessary for maintaining a free government. If a citizen possesses these qualities of character he will acquire the knowledge which is essential to the conduct of the country's institutions and to the reform of the abuses which may arise. If he does not possess these qualities his political learning and that of his fellowmen will not save the State from destruction." This is only another way of stating the nation's greatest need. To heed this counsel all men and women of conscience who essay to lead others should imitate the example of Amos.

Strike at the roots of sin. Tell men the truth, lovingly to be sure, but tell it!

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THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURE.

IT is usual to be largely influenced by a few general impressions, and, all too likely, they are not correct ones. This, for instance: We let bird-song stand for merriment, blossoms for magic; the new earth, green, gay, musical, for meditation. So, at least, thought tends in laughing May, and later when the last act ends and the curtain drops, we think that we have only silence for sound; bare trees for verdure; frost-bound water for the flowing brook; ground as rock where had been yielding sod; death where all was life; summer, a pleasant memory; winter, a solemn fact. So much for hasty generalization. Is it all really true? Did we but know it, Nature has a vast fund of mid-winter mirth, and ours the fault if she keeps it to herself. She shares it, if we ask. She never knocks at our door and cries, "Come out!" but going of our own initiative, she always smiles a welcome. She only laughs at our folly when we turn our backs upon her. One cold, January day, my friend found twenty species of birds, and eleven of them were singing. The art of knowing our own homes is not sufficiently cultivated. Those surroundings must indeed be dreary that are exhausted in a year. A home, properly explored, daily exhibits a new delight.

It is well to breathe the fresh air, but of little avail to beat it. It seems not enough, of late, to listen, to see, to catch the faint odor of flowers in the breeze, but the unattainable reason of it all must be had. It is most unfortunate. Howsoever busy a healthy-minded man may be, there come moments when he is the earnest advocate of ease, and the comfort he seeks is not confined to any one locality. No man can walk through the air to the top of a tree. He knows this, and makes no such attempt. Let it be brought home to him with equal force that he can only see with his own eyes, and he is thoroughly equipped to enjoy Nature. So sure as the cancerous growth of vain speculation attacks him, the possibility of enjoyment passes, and as the plague gains, the patient loses.

The rose is never so red as to him who sees the color only and joys in it. Why red and not blue; let it never occur to him. The song that enlivens the highway; let it be heard and echoed by a responsive heart. Forget all laws of music when out-of-doors. Be a child when Nature takes you by the hand. Walk by her side in wide-eyed wonder and be happy. We miss much when there is no longer mystery. It is as enjoyable to wonder as to know. When all is laid bare, we are still dissatisfied. The stars are brighter when seen by the naked eye than when viewed separately by a telescope. As stars, we wonder, but as suns and planets, we touch upon mathematics, and of all the childish fancies that were so dear to us we become ashamed. Verily, "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Hence my constant desire to give knowledge the slip, to dart around the corner when her back is turned and go a-fishing. I love best the world when trees are only trees, bushes are bushes, and every lesser growth a weed. There are times when our neglected natural self becomes overpoweringly assertive, when botany is a bugbear, and fishes are more than the *raison d'être* of ichthyology. Whether my friend admits this or not, it is true of him also. Life is hopelessly dreary when our pride leads us toward the unattainable. We smile at the child that cries for the moon, forgetting we do this at the zenith of our powers. Even in the acquisition of knowledge there comes a time when it is the very flower of wisdom to let well enough alone. Could the body withstand the strain, an unquenchable thirst for enlightenment would lead eventually to the mad-house. Death kindly interferes. The solution of many a problem is an ultra-mundane incident. Nature so intended, and all attempts to outwit her is barren of result; but happiness here is not a myth because the unclouded day is yet to dawn.

There is a definition of the word "dirt" not down in any dictionary. It is "delight." He who loves not to play in it misses a great deal. Speaking for myself, and I doubt not I voice the actual opinion of many another, it is positive torture to be forever so immaculate that even dust upon the shoes is a source of annoyance. Cleanli-

ness, I have heard, is akin to godliness, but one can roll in the dirt and yet keep very clean. If the cleanliness referred to by Bacon means freedom from the trickling sands or casual smirching by a bit of clay, then the saying is of little worth, for the earth and its inhabitants are too intimately associated by Nature to be ruthlessly torn apart, and for no better reason than the whim of a visionary. No ground was ever banned. Malediction reaches no farther than the lips that utter it.

Nature's wild-folk will not play their part, except in their own way. If an animal loves the swamps, we must take to the weeds and water to witness the creature's methods of passing the day. It is no more at home in a menagerie than man is in a balloon. Fishes have small use for mountain-tops. But inasmuch as we have far greater adaptability, there is less excuse for our ignorance of wild-life. It is not improbable, on the other hand, that most animals have a keener insight into average man than the latter has of, let me say, a mink or a muskrat. Said an old trapper to me recently: "There's a mink about here that gets the best of me every time. He knows a trap, and I can't put one where he do' n't see it."

Accepting these conditions as correctly stated, it would appear that the animal was so far observant of its surroundings that so marked an object as a steel-trap roused its suspicions, a degree of advanced cerebration hard to reconcile with the now popular idea that animals are nearer automata than sentient beings.

Hearing of animals as I heard this trapper speak of them, we see them in a new light. We feel an interest unfelt before. They are cunning, it appears, and so we must be wide-awake to catch them napping. Hereafter, their haunts are approached with greater expectation; but we had better not stop by the way to discuss the occupant's relative status in the intellectual world. We cannot argue the point with them who alone could tell us anything worth knowing, but only with ourselves or our neighbors, and weariness is the reward of vain disputation.

A wholesome feature of rational enjoyment is appreciation of the out-door world as a whole. It is always vexatious to particu-

larize, and, easy to begin, it is ever-difficult to stop. Even when avowedly commenced as a pastime, specialism becomes a task before we can end it. Let, then, the fact suffice that grass is green, and leave to your neighbor to discover that there are just six species of narrow-leaved plants growing in his door-yard. Let the green, sunny slope of the distant hill be a treasure in our eyes, and leave to others to wonder as to the tree-growths beyond their reach. Such homely interest is a true one because a natural one, and little need we care because it is sneered at as not scientific.

This keen, October morning, far be it from me to be concerned with the question of frost-action on foliage or the chemistry involved in the glowing red of distant maples. Truly, I feel no littleness because the landscape suggests handsome but time-worn furniture, with abundant marks of use that dim its pristine smartness.

The sincere lover of Nature need not be a naturalist, and if not as wise as Solomon, he is still more of a philosopher than a fool. If he does not draw in a new idea with every breath, he, at least, oxygenates his blood; rejuvenates his heart.

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TO ME, THE SOUND OF WEEPING.

TO ME, as I lay dreaming, across the flowers and the sunshine, came the sound of weeping, and I said:

"What is it?"

One who stood beside me made answer sadly:

"It is the voices of the children of men."

"Why do they weep?" I questioned. "Are they nungry?"

The Angel answered:

"They are fed."

"And clothed?" I asked.

She nodded silently.

"Why do they weep?" I insisted.

She made no answer but stood looking toward the sound, and in Her eyes I saw the patience of one who has waited long. Then She moved forward and I could but follow.

We walked through gardens and everywhere children of all ages were playing among the leaves and flowers and digging in the earth. And we watched them. And some there were who constantly pricked their hands on the brambles and bruised their heads against the trees; and they cried out in pain. And then I saw that the eyes of all were bandaged and that they could not see.

"Who has done this?" I cried with indignation.

The Angel made answer:

"Those who have the care of them. Look closer."

I bent to look close and I saw written across the bandages that closed their eyes the word "*Ignorance*."

"But why do not you——?" and I looked at her, expectantly.

She shook her head silently and sighed:

"It is useless."

So we walked on slowly, Her fair, white garments trailing along the grass and brushing the forms of the children; and they turned toward her, and one little fellow caught hold of Her robe and held it close to him. She smiled and bent to him and gently raised the

bandage from his eyes. Then, for his eyes had never known the light and it hurt them, he sprung to his feet and screamed.

Then I saw an Old Woman who came hobbling to the child, and when she saw the bandage lying on the ground she was very angry and she tied it on his head again and beat him.

And the child lay on the ground and sobbed, but he still held fast to the corner of Her garment and She, smiling, said:

"Some day he will know me."

And She passed on, leaving the white shred tightly clasped in his little hands.

Then I asked:

"Who is the Old Woman?"

The Angel answered:

"She is the care-taker of the children. Her name is Superstition."

"She did not see you?" I said.

"No; only the pure in heart can see me, and those that are unafraid."

Still we passed on and soon in a rosy bower we heard soft voices and my companion said:

"Listen!"

At a parting of two ways there stood a young maiden. Her slender form showed the soft roundness of womanhood, her lips were parted eagerly and her cheeks flushed. A comely youth held her hands in his and gently murmured:

"Come!"

But she shrank back. The eyes of both were bound but he drew her close and caressed her hair and she leaned against his shoulder and he whispered:

"Come!"

But the maiden trembled.

"I am afraid," she said, "I can not see."

The boy reassured her.

"Come away," he urged, "we will go to a new land, we will take the bonds from each other's eyes, we will be happy."

He kissed her lips and she clung to him and lost all fear. And in

her budding joy she laughed, a happy, careless laugh, like unto the lilt of a bird-song.

But upon them sprang the Old Woman and an Old Man who beat about him with a staff and belabored the youth till he ran away, while the Old Woman seized the maiden and scolded her, shaking her and crying:

"Shame! shame!"

We two stood watching, while a still fire burned in the eyes of the Angel and Her broad bosom swelled. And when those Guardians of the young had passed She went to the maiden where she knelt, her head bowed, all her fair face and neck flooded with dark crimson. The clutch of the Old Woman's bony fingers showed livid on her white arm, and the Angel knelt beside her and kissed the scar and put her arms about her. The girl whispered, "Love," but still she heard the voice of the Old Woman crying "Shame!" and she pressed her hands to her throbbing heart and all her young limbs quivered.

And as we passed on the Angel said, sadly:

"Some day Love will take the bandage from her eyes, but then——!"

"What then?" I asked, and She made no answer, but when I looked in her face I saw tears, pitying tears.

Then we heard an outcry and found a lithe, young stripling struggling with the Old Man. The young man's limbs were bare and his firm, fine muscles stood out in the stress of the struggle. He had torn the bandage from his head and in his eyes there gleamed the light of a high resolve. But the Old Man held in his withered limbs the iron strength of ages, and in his sunken eyes there burned the cruel light of Established Power. At last the youth broke from him, and seeing this the Angel gave a joyous cry, extending her arms but running down the path away from him. He saw Her and pursued Her, but when the Old Woman stood in his way he stopped to revile her and stone her, and as he left the path to drive her away the Angel stood sadly with drooping arms and bowed head. Then She passed on and I followed.

At length, near the outskirts of the garden, among weeds and

brambles, we heard a low moaning, and there lay upon the ground a young woman who seemed a pale sister of the rosy maid we had just passed. Her face was white and drawn and her eyes were dim with much weeping. She held a babe to her breast, and as it sucked she bent and kissed it, holding it close to her heart. Then she burst into tears and moaned and tore her hair and pushed the child from her, only to take it to her bosom again and fondle it.

A great compassion filled the face of the Angel and She dropped among the weeds beside them and gathered them both in her arms. The young mother looked up but could not see Her because of the fear in her heart, and she turned her head in shame and tried to cover her face with the tattered remnants of the bandage that had once blinded her. The Angel gently took it from her and flung it away. She soothed her and talked to her. And the mother nursed her babe and listened, and the Angel said:

"Poor child! poor child! Turn not from me for I am your best friend. Your lot has been bitter and hard but it has torn the bandage from your eyes and that is well. You have been outcast from the garden, do not seek to enter it again. Trust yourself and hold your child, your woman-child, ever close to your heart. Her eyes have not been bandaged, she will know me and you must teach her to love me. Rise now to your feet. I will ever be near you but you must save yourself, yourself and your woman-child. Follow this well-worn path. Many have followed it in tears, but many have learned to bless it. It leads to the humble cottage of a strong and noble woman whose name is Work. Make friends with her and she will help you to build for your child a home and a life far better than you have known."

The child smiled up at the Angel and the young mother rose. She stood straight and strong and stepped out firmly along the path. Mother-love and a purpose made her brave and she looked back and saw the Angel and waved her hand. And a great light filled the place where the Angel stood shining and stretching out her hands in blessing.

Again we passed on, while still the little children were weeping, and we came into the middle of the garden, and there, in a gloomy

cave half-filled with sepulchers and dead bones, we found the Guardians of the Young. The Old Man's garments were of an ancient fashion and they were worn and tattered and hung awkwardly about his shrunken form, but still he strutted up and down, bearing himself proudly and handling his staff as though it were a scepter. His name was Custom, and his grizzled hair and hoary beard proclaimed his great age.

The Old Woman, Superstition, sat on the ground beside a pile of ancient books. They were worn and moldy and eaten by worms, but she pored over them and moaned and beat her breast. Outside in the sunlight sang the birds and the Angel stood watching, while the crying of the children came to our ears, but still the Old Woman pored over her books. Her hair was matted, her gown was soiled and there were dark stains upon it, reddened stains, fearful to look upon. Her knotted hands closed and unclosed and her eyes looked hate.

The face of the Angel grew stern and She tore the rotten volume from the Old Woman and would have seized them all but a panic fell upon the pair. The Woman shrieked and threw herself upon her books, and the Man laid about him in the gloom and the cave rang with their terror.

The Angel turned away and stood again among the children, and the pain of their crying entered my heart and I said to the Angel:

"Their mother! Where is their mother?"

"She sleeps!" replied the Angel, and on Her face was written ineffable sadness. She pointed and I entered a noble mansion over the door of which was carved the word "*Home*." The rooms were lonely and empty save here and there a weeping child. Then I came to a spacious chamber where on a gilded couch, amid silken coverlets and pillows, lay a woman. And on the canopy above the bed was written in letters of gold the word "*Marriage*."

The woman, she who is the mother of men, slept. Her limbs were white and finely shaped but the muscles were soft and useless, and from her beautiful features had passed all life and vigor. On her arms and ankles were jeweled circlets and from them ran

slender golden chains of exquisite workmanship, which chained her to the couch.

"Who has done this?" I asked.

The Angel answered:

"Man has chained her, but she loves her chains."

She slept and in her slumber she tossed her limbs and the chains tinkled like little bells and she smiled, but sometimes as she moved the chains drew and cut into her delicate flesh and she cried out with the pain. But when she opened her eyes she changed her position so the chains no longer cut and she looked at the jewels about her wrists and she caressed them, smiling with pleasure, and lay dreaming, heavy with sleep.

"But her children!" I cried, "She does not love her children!"

"She loves them too much," replied the Angel.

As She spoke the woman raised herself on her round elbow and looked about her. The Angel drew near but she did not see Her. And the woman called:

"My children, O my children!"

Her voice was soft and sweet, and the children came about her and she clasped them to her and caressed and fondled them. She kissed their rosy limbs and smoothed down the bandages that covered their eyes and she whispered and cooed to them tenderly.

"My babes! My beautiful babes, whom I have borne and suckled. O you are fair, my sweet children!"

But the weeping of the others who cried in loneliness and fear she did not hear, for her ears were drunk with sleep. The youngest one she held to her bosom with his tiny head between her soft breasts, and the woman was content and she sank back among the pillows and slept.

The Angel turned wearily from the bedside.

"She has slept long!" I cried.

"Long!" replied the Angel.

"Will no one waken her?"

"No one can waken her. She loves to sleep. She is happy. She does not wish to waken."

The woman slept—slept in her softness and her beauty. And

everywhere the children, the little children, were crying, and the young men and maidens with their eyes bound stretched out vain hands for guidance. And the crying and the longing found no response save from those grizzled Guardians of the Young in the cave of the Past.

I wrung my hands.

"Will she *never* waken?" I cried.

"Some day!" said the Angel. "Some day she will waken and will know me, and she will rise up and will break her chains and take my hand and I will teach her. Some day, but not yet."

And the Angel waited, and in her face I saw again the patience of ages. Long I looked in her eyes and I saw the stress and storm of all the past, the pain, the slavery, the wrong. Long I looked in her eyes and I saw a great promise. I saw Love and Liberty and a great Light.

At the feet of the Angel I knelt.

"Who are you?" I breathed.

"Do not you know me, even you? My name is TRUTH!"

As I lay dreaming I awoke. And all about me was sunlight and bird-song, but in my heart forevermore I hear the weeping of the children of men.

ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

Montwait, Mass.

"OLE SWING-A-LOW."

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

THE wild grapes were in bloom, and from the Eastern side of the poor-house, where the rattling little shed served to keep both sun and weather from too free acquaintance with the keeper's doorstep, the purple wisteria, the old Virginia "Maiden's bower," hung in great masses of changeful purple, and lilac, and pale blue.

A dreary place was the poor-house, even with the wisteria doing its best to brighten things on the east side. For what could be the effort of one poor flower against a heap of human ruins? Ruins? Verily. What else is a poor-house *but* a heap of ruins? Ruins of health, of hopes, of beautiful affections, of dreams ended in despair, and of time that refuses to die and be no more. A poor-house! A pest-house of hopelessness and ingratitude. What a shame to great *Humanity* that such a place must needs be.

The odor of the wild grapes filled the woods and came floating in delicious sweetness across the meadow and into the open door of a cabin that stood to face the West, the purple wisteria on the shed, and the sunset beyond it all. In the cabin, propped in an old, rickety arm-chair, before the door, sat an old negro man. Snow-white his hair, surrounding a face whose ebon blackness showed with startling distinctness under its whiteness, and eyes, sunken and faded, but alive with a fire that age and poverty could neither kill nor subdue.

The old eyes were fixed upon the sunset, and as the great, red ball grew redder, and tipped more nearly to the horizon the old man leaned eagerly forward, until the yellow blanket slipped from the spare, spent body, disclosing a scarred black breast.

Suddenly, as the red ball quivered and shone, the old, black pauper lifted his hand upward; and, as though directing an audience, began to move his arm back and forth in rhythmic precision, and then, with sudden heroic strength began to sing:

"Swing-a-low, sweet chariy'ot,
Comin' fur ter cyar' me home!
Swing-a-low, sweet chariy'ot,
Comin' fur ter cyar' me home."

The poor-house keeper, crossing the yard with a visitor, caught the sound of the singing and stopped, laughing, to say to the gentleman at his side;

"Hear that? If old Swing-a-low aint the man you're after I miss my guess. He's been a boarder here long fo' I took charge, an' a more high-tone' 'ristocrat never walked the earth. I've had him whupped more nor once for insultin' the white paupers; callin' of 'em 'po'' white trash, an' such." And again the keeper laughed.

The visitor did not join in, or seem to notice the man's mirth; he was listening to the old pauper's song:

"I looked ober Jordin, en what'd I see?
Comin' fur ter cyar' me home,—
A ban' o' angels comin' fur me,
Comin' fur ter cyar' me home."

"Always talkin' about his 'folks';" the keeper went on to say; "an' allowin' they'd come fur him yit, an' fetch him away from here. Well, all I can say is, they've been a pow'ful time a-huntin' of him up."

"Yes," said the stranger, "a long time. But," and he sighed, "their reverses were scarcely less tragic than Uncle Ned's own. But he shall not be disappointed always, poor Uncle Ned. I should like to see this man you speak of."

"Certain; I was just goin' to explain. He takes curious notions sometimes, and may say funny things, you know. Talks about 'hidden treasure' an' all that. There's an old woman in there who has been right good ter him; washin' an' fixin' of him up. She talks right sharp, sometimes; but she's good to ole Swing-a-low."

The stranger paused:

"What is it you call him?"

"Swing-a-low; Ole Swing-a-low. Because of the song; he

sings it *eternally*; and directs a full meetin'-house in the chorus. It's plumb comical. But he *can* sing, *sure*."

And the keeper laughed; a loud, boisterous laugh, in which his companion did not join. At the threshold of the cabin they stopped, and the poor-house keeper lifted a finger:

"Hey! Listen!" said he.

"Well, den," and it was a woman's voice that spoke, "ef yo' folks so rich, why do n't dey come en fotch yer out o' dis ^hole?"

"Hey? What dat you say?"

"I say why do n't dey come en fotch yer out o' dis here hole? Ef I had any whi' folks left I'd fin' 'em, ef I had ter crawl dar on my knees. But mine done all daid, long 'go; en so I spec am yo'n."

"*Dat* dey aint," said the old man. "En dey'll come, some time. I's look'n' fur 'em *constant, constant*."

"You be daid fo' long."

"Hey? What dat?"

"You be daid fo' dey eber gits here, ef dey ain' come mighty soon."

A look of terror crept into the black face, as with sudden realization of his helplessness the old man half rose in his chair, sank back, and beckoned the woman to come to him.

What he was about to do was as the last effort of the drowning man reaching out for the straw.

"I knows," said he, "I knows dar's good in yer, 'ca'se you been good ter me. You's po' an' ole, en crippled wid de rheumatiz, but you's hobbled ober here ter wash fur me, en he'p me. En I gwine trus' yer wid de word fur my folks. When dey come, my ole Mis', Mis' Becky, or my young Marse William, you tell 'em ole Ned wait ez long ez de good Lord let him. En say dat ole Unc' Ned say, *dey got ter dig unner de yaller rose-bush*. Dat's all. '*Unner de yaller rose bush*;' en now let de congergashun sing."

He settled back into his chair, his mind again gone upon that strange, recurring blank, and the arm lifted to direct some visionary congregation of his youth in their old-time worship:

"Swing-a-low, sweet chariy'ot,—
Comin' fur ter cyar' me home."

The steps upon the threshold drew nearer; a shadow, and then a figure, came between the singer and the blood-red West where the "chariot of fire" swung low in the heavens.

The singer stopped, and with that nervous quickness characteristic of the very old of his race, demanded:

"Who dat?"

The man upon the threshold stopped before that august, black presence. He pushed the poor-house keeper aside, thrust him behind him, and with that reverential courtesy, half love, half awe, and which thrills alone in Southern blood, bared his head.

The faded eyes flashed interest; across the cobwebs of the brain the winds of memory were stirring lightly, lightly:

"Who dat? Marse William?"

The visitor stepped quickly to his side, and clasped in both his own an old black hand that hung against the poor-house blanket.

"Yes, Uncle Ned, please God, it *is*. And I have come at last, at last, to take you *home*."

The old man staggered half up, fell back, lifted both arms, hands high above his head, and shouted:

"I knowed it! I knowed dey-all not let me hab no *beggar buryin'*. Call de 'oman! Call de po'-house keeper! Let all de white trash know my folks am come. Rise, *all*! en' let de congergashun sing:

"Swing-a-l——"

"No, no, Uncle Ned; listen!——"

The negress deftly set a chair, into which the visitor dropped at the old man's side, and taking the black pauper's hand in his, tried to lead the wandering memory back to light:

"Uncle Ned, I am William, you know; young William, when you were with us, back at home. We have suffered many losses, else I should have found you sooner. But now—I promised Mother—you remember Mother, Uncle Ned, I know you do,—"

"Whar ole Mis' at?" said the old man. "Whar Mis' Becky at? I want see ole Mis'."

"Dead, Uncle Ned. Dead long ago."

"En aint nebber fin' dat money? Daid, en maybe think ole

Ned done stole hit. Fotch me my shoes; I gwine ter ole Mis'."

"Sit down, Uncle Ned," the patient, tearful voice of the master, full of its old-time influence, again penetrated the clouded brain, compelling obedience.

"Not for one moment did Mother ever doubt your honesty or your loyalty to her and hers. We hunted everywhere for the money that you and she had buried from the soldiers. She knew that someone spied upon you, and that you removed the treasure. She knew that you were taken out one night and beaten, and still refused to tell its hiding-place. You even refused to tell *her*, lest she should, out of pity for you, divulge the secret. And that you went away at last, to make them think you had stolen it, in order that it might be still more safe for her and us. We thought it might be you were dead. Mother thought so, for a long time. And she always said: 'If Ned's alive my fortune will yet come to light.' She believed it to the last moment of her life. There was nobody to lead the negroes in their singing after you ran away, Uncle Ned."

The old man chuckled, and tore at his shirt, with his thin, black fingers:

"Stropped me ter a tree," said he; "beat me till de blood run; scyars dar now, *all ober me*. But dey aint mek ole Ned tell. When dey done beat me all dey could, I mek lack I tell. En I lead 'm ter de place whar me en Mis' Beck' fus' berrid de jar. En hit 'uz gone. I 'ten' lack dey-all done stole hit. He, he! Ole Ned fool 'em. You tell ole Mis' de jar o' gol' *at de root o' de yaller rose-bush* in de gyarden,—sh-h! do n't let none dese po' white trash hear. You tell Mis' Beck'—"

"Oh, Uncle Ned, we found it long ago: every dollar safe. God bless you, it was this that gave us heart to try to live again after the four years' terror. Every dollar of Mother's money that you buried; six thousand in yellow gold."

The old face beamed, strangely pitiful in its mingling of helplessness and devoted anxiety:

"You done foun' ole Mis' money?" said he.

"Every yellow dollar, *yes*."

"Ole Mis' know 'bout dat?"

The visitor sighed, and ran his hand across his eyes:

"Yes; she is dead now, but she knew that you were alive. Someone had brought us news of you in Alabama, from which place I tracked you here again. Mother knew you were alive; and the last night of her life she called me to her bed and made me promise to hunt you up and bring you home, and care for you till you died; and then to bury you with the rest of us at home. And now, please God, I am going to do it. When can he go, Mr. Sanders?"

The poor-house keeper stepped forward, not sorry to be let into their notice again. Said he:

"The 'pore-doctor' said he would be dead 'g'inst Chuseday: this here's Chuseday."

"Dead or alive, he's going," declared the visitor, and rose, as the negress hobbled up.

"He kin start eny time, Marster," said she. "I done dress him in his bes' shirt, en he aint got mighty long ter wait. He been waitin' mighty heap o' years enyhow; en he been mighty homesick, en skeered o' bein' berrid lack a beggar. It's mos' night now, en he's sort o' po'ly; but in de mawnin' Ole Swing-a-low c'u'd go."

"So be it, then," said the master. "Do you have him ready, Aunt, and I'll come with a carriage, by eight o'clock. I'll come early; and if nothing else can be done he shall die and be buried at home."

But early as he was, the master and his carriage were too late: another Master and another chariot called at the poor-house hut that night; called for Old Swing-a-low. They heard him singing in the night, they said—a man's voice, strong and brave, and beautiful, ringing out upon the silence. The negress had crept to his door to listen:

*"I looked ober Jordin, en what did I see?
Comin' fur ter cyar' me home:
A ban' o' angels comin' fur me,
Comin' fur ter cyar' me home.*

Swing-a-low, sweet chariy'ot,—"

The woman went to wake the keeper, but when they came into

the place the old, black face, wearing its crown of snow-white hair and a smile of peace ecstatic, lay back against the poor-house pillow—dead. But those who had heard him in the night, declare, to this hour, that the soul of Old Swing-a-low went out to meet the morning *in a chariot of fire*.

The other master came too late; but the proud, old dust, he swore, should have its honored burial.

And forth from the poor-house gate they bore him, to rest with those whom he had loved, and served, and suffered for.

Side by side, the black slave and the master.

And they say that never white man had a prouder funeral.

EDITORIALS.

AUTOCRATIC AND BUREAUCRATIC USURPATIONS OF LEGISLATIVE FUNCTIONS BY EXECUTIVE OFFICIALS.

THE QUESTIONS involved in some recent acts and rulings of great departments or bureaux of the national government are so far-reaching and fundamental in character that they challenge the attention of every thoughtful citizen and call for the widest discussion and the most serious consideration. The supreme peril of a republic lies in the lethargy of her citizens, especially when the public eye is centered on some great problem or issue; for then despotism, personal ambition or sordid self-interest insidiously steal to the seats of power. It was when our nation was in the throes of the most terrible of modern internecine struggles that corporate power in many directions, and most notably as it related to the control of the nation's great highways, gained a sinister hold upon the government—a hold that has steadily grown with advancing years, until to-day it laughs at the attempts of the people to curb its unjust aggressions; while great departments of government seem powerless when not complacent in the presence of injustice, extortion and the exploitation of millions for the benefit of scores.

The hope of free institutions is ever dependent on the jealous watchfulness of the units that make up the State. History bears witness to the solemn fact that once let the citizens of a republic fall asleep, and one of three influences destructive to free institutions enters the citadels of authority. It may be the sword of force, the sinister figure of a dictator—a Sforza for example; it may be the cunning of wealth, that subtly and stealthily invades the body politic and binds the sleeping Samson ere he knows his enemies are upon him, as did the Medician family bind the republic of Florence and become absolute despots while preserving all the machinery and paraphernalia of a republican government, and without seeming to govern; or it may be the steady growth of arrogated and unconstitutional power and the extension in authority of officialism, or the rise of that most fatal form of despotism—bureaucracy, until the people's servants assume to be their masters, and instead of seeking to faithfully carry forward their wishes, they issue ukases or rulings that are alike contrary to the expressed

wish of the sovereign people and prejudicial to the best interests of free and enlightened government.

Friends of republican government who have made a study of the history of democratic experiments in the past know that one of the most deadly perils to free institutions lies in the gradual usurpation of powers by executive officers or by bureaux or departments, which belong by right to coördinate branches of government. Precedents seemingly harmless have frequently been established by short-sighted officials who, lacking in the broad vision of true statesmen and in a knowledge of the philosophy of history, initiated or sanctioned innovations, little dreaming of the evil that would result from the precedents they established in the hands of more ambitious, reckless and unscrupulous successors. And the fact that an official may enjoy the confidence of the people to such an extent that they regard him as intentionally honest and right-minded, only makes his departure from the spirit and letter of popular democratic constitutions all the more dangerous, as his successors, when going still further, will invariably seek justification by citing the precedents of the better man who took the first wrong step, even though he may not have actually violated the rights of coördinate departments of government.

The recent assumption of legislative authority by a great department of the Federal government, with the sanction of the President, which has alarmed the thoughtful and patriotic friends of the republic and has called forth so many able protests against this imperialistic and reactionary course, is by no means the first instance of the deliberate usurpation of legislative functions by the executive departments of the Federal government that has marked the administrations of Mr. McKinley and his successor, as we shall presently see. But as is always the case, the success that has attended the usurpation of autocratic power in other instances has emboldened the friends of arbitrary and bureaucratic government to still more flagrant assumptions of power.

In the recent ruling of the Secretary of the Interior, under the direction of the President, the unconstitutional, unwarranted and dangerous assumptions of power by executive branches of government, which were inaugurated by the Post-office department three years ago, are extended to another department, while the usurpation is if possible more flagrant. Every possible attempt has been made by apologists for the President to justify his action and to confuse the real issue and cloud the fundamental principles involved in this last arbitrary ruling. It is declared that the result is ben-

efficient and just, as if that had anything whatever to do with the right of the President to do or to sanction any act that belongs to the legislative and not to the executive department of the government and which has always heretofore been recognized as belonging to the law-makers. On this point the editor of the *Boston Herald* makes some wise observations. He characterizes the effort "to make by executive rulings a law on the subject which Congress has not enacted—has in fact deliberately and persistently refused to enact," "as unwarranted, arbitrary and dangerous usurpation of authority." Continuing, he says:*

"There was a lawful way for all deserving veterans disabled in any degree from earning a living by manual labor to obtain a pension. The administration has abandoned the method prescribed by law and substituted another for which there is no definite law.

"We regard this course as a dangerous precedent in respect of other matters than pensions, quite irrespective of the question whether the thing done is, or is not, wise in itself. It is for the law-making authority, not for the executive authority, to say whether or not it is wise and just to substitute an age basis, instead of an actual disability basis, for the granting of a pension, and especially when, as in this case, the substitution involves expenditure of many extra millions of the peoples' money. There is no more propriety in the President's determination of his own will and discretion that Civil-war veterans, on arriving at a certain age, shall receive a certain pension, whether or not they are actually disabled, because such a law was once made for another class of war veterans, than there would be in the proclamation by the executive, in the absence of express law, that the Spanish-war veterans shall receive a service-pension, at a certain age, whether or not Congress shall have passed a law providing for it. It is a confusion of the functions of two departments of government which the genius of our institutions and the organic constitution of our form of government decree to be distinct and separate.

"The executive department of the government, not Congress, has undertaken to say that Civil-war veterans who suffered no harm during, or on account of, their service and are abundantly able to earn a living by manual labor, and are doing it, may draw the same pension as those who are partially or wholly disabled; that those who were unharmed in the service and do not depend on manual labor or on any labor for their support shall receive as much as those who are poor and sick and dependent; that the treasury may be drawn upon for from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000 annually for an indefinite period for a purpose not specifically defined by law."

No braver or more important warning has been heard in the House of Representatives in recent years than was uttered on April 9th by Bourke

* *Boston Herald*, March 28, 1904.

Cockran. His words were not those of a partisan or of a shallow opportunist, but rather the plea of a statesman who is broad-visioned enough to see the meaning and the inevitable result of this assault upon one of the principal bulwarks of free government. So important is the thought he voiced at the present crisis in the history of our government that we give below some extracts, hoping that the solemn warning may fall on the ear of every thoughtful reader as the sound of an alarm-bell in midnight's solemn hour:

"That I have not exaggerated the importance of this attack upon our dignity and upon our privileges I think will be made most clearly apparent by a bald statement of the administration act which this resolution questions.

"A bill was introduced in the House by Mr. Sulloway, which proposed that any person who had served ninety days in the army or in the navy during the war of the Rebellion, and who had reached the age of sixty-two years, should become entitled to a pension of eight dollars a month. Every one who had become sixty-six years of age should be entitled to ten dollars a month, and every one who had reached the age of seventy years should be entitled to a pension at the rate of twelve dollars a month.

"This measure the House declined, or at least failed to enact, and thereupon the Secretary of the Interior, by an order dated March 15, 1904, decreed that the terms proposed by this measure, which the House did not enact, should nevertheless govern the Pension Department, and moneys are now being actually paid out of the treasury without the slightest warrant of authority from this House or from the Congress of the United States.

"I want it to be understood at the outset that I have no disposition to question the propriety of paying liberal pensions to veterans of the late war. I want to see generous provisions made for their declining years, but I do insist, and I hope this House will insist, that whatever provision be made for the veterans of the war shall be made by the Congress of the United States and not by any self-constituted authority.

"I would prefer to see every veteran of the war enjoying a pension of a thousand dollars a day, if it were voted to him lawfully by the Congress of the United States, rather than to see him draw one dollar in defiance of law by a usurpation of our authority in behalf of any executive officer—in behalf, in this instance, not of the chief executive, but of a deputy of one of his deputies.

"It is proper that I should state here the justification which the Secretary of the Interior has seen fit to offer for his action. His course was challenged by a resolution of the Senate, and in his letter to the President *pro tem.* of the Senate he sends a copy of the order issued by the Commissioner of Pensions, and pleads in justification of it, first, that it was authorized by a precedent of the House in 1898, and secondly, that it does not constitute

an appropriation of money, but an interpretation of an appropriation already made by the Congress of the United States.

"The thing which the Constitution has provided is that the purse shall be under the sole control of Congress. The thing which is done by this order is the opening of the purse and a lavish distribution of its contents, not by this body, but by an executive officer.

"If this order be tolerated without protest by this House, I ask what power is there left to us that an executive officer cannot usurp?

"In paragraph three I find these words: 'This order shall take effect March 13, 1904, and shall not be deemed retroactive.' How can interpretation be limited in time? By what principles of interpretation can any man declare that the meaning of a word shall be limited, not by its own inherent character, but by his order?

"An attempt to decree meaning is legislation. There is no power on earth that can decree meaning to a word except the sovereign power that enacts a law.

"Interpretation of a statute is not different from the interpretation of a physical law. Could Newton undertake to claim that he could limit the law of gravitation for the apple he saw fall? Can an executive officer throw open the doors of the Treasury and take out of it millions of dollars and declare arbitrarily that only a certain number shall enjoy the privilege, and still declare that it is an interpretation of a word and not an enactment or a decree of a power?

"I appeal to every member of both sides of the House to consider the enormity of this spectacle of an executive officer claiming power to make an interpretation and fixing it, taking out from the Treasury money under our control, stepping in here and declaring that he can limit the meaning of words, and still profess that it is not an invasion of the functions of this House, that it is not limiting its power, that it is not attacking the dignity of this House.

"The House must declare whether it will accept this attack upon its authority as a measure of its powers, measure of the respect that is due to it, or take steps to vindicate the privileges which the Constitution has vested in it, privileges not given us for our glorification, for our importance, but for the security of law, for the permanency of liberty, for the safety of this government itself.

"When the Constitution declared that Congress alone could declare war, it assumed that it gave the power of war and peace to the legislative department. The President allows us the privilege of declaring war if we want to do so, but he makes war when he chooses."

The latest assumption of a right to secure by executive ukase ends which a president or a department desired to secure through constitutional measures, but which the law-making body declined to grant, is, as we have

observed, no new usurpation. It only represents the last and perhaps the boldest instance of executive contempt for constitutional provisions and the rights of the law-making department of government. Since the railroads, corporate wealth and privileged interests have become dominant in our nation, the Russianization of the Republic—the steady though at times stealthy aggressions of bureaucracy—has been a marked and ominous feature of our national life.

One of the first as well as one of the most amazing and indefensible manifestations of bureaucratic aggression in the Republic occurred three years ago in the Post-office department, when the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, with the sanction of his chief, deliberately set out to override the will of the people as expressed by the Congress of the United States, by usurping functions that properly belonged to the legislative department, assuming the right to do the very thing which the electorate of the Republic, through their representatives, had repeatedly refused to permit; or in other words, a subordinate officer in the executive department of the Federal government, after finding that the people refused to humor his wishes and those of his chief by the enactment of laws such as they desired, through the connivance or under the direction of the chief executive deliberately arrogated the right to power which had been distinctly forbidden or refused by Congress when it declined to enact laws that would invest them with the sought-for authority.

On several occasions, under the plea of reducing the deficit, the Post-office department has striven to secure the enactment of laws, or—what is essentially the same—such modification of existing statutes as would restrict or abridge certain privileges enjoyed by publishers and the reading public throughout the nation. In each instance, however, after fully investigating the subject, Congress has refused to pass measures clearly unpopular and prejudicial to the long-cherished theory that it is the function of free government to foster education and encourage the widest possible diffusion of learning. Moreover, in the consideration of the question raised, a very ugly fact was brought to light concerning the enormous and extortionate price exacted by the great railway corporations for carrying the United States mail. Rates out of all proportion to what any express company would pay were being complacently submitted to without a murmur by the same officials of the Post-office department who were so eager to secure laws which would render possible legal rulings prejudicial to American publishers and the reading public.

Failing to gain the legislation it desired, the Department at length determined upon a daring and unprecedented course. A cunningly-devised letter was addressed to four hundred American publishers, urging their acquiescence in a proposed departmental ruling, chiefly affecting journals offering premiums. In this specious letter, which was a fine example of special pleading, it was distinctly stated that *the Department had sought the desired modification of existing laws before several Congresses, and had failed*; and the letter intimated that if the desire of the Department should meet with the favor of the publishers addressed, the end which had been vainly sought by legislation would be compassed by an *official ruling*. In other words, the Department proposed to imitate the example of Charles I., who, after Parliament had refused to pass laws or enact measures which he desired, sought to compass his ends by arbitrary rulings or the promulgation of edicts. This action of Charles I. led to revolution and eventually to the decapitation of the offender, who refused to conform to the will of the legislative or law-making department of government. From his time to the present day, the English-speaking world has always, prior to the present era of corporate domination in our republic, resisted all attempts on the part of executive officials or departments to override the will of the electors as expressed by the legislative branches of government. And yet Third Assistant Postmaster-General Edwin C. Madden, with the sanction of his superiors, in the circular-letter to which we have referred proposed to obtain by a bureaucratic ruling precisely what the department had asked the law-makers to grant, and which they had refused, thus clearly recognizing that the proposed action belonged rightly to the law-making department, and, furthermore, that it was something which the people, through their rightful representatives, had distinctly forbidden or refused to permit.

To the thoughtful citizen the question will naturally occur, What right had the four hundred publishers to influence an executive department, or even to acquiesce in the desires of an executive department, when it wished to usurp the function of a coördinate branch of government? What would be thought of the Secretary of State who should seek to make or ratify a treaty which the Senate had refused to entertain, because a number of persons, supposed to be especially interested in the treaty, acquiesced in the Secretary's desire? What would be thought of the Secretary of the Treasury who should modify laws relating to the importation of cotton fabrics or woollen goods, because four hundred manufacturers of those materials

had acquiesced after Congress had forbidden or refused to make those modifications?

Clearly, the action of Mr. Madden in seeking justification for his acts through the favorable views of a supposedly interested class was only less unprecedented or dangerous than the proposed arbitrary ruling. It would be difficult to overestimate the peril lurking in the precedent sought to be established through this proposed action of the Department. It is possible that the Third Assistant Postmaster-General anticipated a storm of protest throughout the nation, and wished to hide behind the skirts of the four hundred publishers. If this was his hope, he was doomed to disappointment, for the great publishing houses quickly recognized the fundamental evil that lay in the proposition, and a reply of great force and ability was issued from New York, accompanied by the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the publishers represented at this meeting are unanimously of the opinion that the post-office ruling proposed by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General in his circular-letter of April 13th, affecting the use of premiums for subscriptions, if issued, would be contrary to the traditions and practices of our postal system, an assumption of legislative power not vested in the Post-office department and detrimental to the interest and circulation of periodicals now legitimately included in mail-matter of the second class.

"We, the undersigned, heartily adopt the above resolution and respectfully and earnestly remonstrate against the proposed interpretation or modification of the existing status, which would abridge the rights and privileges of second-class mail-matter which it has enjoyed uninterruptedly since the passage of the law in 1879, and we beg that no such steps may be taken."

These resolutions were signed by leading metropolitan publishing-houses, including Charles Scribner's Sons, Harper & Brothers, The Century Company, Doubleday, Page & Company, Funk & Wagnalls Company, G. P. Putman's Sons, S. S. McClure Company, The Methodist Book Concern, Munn & Company, The American Tract Society, McClure, Phillips & Company, The Outlook Company, The Review of Reviews, The Judge Publishing Company, The Life Publishing Company, The Phelps Publishing Company, Robert Bonner's Sons, The New York Observer, The Churchman Company, and many other representative firms.

In Chicago a national bureau was established, which at the outset was joined by over fifty prominent publishing firms doing business in Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and several other cities. The

purpose of the organization was to combat the arbitrary aggressions of a postal bureaucracy.

The interfering with publishers that gave premiums, though the chief object that Mr. Madden cited, was apparently only intended to be the opening wedge to meddlesome interference in other ways, the sending of sample copies being another of several rulings he had in contemplation, as subsequent acts proved. It is probable that the prompt, bold and determined opposition expressed by the great metropolitan publishing-houses, and in the formation of a powerful bureau in Chicago, surprised Mr. Madden and his associates, but it did not shake their determination to substitute a departmental ukase for the desired law which the Third Assistant Postmaster-General had admitted Congress had repeatedly refused to pass. Hence on July 17, 1901, a ruling was promulgated calculated to seriously affect publishers who used premiums. Though the entering wedge was far less sweeping in character than Mr. Madden had suggested when he sounded the four hundred publishers, it embodied the vicious principle against which the protest had been addressed, and it also afforded the Department further opportunities for that sudden and abrupt detention of whole editions of a paper which is so fatal in effect and which has for some time been a crying evil against which a growing protest has been heard.*

Apart from the fact that the most innocent ruling, which seeks to compass objects that confessedly belong to the law-making department, establishes precedents fatal to liberty and which must be resisted by every right-minded man and woman who would preserve the heritage of freedom; and beyond the irreparable wrong that has already been done to honorable business men, who by years of patient labor had builded up great enterprises under the rights and privileges granted by Congress, but who under the usurpations of the Postal department suddenly found those rights arbitrarily taken from them, this action of the Department is open to other serious objections. It permits officials to exert a power at once arbitrary and dangerous—a power that in the hands of narrow, bigoted or intolerant natures might lead to unjust discriminations against those who held social,

* Though the question as to whether a ruling is good or bad has nothing to do with the fundamental and vital principle involved in this bureaucratic usurpation, and must not be confounded with it, yet we would observe in passing that premiums and sample copies have proved two of the most effective means of introducing periodicals of merit to the people. More than this, these premiums have materially assisted in stimulating a taste for good literature in homes that previous to their offers were barren of periodicals. The love of the beautiful is very strong in the heart of the people, and through giving beautiful pictures, hundreds of thousands of homes have become acquainted with great magazines and weekly papers which in time have grown to be eagerly expected visitors and real educators throughout the length and breadth of the republic. Any one conversant with the subject knows that the premium has been a real, though indirect, promoter of education, serving indirectly to further education throughout the republic, which has been a primary purpose in laws granting postal privileges.

political, religious or philosophical views contrary to the autocratic officials. Or, in case corrupt men should at any time obtain positions of authority in the Department, the permission of such power as is now arrogated by Mr. Madden might easily open the door to gigantic schemes of blackmail. Men in the Department, and relatives, friends or confederates outside, might easily grow rich on graft rendered possible by this amazing arrogation of bureaucratic authority.

History teaches no more impressive or suggestive lesson than that injustice, oppression, and corruption sooner or later follow the lodgment of arbitrary and tyrannical power in the hands of rulers or executive officials, not directly responsible to the voters. It may be through the bigotry of sincere but narrow-minded men, who believe it their duty to prevent the promulgation of ideas which they hold to be heretical or false, as was the case in the days of the Spanish Inquisition and in the Geneva of John Calvin. It may be through personal ambition that the right of free speech is abridged, as under Napoleon III. and other usurpers; or it may be through corrupt and venal officials, who seek direct or indirect benefits by farming out privileges for a consideration. In one of these ways sooner or later such arbitrary power leads to abuses which work great wrong and materially retard civilization. The circumstance that for a time officials exercising such dangerous prerogatives may not abuse them, because they themselves are broad in spirit, honorable, clean and just, does not affect the issue; because such exemplary individuals or rulers are not always to be found in responsible official positions, and the only safeguard of human rights, justice, progress and freedom lies in the people declaring in no uncertain voice that all such authority shall remain where it constitutionally belongs—with the legislative department of government, where the representatives are directly responsible to the voters, and where a law can only be enacted after it has been fully discussed.

Since corporate power has gained control of the partisan machines of both great parties in many states and has entrenched itself in national, state and municipal government, becoming so strong as to dictate the nominations of one party and to usually defeat those who are uncompromising in their opposition to corporate aggression, there has been no strong opposition party in our republic. This and the public distraction incident to the late war have been the opportunity for reactionaries, imperialists and friends of class-government, and for grafters, to press every advantage possible that could take the governing power as much as possible away

from the electorate and their representatives in the law-making department, and augment the power of executives, of bureaux, and of officials in appointed positions.

If during President Harrison's administration a foreigner had ventured to declare that in less than a score of years the circulation of the Declaration of Independence would be held to be a crime and prohibited in territory over which the star-spangled banner floated, it is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred, republicans as well as democrats, would have indignantly resented such an imputation as being as impossible as it was absurd and mendacious. Yet under President Roosevelt's administration this outrage is not only condoned but is defended.

If ten years ago an American statesman had predicted that within a decade the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, with the sanction of his chief and the approval of the chief executive, should override Congress, and because the law-makers of the land refused at his behest to enact certain legislation which he desired, should deliberately promulgate a ukase or ruling which should have the force of the measure which he had demanded from the law-makers and which the people through their representatives had refused to grant, that statesman would have been ridiculed and denounced as an irresponsible and reckless demagogue. Yet three years ago precisely this usurpation of power took place.

If ten years ago any one had predicted that within a decade a department or bureau-chief, under the sanction if not at the instigation of the chief executive, should issue a ukase or ruling to compass provisions which Congress had failed to enact and by which the treasury of the United States would be annually depleted from \$5,400,000 to \$15,250,000,* he also would have been denounced as a reckless, irresponsible calumniator of the representative heads of government. Yet that is precisely what has been done by the recent ruling of Mr. Hitchcock, under the sanction of the President.

These things are typical and symptomatic of the present tendency and current of government under our reactionary and unrepblican administration. They are as foreign to the essence of free institutions as they are congenial to monarchy and class-rulership. They are as completely at one with the spirit of Russian absolutism as they are absolutely antagonistic to the genius of democracy.

*The Secretary of the Interior computes the annual amount which will be paid out under this late ruling to be \$5,400,000, while Congressman Miers, of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, estimates that it will amount to \$15,250,000 a year.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD AS A MYSTICAL POET AND A PRACTICAL JOURNALIST.

THE late Sir Edwin Arnold combined in an extraordinary degree two characteristics that are usually considered to be mutually exclusive. He was an Oriental dreamer, a poet whose thoughts were tinged with lofty mysticism, a man of rich and vivid imagination who could enter the Holiest of Holies of the human heart and sound the depths of the emotional nature of the cosmic man to such an extent that when he sang his songs that embodied the dreams and the hopes of the Orient he appealed as much to the Occidental as to the Eastern mind. And yet he was one of the most practical and successful of modern journalists.

He was graduated from the University of Oxford in 1853, after which for some years he occupied important positions in educational institutions in England and India. The luxuriant imagination of the Orientals, the wealth of feeling and the tropical imagery with which they clothed their speech, had ever appealed to him, as was seen in his poem, "The Feast of Belshazzar," which won the Newdigate prize at the time of his graduation. And his residence in India heightened rather than lessened the fascination which the far East had ever exerted over his mind.

On returning to England, however, he entered the matter-of-fact field of daily journalism and soon became a prominent editorial writer on the London *Telegraph*. Later, on the death of the editor, Mr. Thornton Hunt, he was called to the seat of his former chief and for many years edited the *Telegraph* with distinguished ability and great success. He was an indefatigable worker. On one occasion, in 1889, he observed that he had written over eight thousand editorials. His journalistic labors, he added, represented by far the hardest work of his life. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that he failed to enjoy the labors in the sanctum, for he carried into all his work that enthusiasm and sympathy that rob the most prosaic toil of the element of drudgery; and indeed few men of the nineteenth century, and certainly no poet of mystical bent, entered more thoroughly into the heart and spirit of his bustling, progressive and critical age than did the author of "The Light of Asia." All great, burning, ethical, religious and political problems appealed to his acute journalistic instincts, ever alert to catch the meaning and trend of the thought-movements and currents of the time; while scientific discoveries, inventive triumphs and progress in art and literature aroused his enthusiasm to such a degree that

those wholly engrossed in the external life of the age found in him a companion as well informed and as deeply sympathetic with the great throbbing world of western civilization as the most utilitarian of Londoners. It was the possession of that rare quality of his nature which combined the utilitarian and the idealistic—that power to live in and to enjoy two worlds at a time, that enabled him to become one of the most successful of metropolitan journalists of his day, while he retained the power to hold enthralled hundreds of thousands by the witchery of a dreamer's art and the wealth of a poet's imagination.

As a poet no less than as a journalist he was a true son of the nineteenth century. When from the throbbing life of the metropolis, with its exacting duties, his thoughts rose to the empyrean of philosophic contemplation, to the congenial idealistic world of noble thought, he was yet a true interpreter of his time. In his exalted spiritual and ethical concepts and metaphysical speculations, like Browning and Emerson he but reflected the larger view that was the crowning glory of the religious and ethical awakening of the last hundred years. In the life and teachings of the Light of the Orient as in the glorious ministry and message of "The Light of the World" he found empearled the same great truths that hold redemptive potency; and like Emerson and Browning, he was great enough to understand that though man is ever rising, though it is the supreme consolation of humanity that the dawn is before and not behind, yet in all ages and among all peoples the "love of the Best" has been the pillar of fire before the race, and the message of life has ever been uttered by the mightiest prophets and idealists.

Therefore it matters not whether we view him as the master-spirit in the management of a great opinion-forming daily, as a student of physical science and material progress, or as an idealistic dreamer singing noble songs of life and love; always and under all circumstances he was a son of the cosmopolitan century, an apostle of the broad, fine spirit of the New Time.

THE MOVEMENT FOR AN ENDOWED NATIONAL ART THEATER FOR AMERICA.

A LITTLE more than a year ago an organization of serious-minded and practical idealists was formed in New York to promote a movement for the establishment and endowment of a National Art Theater in the Metropolis. Men of conscience and intellect, recognizing the enormous potential influ-

ence for culture, refinement, and the fostering of great thinking and noble living which the drama may exert, banded together with the determination to inaugurate a crusade calculated to elevate dramatic art in the New World and to rescue the stage from the degrading influence of the prevalent materialistic commercialism which makes the box-office the only criterion of success. They believed that the establishment of an endowed theater would serve to conserve and foster great original art work and by its influence would subtly but very positively elevate and educate the people until they would demand dramatic creations that were literature and were true to the demands of fine art and true progress—plays that would be in a real sense educators while none the less affording pure, wholesome and refined amusement. It was felt that in this great republic, so rich in material wealth, the financial aid would not be lacking when once public sentiment among men and women of culture and refinement should be enthusiastically enlisted in the movement. The growth of the organization has been steady and gratifying. It has attracted to itself more than a thousand of the more thoughtful and able representatives of the only true aristocracy that has a right in a democracy—the aristocracy of brain and heart.

Recently a banquet was given by the eminent sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, at his studio in New York, in honor of Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke, the President of the National Art Theater Society and since its inception the master-spirit in the organization. There were present on this occasion sixty men prominent in art, literature, law, education, and the church. The studio, which was beautifully decorated with evergreens, was an appropriate place for the gathering of men moved by high ideals, for around them were many notable and noble works of art, well calculated to inspire and stimulate high thinking, not the least of which was Mr. Partridge's statue of Nathan Hale on the way to his execution, serene and triumphant, with but one regret—that he had but one life to give to his country. There, too, was the sculptor's recent work representing with such striking fidelity Mr. Sothorn's "Hamlet," and there were scores of other creations, each carrying with it thoughts of greatness, of goodness, of beauty, or of love.

In response to a request from Mr. George Cary Eggleston, who served as toast-master, Mr. Clarke spoke at length on the subject that has been so dear to his heart. As his address outlines the nature and character of the proposed Art Theater, we quote extensively from the report furnished to *The Drama*, the official organ of the society:

"The idealist is the prophet of high achievement. Every illuminative word he can utter goes toward the building of the actual good which he seeks to make concrete. Nowhere more fitly could idealists sit down together and take counsel of wisdom than in the home of art. Around us are realizations in clay and marble of an artist who thinks in form; who formulates a poet's dream with a sculptor's chisel. We may see it from the first rude modeling, where the dream is still beneath the surface of the dull clay, to the stage where it has emerged in all the beauty of the whitest marble. It would be so in almost any studio, but here the idealist looks down at us from every side. That Divine Form whose sacrifice points the most exalted ideal that mind can conceive exhales a blessing on our ideals, so they be worthy. Then the manacled hands of Nathan Hale are those of a patriot who bound his soul to the ideal of this nation's life, and laid down his mortal existence for it.

"The Pagan Queen of Love who is there, idealizing mortal beauty and the human passion that so moves the world, has her message that she sends us on the wings of her doves. Lord Hamlet, in his moment of deepest reasoning with the human fates, as the highest creation of the greatest dramatic poet of all times, surely is there encouraging us in the ideal we are making our own to-night."

"Mr. Clarke then proceeded to relate the story of the many utterances by men of thought during the past twenty years, showing the need in this country of at least one theater devoted to the best in drama. Each utterance had awakened thought, but nothing in action resulted. At intervals during that period men of wealth had seriously considered building and endowing such a temple of the drama, but, finding that they would be obliged to create all the machinery as well as furnish the funds, and noting no apparent preparedness for it on the part of the public, the half-formed project 'turned awry and lost the very name of action.'

"Those of us," Mr. Clarke went on, "who perceived this ineffectuality resolved at the beginning of last year to set about organizing public sentiment in favor of the project. It began with an article in the *Theater Magazine*, and was followed up with the appointment of a strong committee by the American Dramatists' Club, of which our dear friend, Bronson Howard, is president. This committee formulated a plan on which the project might rest, and by the representative character of whose directing body the devotion of the National Art Theater to the best in art would be immutably fixed for all time. And what was this theater to be? A theater perfect in all its details on and off the stage; architecturally, an ornament of which the city might be proud. It was always to be the home of the best in domestic art—the classics of the stage of all lands, and, above all, to be the home and inspiration of the best that native dramatic genius could create. It was to be a *répertoire* theater, and never to be devoted to

long runs. In that particular it was to be modeled on the Théâtre-Français, whose two hundred and twenty years of triumphant existence—the star and the inspiration of French dramatic genius—had vindicated its method in all things. But it was also to be an endowed theater. What the Théâtre-Français received in the way of a gift from the State, namely, \$50,000 a year, should be secured by private endowment to the National Art Theater to hold it safe against the ordinary risks of management; for its productions of pieces yearly would be many in excess of the number that an ordinary theater would or could undertake. It was to be a theater for all the people. From the excellence of its work it would surely be the resort of the thoughtful well-to-do and of the student; it would be the Mecca of the visitor and the stranger; but it would welcome and provide for the humblest lover of the stage and dramatic art. To achieve this more would be required than the money for building and endowment; it would need a great company of actors whose supply would be continuous, and to that end a vital part of the scheme would be the foundation of a grand conservatory of acting and the theatric arts. We know very well that all this cannot be done in a day or a year, but we know it can be done. And when things are to be done, a beginning is necessary.

“The next step taken was the foundation last May of the National Art Theater Society, whose mission is that of propaganda of the idea. Bringing together the friends of the movement, making of each new member a recruit for the movement, disseminating a literature setting forth its desirability, the society in ten months shows a membership of over one thousand. We call to us, in fact, the audience of the theater that is to be; men and women who will fill its benches, not in cynical disbelief, but with the ardor of wholesouled ministers of the ideal.

“It is time, too, that all this should be done. A country of 80,000,000 people, with 2,500 theaters giving 300 performances a year, should have a National Art of its own; it should have one theater to set the gauge for art. Think what a tremendous force the theater is in this country, and ask yourself if it should have no standard in art, morals, bearing, pronunciation. I am addressing men of the flower of the professions—artists, poets, dramatists, novelists, journalists, lawyers, architects, clergymen, college professors—as well as men of business, and I ask you all if this is not worth while?

“Three thousand years ago King David bought the land of the Jubusite and gathered the massive stones and the cedar beams and the golden bars to build a temple to the Most High, but it was not his destiny to build it. After him came Solomon, who reared the pillars of the temple, and for three thousand years that site has been sacred ground. Now, whether we are to be merely the Davids of this enterprise or the David and Solomon—the planners and builders combined—we are sure that our ideal is noble and will blossom and endure, and that, working unselfishly and heartily, we are bringing it nearer to accomplishment.

“For a final word. I would say that we have sown the seed even as the

sower of the parable. Some has fallen by the wayside and the birds (the humorists) have eaten it up; some has fallen upon stony ground, and the hot sun of cynicism and pessimism has withered it; but some has fallen upon fertile soil, and it has multiplied a hundredfold.'

"The toastmaster next called upon Recorder Goff, who said he was very fond of theater-going and always had been a student of the drama, but of recent years he found no pleasure in the playhouse, the local boards being given up entirely, as far as he could see, to the most trivial plays. He regretted the days of the old stock-companies, and he well remembered the pleasure he derived from the acting of Edwin Booth and his associates. Where to-day can we see such acting and such plays? He recognized in the theater a mighty force for education, but a vicious stage might do as much harm as a pure and elevated stage might do good. He considered the National Art Theater Society was doing excellent work in arousing public opinion to the needs of a permanent theater, financially endowed so as to be independent of box-office consideration."

Among other important speakers were Edwin Markham, the poet, and F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor, both of the staff of THE ARENA; Clifford W. Hartridge, whose thoughtful paper on "Business Reasons *versus* Business Morals" was one of the interesting features of the May ARENA; Recorder Goff, Professor Giddings, of Columbia University; Bronson Howard, F. F. Mackay, John Brisben Walker, and A. A. Anderson, the painter.

The banquet was in every sense a success, illustrating as it did the fact that the very flower of our earnest literary and artistic American life is profoundly interested in the movement so successfully inaugurated and which promises to give to our republic a great original dramatic art and, what is still more important, a keen popular appreciation for high ideals and really great literature.

This movement may be said to be symptomatic of a great idealistic reaction and awakening, the evidences of which are to be seen among our educators, our sculptors and our painters, no less than among the more fearless of our clergymen, statesmen and editors. We are on the eve of a great idealistic forward movement that will carry our nation up and back to a high position as the greatest moral world-power, and which will usher in a summer-time for art in her various forms and for higher and nobler thinking and living; and it is the duty of all men and women of conscience and conviction to aid in the quickening of national and individual life on the higher plane of emotion.

BOOK STUDIES.

BEACON-LIGHTS OF SANITY IN A WAR-CRAZED WORLD OR, BLOCH, SUMNER AND CHANNING ON WAR.*

I. THE DARK HOUR AND THE DAWN.

FEW FACTS connected with the slow and toilsome advance of humanity are more clearly apparent than that nations and civilizations experience periods of moral exaltation and times of ethical depression,—crucial moments when great victories may be won or fatal mistakes made. And it is also a fact very clear to students of the philosophy of history that usually in the darkest hours of reaction and retrogression, when even the Elijahs of progress seem to be losing heart, certain chosen spirits arise, frequently out of obscurity, who are so imbued with the Divine afflatus that they are able to inaugurate a revolution which in time reverses the wheel and turns the prow of national life or civilization from the direction of oblivion's reefs, upon which all nations and civilizations that have exalted force over reason and right have been shipwrecked and destroyed, to the land of Heart's Desire—to the haven where perpetual life and growth spring from the unreserved acceptance of the ethical verities as the mainsprings of collective and individual action.

After the Dred Scott decision, the assault upon Sumner in the United States Senate, and the assassination of Lovejoy at Alton, Illinois, it seemed to the friends of human freedom in the New World as though the long night-time had settled over the Republic. The executive, legislative and judicial departments of national government were in the hands of the upholders of chattel-slavery. Behind them stood wealth, conservatism and conventionalism. Yet in that midnight-time of Freedom's need there arose the forlorn hope which has ever proved the invincible vanguard of civilization—the apostles of justice and high moral ideals. Then, as has been the case time and again throughout the past when these obscure but

* *War.* By Jean De Bloch. Cloth. Pp. 380. Price, 50 cents net. Postage, 15 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company.

Addresses on War. By Charles Sumner. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price, 50 cents net. Postage, 10 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company.

Discourses on War. By William Ellery Channing. Cloth. Pp. 230. Price, 50 cents net. Postage, 10 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company.

heaven-inspired sons of progress have banded themselves together, consecrating brain, heart and being to humanity's need, the doom of the age-long wrong was sounded. The "love of the Best," as Emerson so happily characterizes the Divine ongoading influence in man, triumphed over sordid desires, and a revolution ensued.

To me one of the most impressive facts pointing to the high origin and destiny of man is found in the compelling power which the eternal moral verities exert over the imagination of humanity when the issue is clearly presented between sordid aims and the cause of right. Thomas Wentworth Higginson on one occasion thus referred to the overmastering influence of Whittier's anti-slavery verse (so lame in meter yet so strong in moral potency) over his mind:

"At dawn of manhood came a voice to me
That said to startled conscience, 'Sleep no more!'"

And what was true in Mr. Higginson's case was true in the experience of thousands of other young men and women in the forties and fifties, as it has been true in the history of every moral advance step of the past.

II. THE RISE OF MODERN MILITARISM THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century was marked by a steady and almost civilization-wide rise in the military or war-spirit. This was almost as apparent as was the increasing domination of an arrogant and dogmatic positivism and an essentially materialistic and morally-enervating commercialism. After the Franco-Prussian war the era of modern materialism may be said to have been inaugurated. Nations began to create gigantic armies. War burdens were imposed upon the people for ever-increasing armaments, and at length this baleful spirit, as foreign to the genius of free government as it is to the gospel of the Nazarene, began to take possession of the popular imagination in our republic, rendering possible the spectacle of the United States waging a war of subjugation against a people whose only offence was that they claimed and fought for the same rights proclaimed as fundamental truisms in our own popular *magna charta* the Declaration of Independence, which for over a century the United States had proudly held before the unwilling gaze of despotism, monarchies and class-governments. Furthermore, through this period of mental aberration, or militarism and reaction in our government, every true friend of

the Republic and of Democracy in the world has been humiliated and disheartened by the amazing and almost incredible spectacle of the government of the Republic prohibiting the circulation of the Declaration of Independence in sections of the world over which floats the banner of our nation. And finally, through the ascendancy of the spirit of imperialism and militarism, vast sums are now being annually expended on armaments which if devoted to productive labor, in the reclamation of rich lowlands and arid regions and in the building of mighty roads, in the construction of national water-ways and railways, would soon add more to the annual wealth-product of the nation than all trade or other advantages that could possibly accrue in a generation from subject-provinces or dependencies.

The nineteenth century went out in a night-time of war. The two great peoples that claim to be the light-bearers of justice and freedom were engaged in wars of aggression and subjugation; while other nations, growing greedy at the sight of spoils that might be gained through exploitation of weaker peoples, were adding to their enormous budgets for armies and navies. And now we are in the midst of another war primarily due to the greed, avarice and perfidy of a great so-called Christian nation. Hence it is not surprising that many friends of freedom, enlightenment and civilization are becoming pessimistic and disheartened; and yet during these dark and gloomy days of reaction and recreancy to sacred trusts and high ideals there have been at work forces which hold the promise of a mighty world-wide onward and upward sweep for mankind. The foundations have been slowly laid and the message has been promulgated that promise greater and more splendid measures for world-wide and enduring progress than any labor or any written or spoken word that has enriched civilization since long before the advent of the Prince of Peace; and one of the most potent, if indeed not the greatest of all these influences for peace, is found in the monumental work of Jean de Bloch, *The Future of War*.*

* This exhaustive treatise appeared less than a decade ago in Russia. It comprised six volumes and was later translated into German and French under the personal supervision of the author. The last volume of the series contains an epitome of the preceding arguments. This summary volume was translated into English and published at two dollars, a small price, considering the importance and authoritative character of the work, and yet it was too expensive for a book which was to attain wide circulation at a time when the English-speaking world was under the benumbing spell of militarism and imperialism. Realizing this fact, certain high-minded men and women of conscience and conviction in the modern Athens arranged for the publication and distribution of the great work at cost, thus placing it within the reach of all thoughtful Americans. This most important of all arguments against war has been recently supplemented by the two most important and lofty appeals to the conscience-element of society that America has contributed to the literature of peace, viz.: Charles Sumner's *Addresses on War and Discourses on War*, by William Ellery Channing. We believe that these works, if carefully read, will convert any conscientious man or woman to the active and loyal support of the peace propaganda, as they appeal at once to the reason, the common-sense, the selfish motives that unhappily so largely sway modern life, and to the high and noble emotions that govern on the ethical plane.

III. THE AUTHOR OF "THE FUTURE OF WAR."

Jean de Bloch was a poor Polish Jew whose earliest years were spent in poverty and privation. With a brave heart, however, he toiled unceasingly and at length means came to him which enabled him to acquire that which he most greedily hungered for—a good education. After some years spent in Berlin with capable tutors who included French and English teachers, he returned to Poland and engaged in the banking business. Here he not only amassed a fortune, but his exhaustive discussions on economic and financial subjects secured for him a foremost place among the economic and financial authors of Russia. From social, economic and monetary studies M. Bloch was led to the investigation of war. This was quite natural, inasmuch as the increasing burden of the nations of Continental Europe were due chiefly to militarism, and they were not only threatening to drain the national treasuries, but were becoming the prime source of the social discontent that has assumed portentous proportions in recent years. With the same patience and untiring energy which had marked his work in economic and financial fields he now began an exhaustive study of modern militarism and its probable outcome. Only a nature instinct with the modern critical and scientific spirit would have essayed a task so onerous and exacting as that which confronted M. Bloch. He had to familiarize himself with the whole literature of war that had appeared in modern times. The history, the speculations and the practical operations of armies and navies, the probable result of the new discoveries and inventions, and in short, everything relating to war obtainable from the greatest authoritative thinkers was mastered. As an economist he also brought to his research a knowledge not possessed by the writers who had preceded him. The result was a work that has been well compared to the civilization-shaping production of Hugo Grotius, the father of modern international law.

IV. THE UNIQUE POSITION AND STARTLING REVELATIONS OF
M. BLOCH'S TREATISE.

In the past the great arguments for peace have been addressed to the moral impulses of man. Jean de Bloch made his chief appeal to the practical business-side of modern life, to the utilitarian and opportunist spirit of our day. He had studied the temper of the age so closely that he knew how barren in immediate results would be any further arguments addressed

merely to the religious convictions or ethical impulses of an age dominated by the spirit of materialistic commercialism. He insisted that if we wished to usher in the golden age of peace, we must convince the rationality of modern civilization that war under present conditions, even from the most sordid view-point, should be avoided as being stupid and destructive of national greatness and individual prosperity. He insisted on appealing to the purse and the common-sense of the people. His work also differed from that of other writers on war in that it contained the conclusions of a thinker who had made an extensive study of modern war and had so familiarized himself with the works of every great authority, that he was as thoroughly informed as almost any living general or war-minister. On one occasion he said:

"I have taken all imaginable pains in order to master the literature of warfare, especially the most recent treatises upon military operations and the handling of armies and fleets, which have been published by the leading military authorities in the modern world. After mastering what they have written, I have had opportunities of discussing personally with many officers in all countries as to the conclusions at which I have arrived, and I am glad to know that in the main there is not much difference of opinion as to the accuracy of my general conclusions as to the nature of future warfare."

For ten years he made modern war the subject of his exhaustive research. Something of the authoritative character of the work may be gathered from the fact that the Czar, to whose attention the writings of M. Bloch had been brought, placed the work in the hands of his minister of war with the command that it be examined by a council of experts as to its authenticity and value. The result was that the council advised the Czar to place the work in the hands of *every staff-officer in Russia*. It was this work that startled the Czar and the wisest of his ministers, and the most well-informed believe that *The Future of War* led Nicholas III. to issue his famous peace rescript. One of the very important positions taken by our author is thus admirably summed up by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, the American editor of this work:

"In the last years of Bloch's life he was engaged chiefly in drawing from the South African war the warning lessons which the world needs to learn. He has shown that the Boers . . . profited by the utterly changed conditions of war. Bloch shows that the fundamental change came in with the American Civil war. The American Civil war, he was never tired of telling the people of Europe, settled it that the alleged superiority of disciplined armies over volunteer troops amounts to nothing; that the ordinary military

training is often a positive disadvantage in preparing for modern warfare. War is no longer the clash of solid phalanxes in showy, heroic combat upon battlefields. Cavalry and artillery are rapidly becoming useless. Soldiers cannot be compacted, but must be spread apart, and each must rely upon himself as never before. One man in defence is a match for ten in offence; the methods of guerilla warfare become more and more common and necessary; and the civilian soldier, the simple volunteer, is as good as the regular, and often better.

"This is a thing of immense moment; for if it is true it makes the whole effort to maintain great armaments a vain thing. Robert Peel said with discernment that, instead of wasting the resources of a country to maintain great armies and navies, the sensible nation in the future will rely upon its own latent energies, perfectly sure that if it has inherent energy it can always improvise powers necessary for any defence at very short notice. There is no practical demand or excuse longer for costly armies and navies; all this great armament is waste. Bloch has shown that thing to the modern world—that from the scientific point-of-view armies and navies are not a source of strength to any nation, but rather a source of weakness; that they do not defend, but rather drain and endanger. He has not been answered; I do not believe he can be answered. We are his debtors,—the foolish and long-suffering world is his debtor,—for the thoroughness and power with which he has taught this great lesson."

In his work M. Bloch advances the startling theory that since the introduction of smokeless powder, the rapid-firing magazine-rifle of small caliber, breech-loading cannon, and other inventions for the wholesale destruction of life, a great war, as for example between two of the first powers of Europe, would inevitably result in the annihilation of one of the contestants and the bankruptcy of the other. His position is fortified by a vast array of facts of unquestioned authenticity. He holds that though the first result of such a war would be an appalling destruction of life, the next step in its progress would be long waiting periods in which each combatant would maneuver for advantage and seek some method of surprising the enemy, and that this waiting game would necessarily drain the treasuries of the belligerents, while the paralyzing of productive wealth through the drawing of millions of toilers from fields, factories and marts would result in famine.

Of course it is impossible even to outline the thoughts of a writer as presented in a volume which is in itself a condensation or epitome of five other books; and perhaps we cannot better indicate some views of M. Bloch as elucidated in this work than by quoting from a conversation which Mr. W. T. Stead had with the author of *The Future of War*, which also appears as a preface to the popular edition of this work which we are noticing. In

picturing the result of two of the great powers engaging in a deadly duel, M. Bloch said:

"At first there will be increased slaughter—increased slaughter on so terrible a scale as to render it impossible to get troops to push the battle to a decisive issue. They will try to, thinking that they are fighting under the old conditions, and they will learn such a lesson that they will abandon the attempt forever. Then, instead of a war fought out to the bitter end in a series of decisive battles, we shall have as a substitute a long period of continually increasing strain upon the resources of the combatants. The war, instead of being a hand-to-hand contest in which the combatants measure their physical and moral superiority, will become a kind of stalemate, in which neither army being able to get at the other, both armies will be maintained in opposition to each other, threatening each other, but never being able to deliver a final and decisive attack. It will be simply the natural evolution of the armed peace, on an aggravated scale, accompanied by entire dislocation of all industry and severing of all the sources of supply by which alone the community is enabled to bear the crushing burden of that armed peace. It will be a multiplication of expenditure simultaneously accompanied by a diminution of the sources by which that expenditure can be met. That is the future of war—not fighting, but famine; not the slaying of men, but the bankruptcy of nations and the break-up of the whole social organization."

Although the author had in mind a war between the great nations of Christendom, the present conflict between Russia and Japan presents many evidences that he was dealing with facts that made his conclusions sound as to the inevitable result of present-day war on a large scale. In speaking of the advent of the day when war could no longer be waged without the destruction of national life or the bankruptcy of the belligerents, the author observed:

"The outward and visible sign of the end of war was the introduction of the magazine-rifle. For several hundred years after the discovery of gun-powder the construction of firearms made little progress. The cannon with which you fought at Trafalgar differed comparatively little from those which you used against the Armada. For two centuries you were content to clap some powder behind a round ball in an iron tube, and fire it at your enemy.

"The introduction of the needle-gun and of the breech-loading cannon may be said to mark the dawn of the new era, which, however, was not definitely established amongst us until the invention of the magazine-rifle of very small caliber. . . . The possibility of firing half-a-dozen bullets without having to stop to reload has transformed the conditions of modern war. . . . The modern rifle is not only a much more rapid firer than its

predecessors, but it has also an immensely wider range and far greater precision of fire. To these three qualities must be added yet a fourth, which completes the revolutionary nature of the new firearm, and that is the introduction of smokeless powder. . . . It demolishes the screen behind which for the last four hundred years human beings have fought and died. All the last great battles have been fought more or less in the dark. After the battle is joined, friends and foes have been more or less lost to sight in the cloud of dense smoke which hung heavy over the whole battlefield. Now armies will no longer fight in the dark. Every soldier in the fighting-line will see with frightful distinctness the havoc which is being made in the ranks by the shot and shell of the enemy. The veil which gunpowder spread over the worst horrors of the battlefield has been withdrawn forever. But that is not the only change. It is difficult to overestimate the increased strain upon the nerve and *morale* of an army under action by the fact that men will fall killed and wounded without any visible or audible cause. In the old days the soldier saw the puff of smoke, heard the roar of the gun, and when the shell or shot ploughed its way through the ranks, he associated cause and effect, and was to a certain extent prepared for it. In the warfare of the future men will simply fall and die without either seeing or hearing anything; for although the smokeless powder is not noiseless, experience has proved that the report of a rifle will not carry more than nine hundred yards, and volley-firing cannot be heard beyond a mile. But that brings us to the question of the increased range of the new projectiles. An army on march will suddenly become aware of the comparative proximity of the foe by seeing men drop killed and wounded, without any visible cause; and only after some time will they be able to discover that the invisible shafts of death were sped from a line of sharpshooters lying invisible at a distance of a mile or more. There will be nothing along the whole line of the horizon to show from whence the death-dealing missiles have sped. It will be simply as if the bolt had come from the blue. . . . The modern rifle has a range of 3,000 or 4,000 meters—that is to say, from two to three miles. Of course, I do not mean to say that it will be used at such great distances. For action at long range, artillery is much more effective. But of that I will speak shortly. But you can fairly say that for one mile or a mile and a half the magazine rifle is safe to kill anything that stands between the muzzle and its mark; and therein lies one of the greatest changes that have been effected in modern firearms."

Our author is by no means a pessimist. He holds that we have reached a pass when the waste and insanity of war will be so apparent that in self-defence and for very life nations will at an early day cease from warring and settle their disputes as do the citizens in the various nations to-day.

"The soldier," he declares, "is going down and the economist is going up. There is no doubt of it. Humanity has progressed beyond the stage in which war can any longer be regarded as a possible Court of Appeal.

Even military service has lost much of its fascination. At one time war appealed to the imagination of man, and the poets and painters found no theme so tempting as depicting the heroism of the individual warrior, whose courage and might often turned the tide of battle and decided the destiny of nations. All that has long gone by the board. War has become more and more a matter of mechanical arrangement. Modern battles will be decided, so far as they can be decided at all, by men lying in improvised ditches which they have scooped out to protect themselves from the fire of a distant and invisible enemy. All the pomp and circumstance of glorious war disappeared when smokeless powder was invented. As a profession militarism is becoming less and less attractive. There is neither booty to be gained, nor promotion, with an ever-increasing certainty of a disagreeable death, should war ever take place."

And he adds these sage words, based on close observation:

"What the Governments will all come to see soon more or less clearly is that if they persist in squandering the resources of their people in order to prepare for a war which has already become impossible without suicide, they will only be preparing the triumph of the socialist revolution."

The body of the volume is divided into two parts. One treats of "Military and Naval Developments," the other of "Economic Difficulties in Time of War." In the first part the author deals with military data and facts that have made his work an authority among the great war-chiefs of Europe. Here the following subjects are discussed in a manner at once lucid, logical and convincing: "How War Will be Waged on Land," "Plans of Campaign: Possible and Impossible," "The Future of Naval Warfare," "Does Russia Need a Navy?" "What Wars Have Cost in the Nineteenth Century," "What They Will Cost in the Future," and "The Care of the Wounded."

The second part of the book deals with economic difficulties in time of war in Russia, Great Britain, Germany and France: "The Effect of War On the Vital Needs of Peoples," "Probable Losses in Future Wars," and "Militarism and Its Nemesis."

This work is perhaps the most important contribution to the literature of civilization of the past quarter of a century.

V. CHANNING'S AND SUMNER'S APPEALS TO THE CONSCIENCE-SIDE OF LIFE.

Complementing M. Bloch's epoch-marking work we have the two most notable American contributions to the literature of peace—Dr. Channing's

Discourses on War and those notable *Addresses* of Sumner against the arbitrement of force.

Dr. Channing's work is primarily an appeal to the spiritual man. Few great divines of the last two hundred years reflected the life and essential teachings of the great Nazarene so splendidly as did this master-spirit in the moral awakening of New England, who so long stood at the head and front of almost every advance movement which looked for the betterment of man. Indeed, we think it safe to say that no Christian clergyman of the nineteenth century, not excepting Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher, did so much to further the fundamental measures that make for freedom, justice and peace as William Ellery Channing; and not the least of his great services was wrought for the cause of peace and human brotherhood as proclaimed in the notable discourses which constitute the present volume. In his admirable introduction Mr. Edwin D. Mead, the editor of all these works, says:

"Ruskin, in one of his eloquent passages, declares that war would quickly vanish from among the civilized nations if the great body of women could once appreciate its enormity and unite in effort against it. The same thing may be said of the Christian Church and its ministers. With a common high resolve upon their part to be true to the principles of the Church's great founder, the Prince of Peace, war and the military system could not endure for a decade as a regular feature in the life of the commonwealth of nations. There is nothing so melancholy, nothing so discouraging to the worker for the peace and order of the world, as the easy readiness of multitudes of Christian churches and ministers to follow the multitude to do evil; to abdicate their ideals and high functions when their nation is once embarked or once bent on unjust war, and turn with the crowd from the harp and organ to the drum and fife. The hard, severe, and unpopular but ennobling and commanding duties of moral leadership are forgotten, and the selfish motives and passions of the people are condoned and whitewashed, and mid prayer and song the worse is made to seem the better reason."

Of the nine discourses that make up the work, the general reader will probably be most interested in those dealing with "War and Human Brotherhood," "The Citizen's Duty in War Which He Condemns," "The Passion for Dominion," "Lessons from the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," and "National Destiny in National Character." The whole work is a powerful appeal to the conscience of religious men and women. It is a trumpet-call to the spiritual nature, based on reason and the underlying moral verities that are the hope of civilization and the crowning excellence of well-developed manhood.

While M. Bloch's work lays great stress on the economic and financial reasons which appeal to the pocket-book and the utilitarian spirit and practical business judgment of men engrossed in present-day commercial life, and while in Dr. Channing's discourses the great Christian clergyman speaks primarily to the church of Christ and those who, acknowledging Jesus as their leader, seek to express their ethics in their every-day intercourse, in Charles Sumner's volume we have an illustration of the highest type of nineteenth-century statesmanship, appealing to the moral convictions of men and women of all creeds. It is the statesman's argument addressed to morally-awakened statesmen. The three great addresses which make up this volume would alone entitle the author to a prominent place among the first thinkers of the New World. "The True Grandeur of Nations," "The War-System of the Commonwealth of Nations," and "The Duel Between France and Germany" are among the greatest masterpieces to be found in the literature of peace.

Not the least interesting part of the volume is Mr. Mead's preface, in which present conditions are compared with those which obtained in Sumner's day, and the fulfillment of his grave predictions is duly noted. In the course of his discussion the editor observes, after referring to the emphasis which Mr. Sumner laid on the waste of war in his day:

"We have spent \$300,000,000 in the war with Spain about Cuba. We have spent more than that in the conquest of the Philippines. We are in the outer circle of the maelstrom of a policy which means larger armies, larger navies, costlier forts, and more of them, and all the paraphernalia of the Old World militarism which we have prided ourselves on being free from—with the corresponding burdens of taxation, the devotion to waste and destruction of the immense resources which might otherwise go to development and progress. The man who, seeing this, has no forebodings, is not a student of history. Is this way of spending money a wise way? Is it protective, is it constructive, is it good business, is it common sense, does it pave a good road into the future, is it the economical and promising way to secure the results we claim to aim at, will it make us a truer and safer democracy, and will it help the world? Was Sumner right, was Longfellow right, or were they not, in claiming that, if half the wealth bestowed on camps, given to maintain armies and navies, were given to redeem the human mind, to educate the human race, there would soon be no need of armies and navies?"

Another point worthy of serious attention, that Mr. Mead dwells upon, is the vicious practice of associating war and patriotism in the minds of the people. On this point he says:

"Every war gives new life to that old notion which died so hard, but which is responsible for so much mischief in the world, that patriotism is somehow bound up with war,—the patriotic man, the man who fights or wants to fight for his country. Congress, 'in a great wave of patriotism,' we read, appropriates fifty million dollars for gun-boats and torpedoes. No 'wave of patriotism' is reported when Massachusetts appropriates a million dollars for good roads, when New York appropriates five millions for new school-houses, or Chicago ten millions for an exposition, when Boston builds a library, when the Adirondack forests are secured, when the college is endowed, and when good wages are paid in the factory."

He who reads these great addresses will feel a moral exaltation akin to the physical exhilaration one experiences who ascends the Rockies and breathes the pure, free, invigorating air of the heights. We of to-day have few if any statesmen who can approach the moral vantage-ground occupied by Mr. Sumner. This is largely due to the degrading influence so long exerted by the railroads and corporate wealth in unmaking men who would not become special pleaders for class-interests, and advancing their own minions. We have plenty of intellectual ability, but little of the splendid moral heroism that marks the immortal leaders of civilization's vanguard.

In these three volumes the American people have a veritable arsenal of unanswerable facts, arguments and logic with which to meet and confuse the shallow utilitarian opportunist, to convince the reason of sane thinkers, and to awaken the conscience of those susceptible to appeals to the moral nature. They are books which every teacher, preacher, editor, and indeed all those who mould public opinion, should carefully read, as their perusal cannot fail to make for national greatness and prosperity and for the moral elevation of the individual that yields the purest and most abiding and unalloyed happiness.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND HIS RELATION TO THE THOUGHT OF OUR TIME. By William Harbutt Dawson. Cloth. Pp. 450. Price, \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AMONG the recent critical works which will appeal to thoughtful men and builders of libraries is Mr. Dawson's study of Matthew Arnold as the critic of culture, religion and politics. One could wish that this admirable volume had been extended so as to embrace a fuller study and characterization of Arnold as a poet, a constructive essayist and a man; but the aim of the author was rather to consider him in the field where his intellectual work was most vital and helpful to civilization—as a frank critic, absolutely honest with himself and with the public.

Mr. Dawson holds that Arnold will become more and more popular as the years pass, because he was in a high sense a true idealist, a seeker of perfection, a man who insisted on viewing man and civilization under the white light of the ideal, and therefore, though a disturber of the peace (as are all men of progress), yet a thinker whose criticisms were in no sense idle carpings due to dyspepsia or disappointed ambition. He believes, and we think with reason, that the idealistic current is rising in the present day and that the splendid thought of Arnold, his sane and helpful message, will prove an inspiration and an aid,—veritable manna to an increasing multitude who hunger for better things than the sordid commercialism of our age affords. Arnold, as he observes, was a voice crying in the wilderness of his day, and the voice is still crying in the wilderness. The things which he so forcibly criticised are still rampant in society. They must be combated, because they retard the rise of man and the onward sweep of civilization.

In his work the author has attempted, and with no small measure of success, "to give unity to Arnold's ideas and theories, to his admonitions and warnings," and in a clear and compact form to bring the most vital thought of this master in the field of intellectual and ethical life before the

* Books intended for review in *THE ARENA* should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, *THE ARENA*, Boston, Mass.

busy readers of our bustling, care-harried time, when even the most helpful ideas of earlier decades are unlikely to be considered unless forcibly presented in a new work.

Matthew Arnold was one of the clearest and most effective essayists and critics of the nineteenth century. He was a scholar who scorned to prostitute his God-given power for the praise of the great, the acclaim of the masses, or the ease enjoyed by the popular writer. He was a man who dared to be absolutely honest and to say what he believed should be said, though he knew full well it would call down upon his head the wrath, sometimes of conservatism and conventionalism and dilettanteism, sometimes of the people, and not unfrequently of the Liberals themselves. Of him Mr. Dawson well says:

"He conceived it to be his first duty to be honest with himself, his next to be honest with the world. Yet nothing is so difficult, at least so unpopular, as honesty in opinion. Nearly everything is against it—the prejudice which makes so large a part of human nature, conventionality, conservatism, the clamor of the multitude which suffers no setter-forth of strange gods, but clings with slavish devotion to its old fantastic deities. But Arnold never temporized, and of sophistry he was incapable. Truth was his foremost quest, and the truth as he knew it, without garnishment or reservation, he gave in turn; and truth is the severest test of magnanimity."

He was a man of strong convictions, very positive in statement, and his thought was at times tinged with his strong prejudices. Perhaps no man of his day possessed in so eminent a degree the power to frame striking phrases that live in the mind of the reader; but this very gift had its temptations—temptations which Arnold did not at all times escape. The epigrammatist is always liable to exaggerate a thought in order to make it more striking. Arnold unquestionably injured himself at times by yielding to this temptation. But notwithstanding this weakness; notwithstanding the fact that his judgment was frequently though unconsciously colored by prejudice, that his conclusions were sometimes inconclusive, being based on partial appearances rather than on a comprehensive understanding of complex conditions and operating agencies; notwithstanding a certain dogmatic certitude and lack of breadth and tolerance, he had a positive helpful message for his age, instinct with moral virility and lit up by the light of the oncoming civilization. His thought on the whole made for human upliftment, for high moral standards, and for a finer manhood: and for this reason his message will live and perhaps, as Mr. Dawson holds, will exert greater and greater influence on the rising generation To us

his message is far less convincing and pregnant with truths which we believe will become dominant in the civilization of to-morrow than that of Emerson. Nor are his writings nearly so suggestive or thought-stimulating as those of some other thinkers of his century. And yet they will appeal with special force and power to a large number who might fail to appreciate our own great philosophic prophet of progress.

Mr. Dawson has wrought an important and valuable work in presenting Arnold's critical thought as it relates to culture, religion and politics in a lucid yet compact manner. His work deserves a place in the libraries of the thoughtful.

THE RAINBOW-CHASERS. By John H. Whitson. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 394. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THIS is a spirited novel of western life in the boom-day period of Kansas. It is strenuous enough to meet the exacting taste of our President. Almost at the opening chapter we encounter a murder committed in a drunken brawl, the cause of the quarrel being a pretty, frivolous, country girl. The supposed murderer is the son of a wealthy lumberman. The slain man is an officer who is a low, brutal bully by nature. The supposed murderer, though innocent, is convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, but before being removed to the States prison he makes his escape and flees to Indian Territory, then the happy hunting-ground of outlaws. Here he spends five years under the assumed name of Jackson Blake. Next he starts for Kansas, where he overtakes a white man with an Indian wife and babe, en route for the same destination. The husband has resented a nameless insult to his wife by killing the perpetrators of the outrage who happened to belong to the most desperate band of robbers and train-wreckers of the region. Blake travels with the fugitives until they encounter the band who are returning from the hold-up of a train. Next the reader is treated to a graphic description of a fight between these two men and a dozen or more assailants that would set the blood of the most hardened dime-novel reader tingling. The timely arrival of a posse in pursuit of the robbers leads to the rescue of the two men, who are however desperately wounded. The Indian wife and her babe are slain.

After these preliminary episodes we have as faithful and as vivid a description of Kansas life, with all its excitements, its victories and golden dreams which marked the boom-day period as we have ever read. And the gloomy aftermath is pictured with the same marvelous fidelity. If the

author were as happy with his characters as he is in photographic descriptions of external phenomena, his novel would rank among the few really notable books in American fiction descriptive of such phases of life.

But he fails in that most important yet rare gift of the true novelist or dramatist,—the power to breathe the breath of life into his characters. If the reader of this story will turn to *The Octopus*, by the late Frank Norris, or to Hamlin Garland's powerful short stories in *Main-Traveled Roads* he will understand precisely what we mean. The characters in *The Rainbow-Chasers* are not convincing. They are manikins rather than men and women. We do not know them as we know Magnus Derrick, Annixter or S. Behrman in *The Octopus* for example; and thus the story falls short of being a compelling piece of fiction. It is also a novel that in so far as it holds the interest of the reader exerts a depressing rather than a restful or exhilarating effect, in spite of the fact that it ends happily, because up to the last chapter the hero moves before the reader with the awful dread of detection and a life in the penitentiary like a Nemesis dogging his every step.

In spite of the defects, however, the book has its strong points of excellence. The author's description of the various phases of life touched upon is as accurate as it is graphic. He was a part of the moving show of which he has written. On his mental retina the external phenomena were so vividly impressed that he has been able to reproduce them with the strength and power of a true realist. The action of the story is spirited and there are in it many strong dramatic situations. It is a strenuous tale of stirring times, and but for the author's inability to come to the intimate *rapproch* with the human soul or to interpret the heart of man as he pictures the phenomena of nature, it would have merited a permanent place among stories of ephemeral phases of life in our republic.

IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE. By Miriam Michelson. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 280. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In the Bishop's Carriage is one of the most unconventional novels of recent years. The heroine, who narrates the story in a series of conversations to her friends, is at the opening of the story a professional thief acting with a male companion of whom she is enamored and who has complete intellectual mastery over her for a time. She has never known any parents, having been raised with other unfortunates in one of the many

public institutions where children are cared for, or rather are not properly cared for. Here she grew up in the companionship of Tom, the thief with whom she later operates. At the opening of the story she has stolen a handsome cloak and has also secreted about her a gentleman's gold watch. Believing herself to be pursued she hastily slips into a handsome equipage, the driver of which is asleep. When the Bishop, who owns the vehicle, enters it she feigns sleep. A series of exciting incidents follow, and throughout the story from time to time the Bishop exerts a powerful uplifting influence on the girl. It is not until some time later, however, when in the act of stealing a sum of money from a gentleman's apartments in the hope of getting Tom out of the clutches of the law that she meets her fate in the form of a theatrical manager who is opposed to the theatrical trust. He gives her a chance to live a decent and honorable life and is chiefly instrumental in her complete reform, though the good Bishop is no mean factor in achieving this result. Later she becomes the wife of the theatrical manager.

The book is written in a bright, entertaining style, though the heroine indulges in an abundance of slang, which, however, does not grate on the reader as it would under other circumstances, because the supposed narrator of the story would employ such language, and therefore it is artistically true to life. *In the Bishop's Carriage* is a refreshingly unconventional romance.

A GINGHAM ROSE. By Alice Woods Ullman. Frontispiece by the author. Cloth. Pp. 381. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Those who enjoy stories of American life which deal with the struggles, perplexities, disappointments, victories and joys of young aspirants for fame among the artists, newspaper-workers and authors will find this romance far above the average novel in its character delineations, fidelity to modern life in the walks dealt with, and instinct with human interest. It is an unconventional love-story, a story of hope and toil, of great sacrifice at Duty's shrine, and at last of the realization of the richest of all possible gifts of life—the supreme compensation for all that has gone before, found in love's fruition. The author has handled her material on the whole with excellent judgment. The characters are clear-cut and admirably drawn. An atmosphere of wholesome realism permeates the romance. The lights and shadows are here found much as in present-day life. In a word, the

novel is so good that we regret that the author did not take more pains with her work. Such expressions as "she *went cold*," in describing the heroine under certain circumstances, and "she clung *like mad* to her chosen future," lower the standard of a good novel and one which for the most part is well written.

SOCIAL PROGRESS. A Year-Book and Encyclopedia of Economic, Industrial, Social, and Religious Statistics. Edited by Josiah Strong. Cloth. Pp. 274. Price, \$1.00 net. New York: The Baker-Taylor Company.

THIS hand-book, prepared by Dr. Josiah Strong, the President of the American Institute of Social Service, with the aid of Dr. W. D. P. Bliss, will prove invaluable to the friends of social progress. Several years ago the Funk & Wagnalls Company published the voluminous and most carefully prepared *Encyclopedia of Social Reform*, edited by Dr. Bliss, than whom there is no more competent or conscientious authority in America. It at once became a standard work possessing a permanent as well as an ephemeral value, because of its accurate summaries of political, social and economic theories and philosophies and the outline histories of every important social movement of the past. But we are in the midst of the most momentous industrial, political and economic crisis in the history of the world. The great work of Dr. Bliss will for years be a standard, but we need a supplement—a volume that will give us the latest authoritative word and the latest news touching all the more important industrial, social, and political movements and experiments throughout the civilized world; and this is precisely what *Social Progress* aims to do.

The rising tide of a noble discontent is becoming more and more apparent, yet our people are by nature conservative. They wish to look before they leap; they want to understand a proposed measure, to know whether or not it is wise and practical, before hazarding its introduction. Unfortunately the press of the land is so completely under the domination of privileged interests and corporate wealth that the public is but scantily informed regarding the great advance social, economic and political movements of the freer nations of earth, while the editorial pages are frequently wholly at the service of monopoly and corporate interests. So a work of this character is imperatively demanded. No one so well as the editor of a magazine open to the discussion of fundamental principles in alignment with the spirit of democracy knows how great is the public interest in social reform and economic advance. The unenslaved college, the pulpit, the

debating society, the current-events club, and other societies which essay to deal with live questions, are eager for accurate information, which emphasizes the truth of Dr. Strong's contention that there is far more interest in social-advance movements than information. The effort of the editor of *Social Progress* has been to make it possible for all persons who desire "to keep abreast of the great social movements which are revolutionizing society, creating a new civilization and remaking the world," to know all the latest authoritative achievements throughout Christendom. The work is exactly what it claims to be and will prove a boon to serious-minded and patriotic Americans. One feature impresses us as of special value, and that is the carefully-prepared survey of social progress made during the past year in different important nations, which has been prepared in many instances by native specialists thoroughly equipped for the work.

PARSIFAL. By H. R. Haweis. Hour-Glass Series. Cloth. Pp. 68. Price, 40 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

WE KNOW of no more delightful analysis of Wagner's *Parsifal* or more charming description of its performance at Bayreuth than is found in the compass of this little volume. Dr. Haweis was one of the most entertaining writers of the nineteenth century, especially when he was in thorough *rapproch* with his subject. Few men have been better able to catch and reproduce the atmosphere of a play or opera than this author, and in none of his writings has he better succeeded than in the production of this study. Persons interested in Wagner's work, and especially in *Parsifal*, will not be disappointed in this little volume.

LIFE AND DEATH, AND OTHER STORIES AND LEGENDS.

By Henry Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 66. Price, \$1.00. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THIS little book contains five brief legends, allegories and stories, entitled "Life and Death, a Hindoo Legend," "Is He the Dearest One?" "A Legend of the Sea," "The Cranes," and "The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus." "Life and Death, a Hindoo Legend," is incomparably the best of the sketches. It embodies in simple but exquisite language, which at times is highly poetic, one of the many Oriental legends which seek to account for the phenomena of life and death,—subjects which have ever possessed a strong fascination for the human mind. In this instance the charm of the legend is increased by the beauty of its literary

setting. "A Legend of the Sea, or the Tale of the Purple Ship" is an allegory dealing with the history and sad fate of Poland. The other sketches, though pleasing, are not particularly striking. The volume is admirably translated and beautifully gotten up.

THE STORY OF THE LOPEZ FAMILY. Cloth. Pp. 218. Price, \$1.00. Boston: James H. West Company.

THIS volume is made up largely of family letters dealing with the imprisonment of the brave and patriotic Lopez brothers, and ably edited by Canning Eyt. This unfortunate family of patriotic Filipinos, at once brave, liberty-loving, affectionate and possessing the true martyr-spirit which for a principle—the freedom of their people—has led them to undergo the most terrible persecutions and sufferings, would have won the love and admiration of Jefferson, Franklin, Washington, Lafayette, Sumner, Lincoln, and indeed of all the noblest, worthiest and truest friends of democracy that have added glory to the history of our republic. Perhaps the most monstrous feature of the persecutions which these patriots have undergone is the fact that their wrongs were due to the action of those who have occupied the seats of the mighty at Washington during the present administration and that which preceded it. We know of no sadder commentary on the recreancy of the republic, no more humiliating chapter from contemporaneous lives, than that unfolded in this pathetic work, which is well calculated to bring the blush of shame to the face of every right-minded American.

THE TROUBLE WOMAN. By Clara Morris. Hour-Glass Series. Cloth. Pp. 58. Price, 40 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THIS story deals with the life of a woman who in the early days of the author's life always appeared when there was sickness, death or any serious trouble in a household—appeared for the purpose of aiding in nursing and in lightening the load for the afflicted. She was called the Trouble Woman, and one day when the author had sought refuge in the cabin of the Trouble Woman during a thunder-storm the latter unfolded to her the tale of her own afflictions, describing how her little girl, the idol of her life, playing in front of their little home had tried to catch a rattlesnake, only to be bitten and killed; how her husband was drowned in attempting to rescue some cattle, leaving her with an only son who later went to the city to

make his fortune. He became a gambler and later a murderer, who was hanged in the presence of his mother.

The story, though possessing a certain ethical merit, is painfully depressing in its influence. We question whether the value of the moral it inculcates will compensate for the gloom and depression which the simple but powerfully realistic narration exerts over the mind of the reader.

BEHIND THE BARS. By Mary A. Jenks, M.D. Cloth. Pp. 180.
Published by the Author, at Pawtucket, R. I.

THE AUTHOR of this work is President of the W. C. T. U. of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. She was the first police-matron appointed in the United States, and in this volume she describes many of her experiences during ten years of service dealing with the degraded and unfortunate women and girls who were brought to the prison on various charges. She lays great emphasis on the part drink plays in the ruin and crime that blasts so many homes and darkens the childhood of unnumbered little ones where parents are slaves to liquor. The volume is written in a simple, direct manner by a conscientious Christian woman who is deeply in earnest and yet who does not allow her emotions to obscure her reason.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Mother-Artist. By Jane Dearborn Mills. Cloth. Pp. 148. Boston: The Palmer Company.

The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus. By M. E. Waller. Cloth. Pp. 311. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Life and Death, and Other Stories and Legends. By Henry Sienkiewicz. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 65. Price, \$1.00. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

The Truth About the Trusts. By John Moody. Cloth. Pp. 507. Price, \$5.00. New York: Moody Publishing Company.

Matthew Arnold and His Relation to the Thought of Our Time. By William Harbutt Dawson. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 450. Price, \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Social Progress. Edited by Josiah Strong. Cloth. Pp. 274. Price, \$1.00 net. New York: The Baker-Taylor Company.

The Grafters. By Francis Lynde. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 408. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Some Truths and Wisdom of Christian Science. By Margaret Beecher. Cloth. Pp. 171. New York: The Pulpit Press.

New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited and Annotated by Alexander Carlyle. Two volumes. Illustrated. Cloth. Price, \$6.00 net. New York: John Lane.

How to Live Forever. The Science and Practice. By Harry Gaze. Cloth. Pp. 205. Price, \$1.25. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company.

Kindly Light. By Florence M. Kingsley. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 107. Price, 50 cents. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SOME TIMELY DISCUSSIONS IN THE PRESENT ISSUE:

Pursuant to the determination of the new management of **THE ARENA** to make it the most up-to-date of the authoritative original reviews as well as a leader among the progressive opinion-forming agencies of the world, we this month offer our readers a number of notable papers by competent thinkers on topics uppermost in the public mind. **ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.**, for many years the President of the National Direct-Legislation League and one of the best-versed thinkers in our country on present-day political problems, contributes a most interesting though hazardous "Political Forecast." This paper will doubtless receive wide attention. It is written in a bright and interesting manner and is eminently judicial in spirit. Professor **EDWIN MAXEY, M. of Dip., LL. D.**, discusses in his delightfully-pleasing manner "The Latest Decision at the Hague." Mr. **CRUCE**, the eminent Chicago attorney and one of the foremost Direct-Legislation advocates in America, presents a most graphic history of the battle for Majority Rule in Illinois,—one of the most important advance steps that has marked the political history of any commonwealth in recent years. Professor **FRANK PARSONS** analyzes the decision of the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case in a brief but suggestive manner. On every hand there are indications of a moral renaissance in the clergy. The conscience-element of the ministry is beginning to awaken from an amazing state of lethargy which has marked the church during the past quarter of a century. In this number of **THE ARENA** Rev. **ALFRED WESLEY WISHART**, the scholarly author of *Monks and Monasteries*, appeals to the conscience-element of the church and especially to the religious leaders, by holding up the life and message of the prophet Amos, who was one of those mighty moral forces that made Judea rank with Greece and Rome as a moral and intellectual factor in the history of civilization. In our editorial leader we have dwelt somewhat at length upon some of the gravest recent unconstitutional and reactionary acts of the Federal administration, only rendered possible by the absence of any strong opposition

party in the government and by the emasculation of the dominant party through the supremacy of the machine, which in turn is governed by corporate wealth. Another editorial deals with the movement for an endowed National Art Theater for America. *THE ARENA* in the future will give special attention to all movements in the republic calculated to foster great original work in the various fields of art and literature.

OUR FRONTISPIECE: This month we present an admirable likeness of Mr. CHARLES MALLOY as he appears to-day. Mr. MALLOY for over fifty years has been a close student of the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom he knew and loved when the great philosopher was with us. Theodore Parker regretted that Emerson had published any poetry, as he thought it less pregnant with truth than his prose writings. Mr. MALLOY, with keener vision, saw at once in the poems of the great seer his profoundest philosophy. In it Emerson discussed the gravest problems that have perplexed the brain of man since the dawn of the age of reason, and his discussions were as lucid to him as the great truths of Plato were to the master-mind of ancient Hellas. But as few men to-day appreciate Plato, so few men understood the poetry of Emerson. Mr. MALLOY, however, quickly perceived in them the richest deposits of philosophic truth that had come from the brain of Emerson. He has long been recognized as without a peer in interpreting the poetry of Emerson. For several years he has been the President of the Boston Emerson Society. He has passed the eightieth mile-stone, but he has retained the spirit of youth and is withal serene and sweet of disposition and as complete a master of himself as he is keen of intellect. In this issue he gives our readers a luminous discussion of Emerson's little poetical waif entitled "Days."

THE ALLEGORY OF THE WEEPING CHILDREN: We call the attention of our readers to the beautiful allegory by ADELINE CHAMPNEY published in this issue. Nothing, we think, since the appearance of "Dreams," by Olive Schreiner, has been written in which important truths and lessons have been more beautifully and simply presented than in this allegorical sketch. For centuries Superstition and Established Custom, born of Privilege, shrouded the brain of civilization in darkness while slaying the torch-bearers of Truth. The revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries did much to lift the bandage from the eyes of the children of men; but at present, privilege and reaction are at work subtly but persistently seeking to replace the bandages. And inasmuch as Mother-

hood has not yet recognized the power she wields through the august trust given to her—the power to foster those two supreme gifts of God to man, Reason and Conscience—in other words, the lifting of the bandage and the teaching of the children to cherish a free and untrammelled brain and to heed the voice of conscience rather than the siren songs of convention and conservatism, of self-desire and expediency, of popular applause and of shallow opportunism, the progress of mankind has been retarded and reactionary movements rendered possible. Let there be no backward step. Let the public-school system be reinforced by the home in which emancipated parenthood shall conscientiously lead the willing steps of childhood up the path of Freedom, under the light of Truth, and guided by those twin angels of progress—Justice and Fraternity.

AN APOSTLE OF THE SANE AND SIMPLE LIFE: The remarkable popularity which has attended the publication of books devoted to nature-study and dealing with out-door life is one of many striking signs of the heart-hunger of American life to-day which promises better things for civilization than could result in a land given over to feverish excitement, to rush, worry, artificiality and general absorption in the pursuit for gold and frivolous amusement. If America is to fulfill the high destiny promised by her glorious youth, her people must more and more turn to the sane and simple life such as marked the plain living and high thinking of Emerson and scores of other of the noblest examples of mental and moral leadership. Among the apostles of this simple life,—the nature-lovers and teachers who have wrought a grand work in reawakening the desire in the hearts of thousands for the normal and life-stimulating enjoyment of the country, few if any present-day scholars have done more than Dr. CHARLES C. ABBOTT, the well-known author of *In Nature's Realm*, *Upland and Meadow*, *Notes of the Night*, and other works which bring the reader *en rapport* with the Great Mother. It is with pleasure that we this month introducē Dr. ABBOTT to the readers of THE ARENA in his brief but pleasing contribution on "The Enjoyment of Nature."

KIND WORDS FROM CITY, TOWN AND COUNTRY: We wish to return our heart-felt thanks to the numerous friends all over the republic who have written us words of congratulation and cheer during the past few weeks. They have been deeply appreciated and have proved a source of pleasure and strength; for it is good to know that from the Atlantic to the Pacific friends are touching hands and are working tirelessly for the

betterment of humanity, for the broadening of the intellectual vision, the quickening of the conscience, and the promotion of great movements based on justice, having for their end the happiness and development of the whole people. Space forbids our publishing more than a few brief extracts from these letters, but they are typical of a great number that have reached us during the past three weeks:

HON. R. F. PETTIGREW, ex-United States Senator from South Dakota.

"Enclosed find check for one year's subscription to *THE ARENA*. I shall certainly take it from now on and shall try to promote its circulation. I wish you all the success in the world. The splendid work you have been doing—unselfish and in the interest of the public—is 'worthy of reward.'"

W. H. BURKE, editor of *Farmers' Voice*, of Chicago.

"I want to congratulate you heartily upon your restoration to your old place of service. Nothing else that has come to me of late has given me more thorough satisfaction than to know that you are once more the editor of *THE ARENA*. With a host of friends scattered all over the Union I join in this word of congratulation and cheer to you and wish you that large success which your years of endeavor surely have won."

Rev. T. F. HILDRETH, LL.D., Norwalk, Ohio.

"Allow me to express my great satisfaction that henceforth you are to occupy again the editorial chair of *THE ARENA*. While I have no fault to find with the general management, it needs the vigor and polish of your editorial hand for its greater power."

J. B. WILLIS, A.M., Boston, Mass.

"Let me tell you how glad I am that you have all the reins in your own hands again. I bespeak and anticipate for you the unqualified success you richly deserve."

J. A. J. PERKINS, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

"I desire to tell you of my joy that you are again sole editor of *THE ARENA*. Truly,

"Ever the Right comes uppermost,
And ever is Justice done."

Years ago I thought your writings so fine that I did not dream of greater things; but the growing keeps on, and I am thankful that my powers of appreciation keep pace with the continued excellence of your work. I am glad to say that I am one of the 'old guard,' and we know that never surrenders."

Mrs. E. C. G. FERGUSON, President of The Arena Club of New Orleans.

"Glad indeed am I to learn that once again you are the editor of *our ARENA* magazine. It seems to me that there was a vitality and a strength in the earlier ARENAS that even the best of the later issues lacked. I can never cease being grateful to you for all those earlier papers did for me and for the New Orleans club."

Dr. H. W. THOMAS, D.D., Chicago, Ill.

"We rejoice greatly that you have once again come to your own. It is best that THE ARENA should be wholly in your hands. You did the work as it was, and now it will be distinctly unique itself, bearing the one name that gave it existence and made it such a vast power for good. There is no other magazine that fills or can fill the place of THE ARENA, and we believe its need and value will be more and more appreciated as these strange and great years go by; that it will voice the highest, truest and best thought of the best minds and hearts. We trust you will have the strength to bear the great burden of work."

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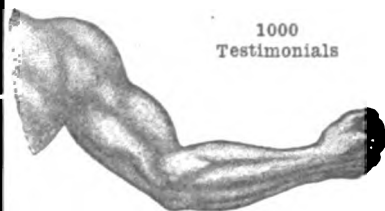
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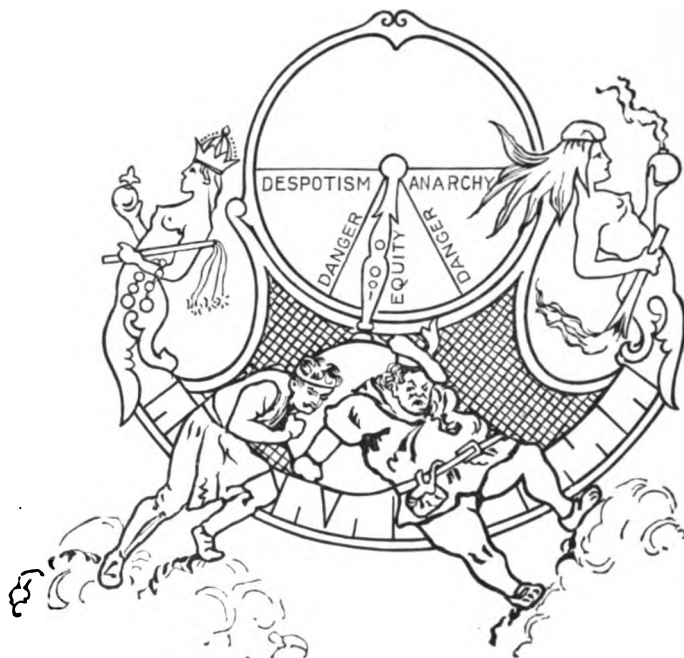
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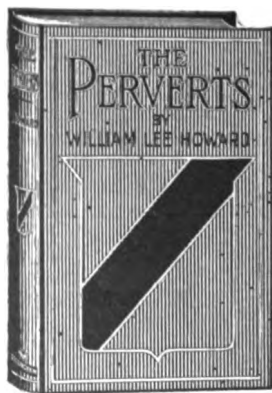
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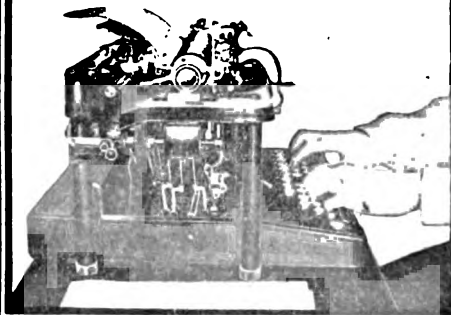
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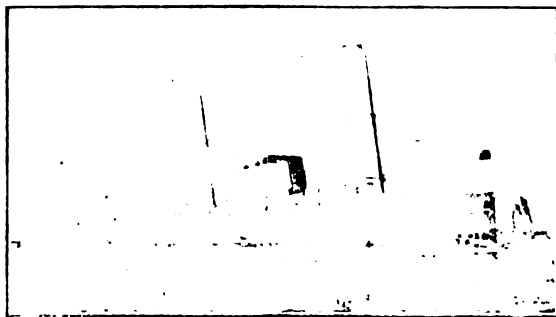
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